APR 2 4 '56

The Saturday Evening

POST

April 28, 1956 — 15¢

LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE
BEREA, OHIO

IN THIS ISSUE

- Spring Madness Hits the Campus
- Mysteries of Bellevue Hospital
- An Expert Tells How Forgers Work
- The Race We are Losing to Russia

LIBRARY BALDWIN-WALLACE COLL
BEREA OHIO
25-56

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See it now in your choice of 8 decorator colors!

Bermuda Pink

Spring Green

Surf Turquoise

Dawn Gray

Sand Beige

Buttercup Yellow

Harvest Yellow

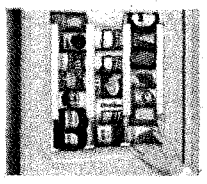
Lagoon Blue and Classic White—of course

Here it is, the world's greatest foodkeeper. Only the Fabulous Foodarama by Kelvinator puts such a panorama of foods at your fingertips.

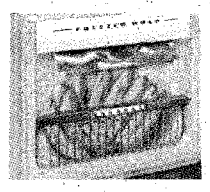
THE NEW FABULOUS FOODARAMA BY KELVINATOR

166-pound Upright Freezer, and an 11 cubic foot Automatic Defrosting Refrigerator both in a cabinet only 47 inches wide!

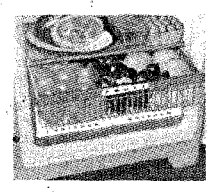
Just reach for what you want—and there it is. Everything's up forward, right at your fingertips. There's absolutely nothing else like Fabulous Foodarama by Kelvinator. No matter what the size of your family, your kitchen, your budget, see this fabulous foodkeeper. It's priced far below a comparable refrigerator and separate upright freezer. It is also now available as a built-in. See it only at your Kelvinator Dealer, or write Kelvinator, Detroit 32, Mich. In Canada: Kelvinator of Canada, Ltd., Toronto 15, Ontario.



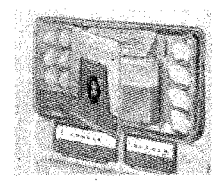
***Only* KELVINATOR** gives you this frozen juice dispenser. Holds 21 cans.



***Only* KELVINATOR** has an *unrefrigerated* Banana Bin; a freezer wrap dispenser.



***Only* KELVINATOR** has a roll-out fruit basket...Twin Moisture Seal Crispers.



***Only* KELVINATOR** gives you this Breakfast Bar for bacon, eggs, juices.

You'll find much of the magic—and many of the features—of Fabulous Foodarama in every new 1956 Kelvinator refrigerator . . . in a full range of sizes and prices.

Kelvinator

AMERICAN MOTORS MEANS AMERICAN MOTORS CORPORATION MORE FOR AMERICANS

Space Savers! Foodarama is only 47 inches wide, this superb range only 30 inches wide. Together, they take about the same wall space you now use for your range and refrigerator, and you get the added convenience of a complete upright home freezer. Kelvinator ranges, in both 30-inch and 40-inch models, give you disposable aluminum oven linings that end the messy job of oven cleaning!

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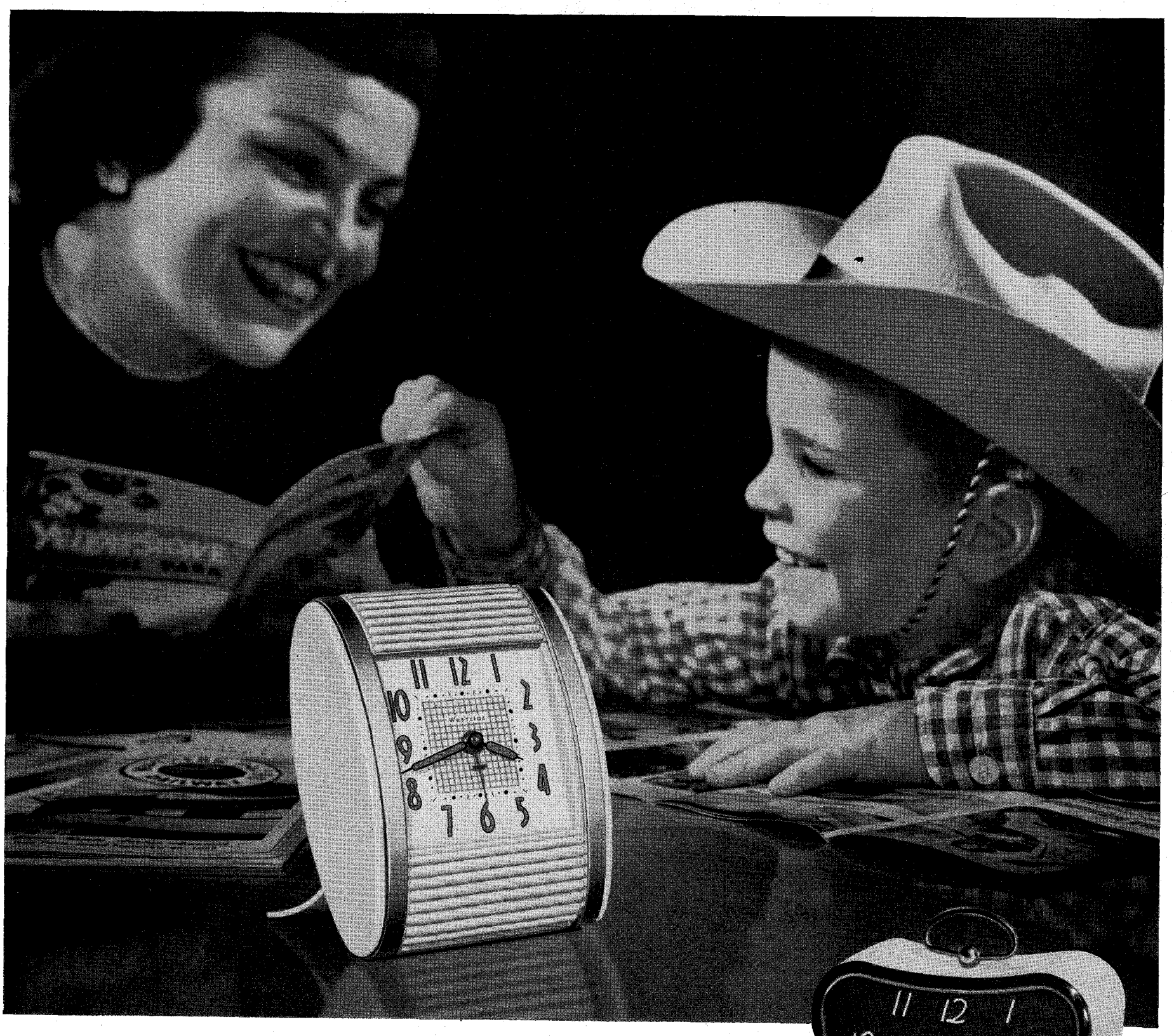
More people have gone places by Westclox time than by any other



TRAVALARM

Always ready to pack and go, his shutter front and easel back close up like a clam. Only 3½″ high, Travalarm tucks easily into a corner of your bag. Flip him open, he's on duty—right up to the minute. Single key winds both time and alarm. His call is cheerful; his face is luminous. He's always good company, on the move or at home. Ivory or walnut finish. $9.45.

LA SALLITA SPRING ALARM

Dainty—but dandy for traveling. Only 3″ high. Sturdy, dust-resistant metal case. Rubber-mounted movement. Quiet tick. Easy-set alarm indicator. Bell alarm. Ivory or pink finish, gold color trim. Plain dial, $4.50. Luminous dial (shown), $5.50.

Electric or Spring

WESTCLOX*... dependable as the day is long

Made by the makers of BIG BEN

PRODUCTS OF GT GENERAL TIME CORPORATION

WESTCLOX, La Salle-Peru, Illinois • In Canada: Western Clock Company, Ltd., Peterborough, Ontario. *Prices quoted for U. S. A. only, do not include tax and are subject to change.* *Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office.

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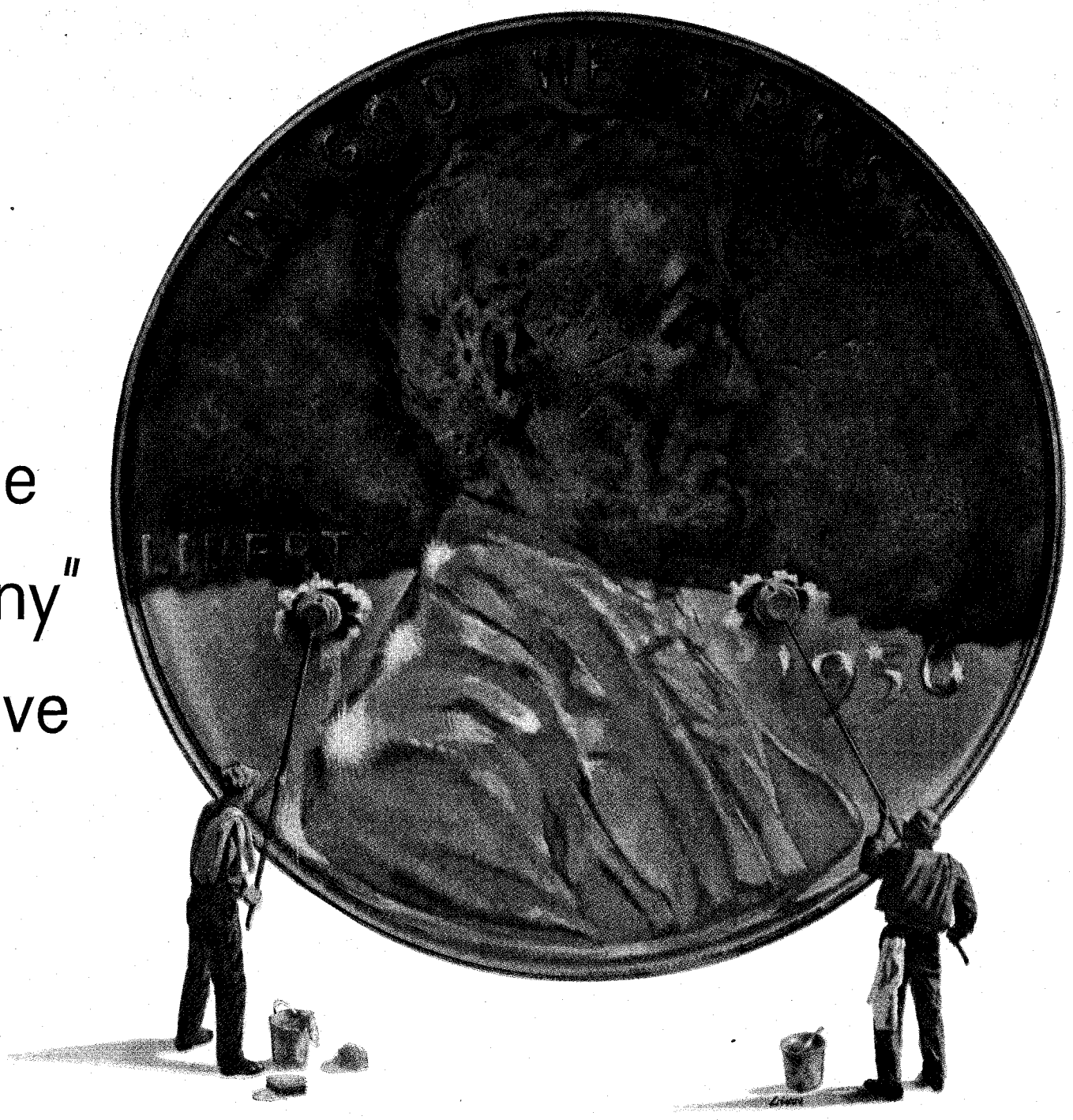
Keeps the "new penny" shine alive



WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC CORPORATION found stains marring the "new penny" brightness of copper electrical parts—until the problem was solved by Shell in co-operation with Westinghouse engineers.

When it's newly "minted," copper for electrical parts is penny-bright and clean. But then, to obtain *better* copper parts, you have to bake them in an annealing oven.

At Westinghouse this baking caused a problem: the copper parts lost their shine and some of their necessary properties. Shell engineers were called in and promptly helped diagnose the problem. They found that a thin film of oil—used as a coolant when the copper was shaped—"baked on," leaving blue-black stains.

Shell's solution was the use of a *special oil*—Shell Diala Oil AX—that does everything required during the manufacture, yet lets the copper keep its "new penny" shine. Reason: it *doesn't* discolor with baking.

Development of superior industrial oils is only one example of Shell leadership in the petroleum industry. When you buy any product bearing the Shell name and trademark you get better value—more for your money—because of Shell Research.

SHELL

Shell Research leads to finer Products—*more for your money*

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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IN THIS ISSUE

April 28, 1956 *Vol. 228, No. 44*

4 Short Stories

Any Man Will Do . . . . . *Al Wright* 32
Honeymoon Hazard . . . . . *John Reese* 36
The Liar . . . . . *Stewart Toland* 40
The Umpire Was a Rookie . . . . . *Arnold Hano* 48

Novelette

Picture Racket . . . . . *Verne Athanas* 28

9 Articles

The Race We Are Losing to Russia . . . . . *Joseph and Stewart Alsop* 25
Madness on the Campus . . . . . *Andrew Hamilton* 26
My Life in Bellevue: The Tales Dead Men Tell . . .
(Third of five articles) *Dr. Salvatore R. Cutolo, as told to Barbara and Arthur Gelb* 30
Fanciest Vittles This Side of Paris . . . . . *Richard Thruelsen* 34
My Tangle With the President's Bears . . . . . *Ellis O. Briggs* 37
The Case of the Unlikely Candidate . . . . . *Walter T. Ridder* 38
What Ever Became of the Cradle? . . . . . *Thomas J. Naughton* 42
Beware of the Artful Forger! . . . *Lester A. Pratt, as told to Hugh Morrow* 44
The Face of America: Cops and Kids . . . *Photograph by Gus Pasquarella* 46

2 Serials

The Wreck of the Mary Deare (Third of eight parts) . . . *Hammond Innes* 48
I Love You, Mama Girl (Conclusion) . . . . . *William Saroyan* 53

Other Features

Letters 4
Editorials 10
Remember When? 23
Post Scripts 50
Verse . . . 85, 102, 122, 138, 142, 147
Keeping Posted 156

THE COVER

The theme of Earl Mayan's confused cover seems to be that women are a menace in heavy traffic. If their faces are twice as pretty as run-of-the-mill faces, they are a double menace. Thus by simple multiplication we find that Officer Blank is beset by six menaces and, overwhelmed by such odds, has passed into a coma. A feminine commentator might argue that a man doesn't absolutely have to gaze at every fair physiognomy, does he?—but that's ridiculous; women are so illogical. Well, if Officer B. isn't unhypnotized pretty quick, the only way to resolve that mess will be to run the reel backward, as in a gag movie. Somebody better phone headquarters for the sergeant to come and give him smelling salts. And a ticket for the way he has parked those cars.

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Yes, you can now enjoy Chase & Sanborn's famous flavor in this brand-new full-bodied instant!

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Letters

Weather Forecast

Dear Sirs:

You certainly hit the jack pot with this week's [article, COLD WEATHER AHEAD! by Dr. Hurd C. Willett, as told to Joe Alex Morris, March 24] and the pictures of New York in the celebrated blizzard of 1888—on top of this week's snowstorm. Congratulations. . . .

C. F. HOTCHKIN
Binghamton, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Why limit the influence of sunspots to the weather? . . .

If you will superimpose on the chart of Sunspot Peaks the dates of America's major wars, you will find that the American Revolutionary War, the Mexican War, the War between the States, World Wars I and II and the beginning of the Korean War all occurred during periods of high sunspot activity. The Spanish-American War came near the high point within its cycle.

Only the War of 1812 is an exception to prove the rule that the next 40 years of low sunspot activity will be "predominantly" (as Doctor Willett would say) peaceful. Perhaps even the cold war will freeze along with New York Harbor!

MELMOTH Y. STOKES, JR.
Goldthwaite, Texas

Dear Sirs:

. . . Study and sincerity, a little common sense and a lot of the "Law of Averages" goes into forecasting.

But all in all—long-range forecasting, I believe, should be left up to the Lord!

MRS. LUCY LOCKE
Boston, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

. . . I was completely disgusted and disappointed in thinking you would publish such an article. . . . Meteorologists can rarely predict the weather from day to day, let alone for twenty years. . . .

MICHAEL KORNHAUSER, USN
c/o F.P.O., New York, N.Y.

Coop

Dear Sirs:

How I wish I could adequately comment on Gary Cooper's story! [WELL, IT WAS THIS WAY, as told to George Scullin, Feb. 18–April 7]. Though fact, not fiction, in its own way it is humor worthy of Mark Twain. . . .

He's not humble, but he's modest. Without pose, he laughs at himself, plays himself down, and yet when all's done, it is Gary that comes up! And a great guy, too! . . .

WALTER F. MURPHY
Winnetka, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

. . . You've run a number of these write-ups of Hollywood stars, but I feel this Cooper job by George Scullin is *by far* the best of the lot. . . .

J. G. HUNTER
West Orange, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

. . . As a young man, "Coop" went from Montana to Los Angeles to become a commercial artist. As a youngster, *I* went from Montana to Los Angeles to become a commercial artist—Well, *I am a commercial artist!*

So, how come you're doing *his* life story? He's the one that didn't make good!

EARL ZUELKE
E. Rutherford, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

. . . I think I am not the only one who harbors an intense dislike for such a waste of time, talent and temper of a good journalist. Yes, we like to read about real people, but certainly more about scientists, writers, etc., of our own time who have had a greater effect upon our lives. . . .

RITA C. DOYLE
Detroit, Mich.

Ambrose Light

Dear Sirs:

I have enjoyed for a long time your fine feature, The Face of America. The latest one entitled LIGHTSHIP [photographed by Maynard Clark, March 24] is exceptionally dramatic.

Personally, I feel it was a shame that this photographic story could not have

included one of America's fine new passenger ships instead of one flying a foreign flag. Surely such a picture would have been a much more appropriate one for . . . "The Face of America." . . .

FREDERIC P. SANDS
New York, N.Y.

● *Maybe so, but nearly all of the passengers aboard the Queen of Bermuda were Americans.* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

On page 38 (and 39) of the March 24th issue of the Post [you write] "But through furious storms when all other ships run for cover, and through impenetrable fogs when homing vessels sometimes even ram her, Ambrose remains a prisoner of her chains." I was surprised to see no mention of the fact that United States Coast Guardsmen are on board at all times, sharing the cell.

DANIEL C. OLSON, JR., *Ensign, U.S.C.G.*
New London, Conn.

● *Our apologies to the Coast Guard, which certainly deserves all credit.*
—*ED.*

Iraq and Israel

Dear Sirs:

. . . I wish to take exception to a number of erroneous statements made by Mr. Don Cook in his article TOUGH LITTLE ARMY [February 18th]. . . .

First, I take exception to his statement, "In two weeks the Israelis had completely routed the Syrian, Lebanese and Iraq armies in the north and taken fresh areas of Palestine." It is a well-known fact that the Iraqi Army did not lose a single battle against the Israeli Army. . . .

Second, when the Armistice was declared the Iraqi forces were completely intact and (Continued on Page 6)

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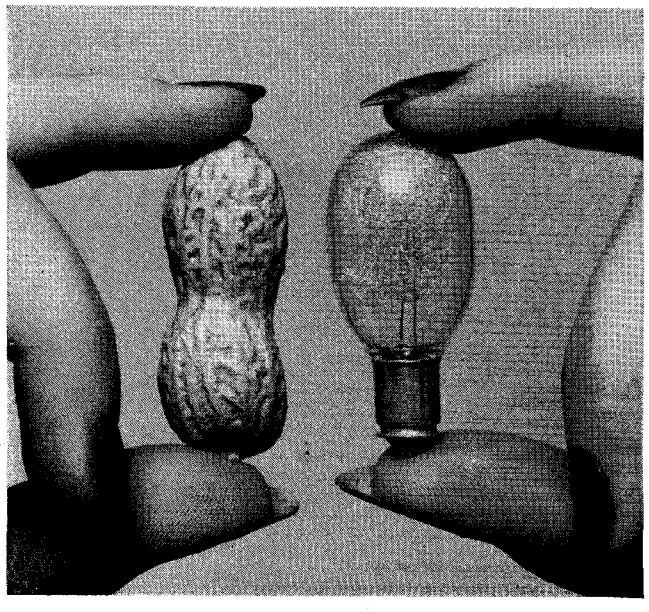
New General Electric flashbulb makes low-cost flash photos easy for all!

CLOSE-UPS TO LONG SHOTS, POWERMITE GIVES ALL THE LIGHT YOU NEED

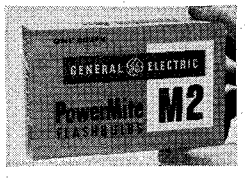
Photo shows how PowerMite lights nearest singers without harsh glare, yet gives light enough to capture whole choir in crisp detail. Taken with Rolleicord and Verichrome Pan film, f.11 at 1/30 sec.

New G-E PowerMite M2 with 66% brighter flash gets all your photos, saves 3¢ on every shot



At last . . . a flashbulb that makes flash photos practical for everyone! New General Electric PowerMite M2, now with 66% brighter flash, combines big-bulb power, tiny-bulb convenience and lowest cost. Let this peanut-size package of light get *all* your pictures this spring and summer—close-ups as near as 4 feet, group shots, even distance pictures up to 24 feet, and beyond, with new fast films!

Only ¼ as big as regular midget bulbs, PowerMites are so tiny two 12-bulb packs fit pocket or purse. Only 9¢* each, they save you 3¢ on every shot. And so easy to use. Ring-type base pops in and out of your flash gun without twisting or tugging. Many new cameras take tiny PowerMites. With others, use handy adapter, only about 22¢ at your dealer's. Shoot *all* your flash shots better for less with new G-E PowerMite M2, the tiny bulb with the giant flash.



New G-E PowerMite Blue for daylight color film

Another G-E flash first! New PowerMite *Blue* is the first tiny, low-cost bulb designed for films requiring blue bulbs. Only 11¢*, now at your dealer's.

**Mfr's. suggested retail prices*

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your family has
men who'd like Hanes, too!

Everyone likes Hanes, because Hanes gives you more than you bargained for: more comfort, longer wear, finer fit!

How comfortable can shorts be? Try Hanes Sanforized Givvies and see! The secret? Hanes patented bias-cut that g-i-v-e-s with your stride, never binds. Want even more comfort? Team up Givvies with Hanes T-shirts... as soft and smooth and absorbent as fine combed cotton can be. Comfortable prices, too. Only $1 for men's Givvies (boys', 65c to 69c). Hanes T-shirts with Nylon-reinforced neck, only $1 (for boys, 75c).

...and Hanes makes those wonderful Fig Leaf briefs and undershirts, too!

HANES

P. H. Hanes Knitting Co., Winston-Salem 1, N. C.
Canadian Manufacturer and Distributor, C. Turnbull Limited, Galt, Ontario

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

less than 15 miles from Tel Aviv in the Qalqilyia area and overlooking the Nathanya on the Mediterranean.

Third, the Iraqi Army in particular and all Arab armies in general were paralyzed by the embargo imposed upon them by the Great Powers, which lasted a long time and deprived them from getting their requirements of arms, ammunition, etc., while the Israelis were getting what they wanted from Czechoslovakia and other countries. . . .

BRIGADIER HASSAN MUSTAFA
Armed Forces Attaché, Embassy of Iraq
Washington, D.C.

● *Author Cook replies: "The sentence which Brigadier Hassan Mustafa is challenging was, of course, an effort to condense a whole strategic picture of one phase of the Arab-Israeli fight into one sentence. . . . It is true that the Iraqi Army was intact when the armistice came, but it is also true that it was in an untenable strategic position and would have had the full weight of the Israelis thrown on it next."* —ED.

Opals

Dear Sirs:

I enjoyed reading William Worden's THE CAVE MEN OF COOBER PEDY (March 17). But (miners are great leg-pullers) there are no 7 foot tiger snakes at Coober Pedy and never have been—no water, no tiger snakes. There are no 7 foot tiger snakes anywhere in Australia. Average

length is about 3 feet 6 inches. Total value of opal production from Coober Pedy has been at least $1,200,000, not $500,000 as stated.

S. S. BROWN
Director
Australian News & Information Bureau
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

. . . As an amateur lapidary I can attest that opals are not the easiest stone to cut. . . .

It, therefore, was a wise lapidary who started the whispering campaign about the unlucky virtues of the opal. . . .

For the modern rebirth of this superstition we can blame Sir Walter Scott. In 1829 he wrote a soap opera called Anne of Geierstein, in which the principal character, Anne, was plagued with troubles. Pages and pages of trouble later she finds out that it was an opal that caused her sad plight. Out goes the opal and they live happily forever after. . . .

LEE D. QUINN
New York, N.Y.

Churchgoing Dogs

Dear Sirs:

Shades of my childhood! They have been raised by the March 24 cover [by George Hughes]. . . . Bowser went up to the pulpit, dropped to the floor and

promptly went to sleep. . . . As any effort to dislodge him would have been both noisy and fruitless, we let him stay there. As the minister ended his lengthy discourse, Bowser stood up . . . and yawned loudly, much to our embarrassment and the congregation's amusement. . . .

LELIA OLD
Roanoke, Va.

Dear Sirs:

. . . As a student pastor in Scarboro, Ill., in 1921 (married, two children and commuting to seminary at Naperville) how well I remember the Sunday morning, in the middle of my sermon, when my devoted Airedale, Gypsy Queen, triumphantly walked up the aisle and lay down at my feet. In order to make it to church that morning she pulled down three window curtains and went through a screen window, revealing more devotion and desire to hear my message than has been shown by some of my parishioners down through the years.

JOHN HENRY SOLTMAN, *Minister*
Auburn, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

. . . A good many years ago, I was faced with the same problem. . . . Perhaps this young man will solve his problem the same way I did. . . . Just get up and carry the dog out. . . . The dog was a wire-haired terrier and loved to be picked up at any time or in any place. . . .

MRS. CARL J. OTTO
Washington, Mo.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

4–Maynard Clark. • 26–Wide World, two by Gene Lester. • 27–Gene Lester, two from Wide World. • 28, 29–Harvey Kidder. • 30, 31–Larry Fried. • 32, 33–Joe De Mers. • 34, 35–George Lazarnick. • 36–Stanley Zuckerberg. • 37–Ollie Atkins, anonymous, Northwest Airlines. • 38–Jim Burns. • 39–Two from Brown Brothers; anonymous, Underwood and Underwood, two anonymous; Sovfoto, two from Wide World. • 40, 41–Stanley Meltzoff. • 42–Larry Keighley. • 43–Paul Nonnast. • 44–Jim Burns. • 45–F.B.I.; Washington, D. C. Police Department, Jim Burns, Dubl-Check Company. • 46, 47–Gus Pasquarella. • 48, 49–Bruce Bomberger. • 53–Joe De Mers. 112–Wide World. • 120–Jim Burns. • 141–George Lazarnick. • 156–Two anonymous; Cecil Beaton, Sy Freidin.

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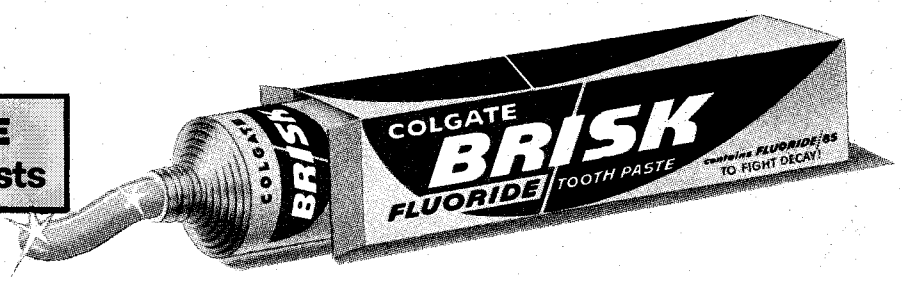
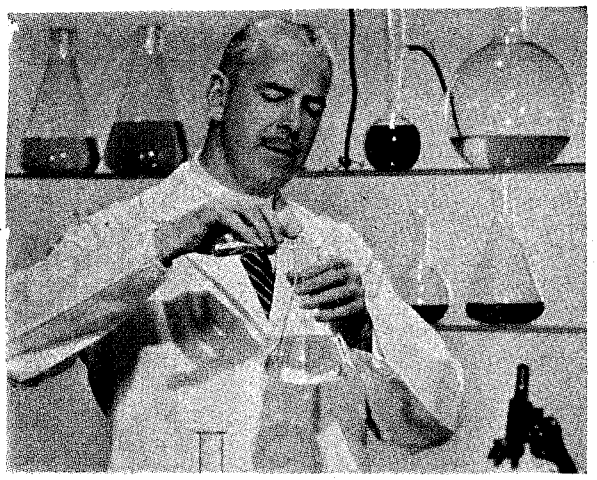
Contains the ONLY FLUORIDE proved in 10 years of clinical tests



HARDENS TOOTH ENAMEL, MAKES TEETH STRONGER

starts working instantly

TO DEFEAT DECAY



Scientists proved this Fluoride

and Brisk's Fluoride is the *only* Fluoride proved in 10 year clinical tests . . . the same fluoride now being used successfully in water supplies . . . the same dentists use successfully to reduce decay. That's why this same fluoride, so widely approved by medical, dental and governmental authority, is now in Brisk.

Benefits both adults and children

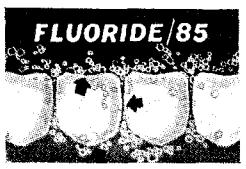
Brisk's Fluoride/85, Colgate's exclusive new formula, helps protect *all permanent teeth* whether in adults or children over six. Brisk's Fluoride is instantly released . . . works on contact as you brush your teeth . . . strengthens teeth enamel as no other decay-preventive ever could.

Works even while you eat, drink or sleep

because Brisk's Fluoride/85 not only gives you wonder-working Fluoride to strengthen tooth enamel, but provides a second, tested decay-fighter that starts working instantly . . . keeps working all day against the formation of decay-acid. Unless you get Brisk, you cannot get the benefits of Fluoride/85.

Only BRISK has FLUORIDE/85,

gives extra protection Fluoride alone can't give—works best where you need it most



Brisk's Fluoride concentrates in weak or "soft" spots where decay usually starts — combines with and becomes part of the tooth enamel — thus protects as no other decay-fighter can. And Brisk's stay-active decay-fighter reaches into crevices between teeth — starts working instantly to defeat decay.

WONDERFUL FLAVOR!

Helps keep breath fresh all day!

And there's no "tinny" aftertaste with new Brisk! Your mouth tastes sparkling cool and sweet! Brings out all the natural whiteness of teeth!

*A trade-mark of the Colgate-Palmolive Co.

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The sunshine specials i

Four convertibles—pretty as new-frosted cakes—for people who like the top-down life.

Clockwise, from upper left: *the Ford Thunderbird, the Ford Sunliner, the Lincoln Premiere, the Big M Mercury Montclair.*

Certain things distinguish these from any other convertibles on the road. One of those things is performance. These are cars that move as effortlessly as a ghost. They take corners as easily as a schoolboy racing home fo lunch. They have big engines overflowing with *reserv* power. In emergencies, this *reserve* power means that eac of the Ford Family of Fine Cars can carry you quickl and safely away from danger—in seconds.

And speaking of safety: these cars have all the ne safety features—the built-in and optional safety features–

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HE FORD FAMILY OF FINE CARS

t are actually saving lives today. This new safety was neered in the Ford Family of Fine Cars.
One more thing—out of many. Their tops come down tly and quickly. Take the top off one of the Ford Family of Fine Convertibles today—and see for yourself. You can see them at any Ford, Lincoln or Mercury showroom.

Visit Michigan's top tourist attraction this summer! It's the Ford Rotunda and its fascinating motor car exhibits and displays. In Dearborn, Michigan; open daily.

IE FORD FAMILY OF FINE CARS FORD • THUNDERBIRD • MERCURY • LINCOLN • CONTINENTAL MARK II

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Editorials

The Leftist Fringe Could Elect a President!

The idea that those who vote for the loser in a presidential election should have greater representation in the Electoral College, where the votes assigned to the States are cast, is rapidly taking hold, despite the failure of Congress to agree on a constitutional amendment to carry it out. The present system, of course, is to give each state's entire electoral vote to the candidate who has the largest popular vote, regardless of how close the runner-up may have come.

The most potent opposition to change comes, of course, from politicians who fear they may lose some advantage—and from left-wing "liberals." Why the liberals? A clue can be had by a look back at the presidential election of 1944. In that year in New York, Governor Dewey, the Republican candidate, received 2,987,647 votes, and President Roosevelt received a total of 3,304,238, a plurality of 316,591 votes. However, Roosevelt's vote as a Democrat was 2,478,598. Thus, he would have lost the state to Dewey had it not been for 825,640 votes cast for him by members of the Liberal and American Labor parties. Thus, two small splinter parties, composed largely of left-wing radicals and liberals representing a fraction of the total votes cast, held the balance of power in New York state, and were able to hand over all of the state's forty-seven electors to Mr. Roosevelt. As far as the result was concerned, the Dewey voters might as well have stayed at home.

Naturally, the politicians and parties which are strongest with left-wing and racial blocs in our large cities hate to surrender this advantage. It is not an advantage which appears only on Election Day. It enables these blocs and pressure groups to exert influence upon the Executive Branch of the Government all out of proportion to their actual popular strength. Fear of losing the electoral votes of our largest industrial states is ever present in any national administration. Thus, we find Presidents, regardless of party, urging all sorts of measures, such as weakening of the immigration laws, designed to appeal to these blocs. Congress, the majority of whose members owe nothing to big-city pressure groups, seldom goes along.

If in 1944 New York's electoral vote had been distributed in proportion to the popular vote for each candidate, Mr. Roosevelt would have got slightly more than half the New York electoral vote and Governor Dewey would have got the rest. Had the 1944 electoral vote in New York been divided according to congressional districts, as Senator Mundt, of South Dakota, proposes, President Roosevelt would have received twenty-three electors and Governor Dewey twenty-two. The splinter parties, not having carried any congressional district, would have got none. These doubtless boring statistics should be sufficient to indicate why change is being resisted.

It is unfortunate that the Senate could not agree on the congressional-district method, which really makes the most sense. Besides reflecting more truly the real result of elections, such a change would go far to eliminate from presidential elections the temptation to kowtow to small factions which represent only a fringe of American opinion, but are in some states placed strategically to decide elections.

The Crusade Against Nixon Seems to Have Run Into Something of a Roadblock

First off, let us explain that we are not shilling for Mr. Richard Nixon. We are content to leave the choice of a Republican vice-presidential candidate to the San Francisco convention.

However, the whispering, not to mention shouting, campaign against the Vice-President persists, although the Vice-President's startling strength in the New Hampshire primary last month and his virtual endorsement by President Eisenhower and many prominent Republicans, including a few who had been falsely identified with the "Dump Dick" movement, have put a serious crimp in it.

Men more or less like Nixon have often appeared in American politics, and although they have usually been involved in plenty of political infighting, and have often made blobs as startling as Nixon's reference to a "great Republican, Chief Justice Warren," few have been subjected to as much high-toned smearing as has been heaped upon Nixon. Why has all this happened to Nixon and not to other public officials of similar backgrounds and ambitions?

The "liberals" who don't like Mr. Nixon give all sorts of reasons why: his "brashness," his partisan attacks on the Democrats and so on. They usually ignore the Alger Hiss case, and Nixon's insistence on pressing it when the columnists, the Park Avenue set and members of the House Committee on Un-American Activities itself believed that Hiss was a maligned man.

In a frankly laudatory biography of Nixon (Henry Holt Company) Ralph de Toledano recalls the atmosphere which prevailed on August 5, 1948, after Hiss had completed his rebuttal to testimony by Whittaker Chambers that Hiss had been a member of a communist cell in the United States Government.

"When Hiss stepped off the stand," writes Mr. de Toledano, "there was a general rush of newspapermen and committee members to shake his hand." Nixon smelled a rat.

But the disclosures of communist espionage have put the whammy on any member of Congress courageous enough to tackle the problem. That is what happened to Nixon.

Undoubtedly there are people who wouldn't like Nixon if he were as "liberal" as Robert Maynard Hutchins—just as others, who don't like him very much, are for Nixon on account of his anticommunist record. But the smear campaign against Nixon is kept alive by those who demand the heads of all who fight communism effectively. One thing we can be sure of is that the stockpile of dead cats for Mr. Nixon has not been exhausted.

What Federal Expenses are "Uncontrollable"?

The Bureau of the Budget's annual publication, The Federal Budget in Brief, is supposed to simplify things for the ordinary suffering taxpayer. In this booklet, the Budget Bureau breaks down the billions we are to be asked to spend into various seemingly airtight classifications. Among these are items labeled "uncontrollable."

For instance, the whole ball of wax for Major National Security, amounting to 64.8 per cent of the budget, goes into this "uncontrollable" category—suggesting that we can't cut it down, although students of the subject, including Senator Byrd, of Virginia, insist that we could trim defense spending without hurting defense. The Budget in Brief lists some other items as "uncontrollable," including interest on the public debt. But couldn't we "control" this item merely by cutting the debt? Veterans' benefits and farm price supports are also listed as "uncontrollable" despite recommendations by the Hoover Commission on the veterans' program, and the Administration's efforts to curb price supports.

Of course the Budget Bureau's phrasemakers may use these terms in an accounting sense, with no intention of implying that we're stuck with expenses that can't be pared down. If so, there ought to be some other word for it than "uncontrollable" which somehow identifies governmental extravagance with an act of God.

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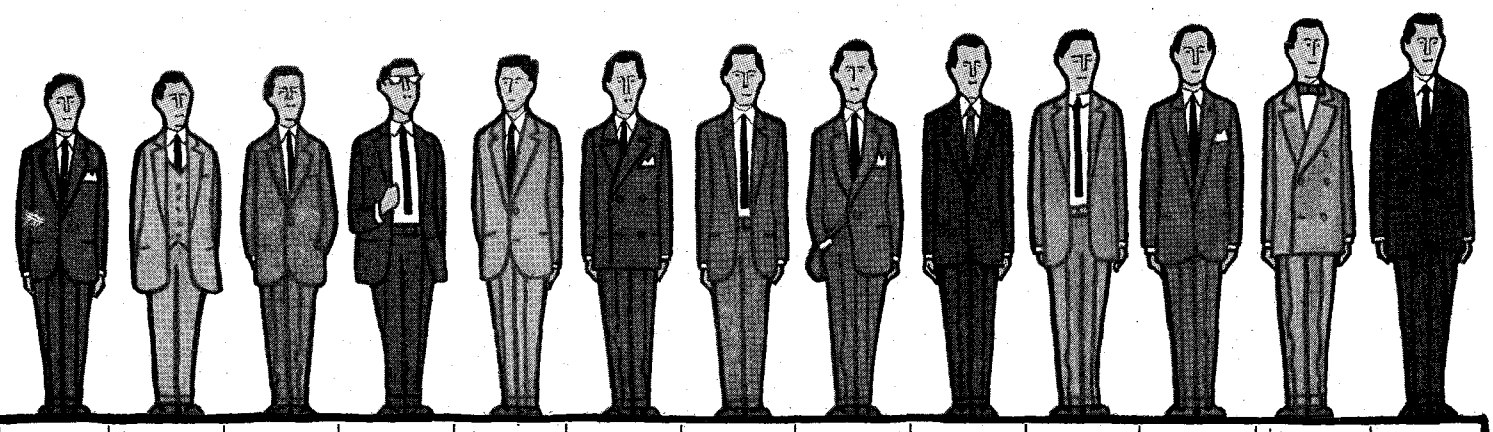
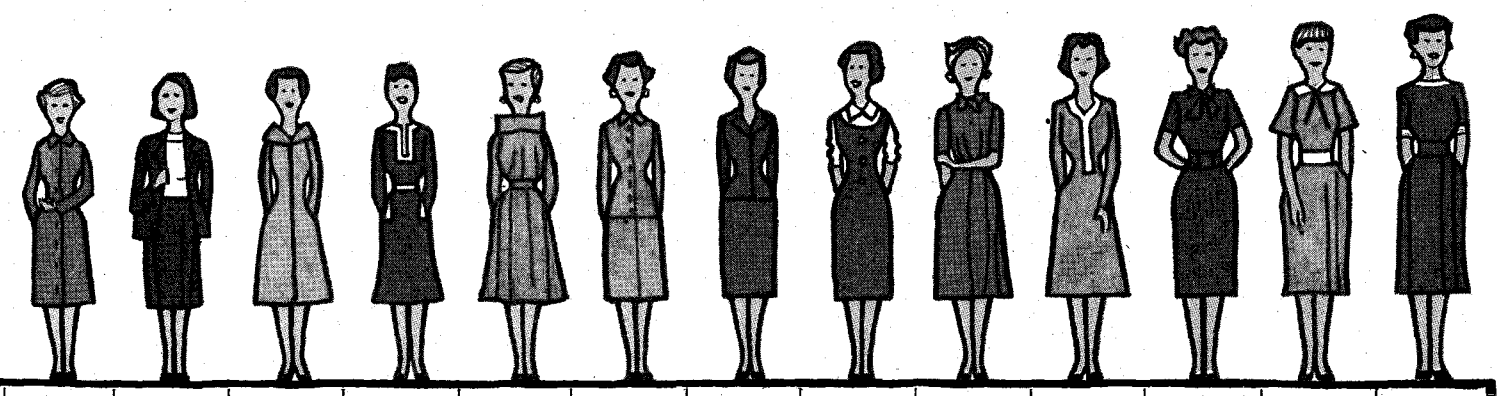
Checked your weight lately?

MEN* Fully clothed, 1 inch heels



HEIGHT	5'3"	5'4"	5'5"	5'6"	5'7"	5'8"	5'9"	5'10"	5'11"	6'	6'1"	6'2"	6'3"
Small Frame	119-128	122-132	126-136	129-139	133-143	136-147	140-151	144-155	148-159	152-164	157-169	163-175	168-180
Medium Frame	127-136	130-140	134-144	137-147	141-151	145-156	149-160	153-164	157-168	161-173	166-178	171-184	176-189
Large Frame	133-144	137-149	141-153	145-157	149-162	153-166	157-170	161-175	165-180	169-185	174-190	179-196	184-202

WOMEN* Fully clothed, 2 inch heels



HEIGHT	4'11"	5'	5'1"	5'2"	5'3"	5'4"	5'5"	5'6"	5'7"	5'8"	5'9"	5'10"	5'11"
Small Frame	104-111	105-113	107-115	110-118	113-121	116-125	119-128	123-132	126-136	129-139	133-143	136-147	139-150
Medium Frame	110-118	112-120	114-122	117-125	120-128	124-132	127-135	130-140	134-144	137-147	141-151	145-155	148-158
Large Frame	117-127	119-129	121-131	124-135	127-138	131-142	133-145	138-150	142-154	145-158	149-162	152-166	155-169

If you are one of the many millions of Americans who've gained unneeded pounds, consider these facts:

1. At ages 20 and over, men and women who are considerably overweight have a mortality rate about 50 percent higher than their "trim" contemporaries.

2. High blood pressure occurs more than twice as often in overweight people as in thinner people.

3. Studies show that 85 percent of adult diabetics were overweight at the onset of their disease.

So, it's evident that excessive poundage burdens more than your two feet. In fact, overweight can impair the function of many vital organs and hence is associated with many life-shortening conditions.

On the other hand, if you reduce . . . *and keep your weight down* . . . you should increase your chances for long life and good health. You will certainly look and feel better . . . and have greater stamina, too.

Yet, some quick-reducing diets may be almost as bad for your health as the constant stress of overweight. All diets, therefore, should be avoided, unless prescribed by your doctor.

So, when you plan to reduce, start with a visit to your doctor. He will determine your desirable weight . . . and, most important, he will give you a sound, balanced, varied diet that everyone needs whether reducing or not.

If you are overweight and want to reduce surely and safely, these "do's and don't's" may help you:

Do say "no" to all high-calorie foods . . . rich desserts, gravies, sauces and social-hour tidbits.

Do exercise moderately to keep in trim and help burn up unneeded calories.

Don't use "reducing drugs" except on your doctor's recommendation.

Don't give a second thought to second helpings . . . no matter how tempting they may be.

Don't expect immediate good news from the scales. One or two pounds a week is a safe, sensible rate of weight loss.

Metropolitan's booklet *Overweight and Underweight* gives a number of helpful low-calorie menus, lists calorie values of 200 foods and offers many practical suggestions which you may follow to help you shorten your beltline and lengthen your lifeline. Mail the coupon below for your free copy.

* *Desirable weights for men and women of ages 25 and over based on numerous Medico-Actuarial studies of hundreds of thousands of men and women.*

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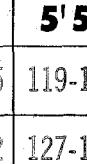

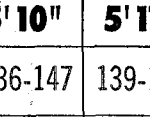

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Please send me a copy of your booklet *Overweight and Underweight*. 556-E.

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A picture of a man who owns the Electric Companies

Year-old Alexander Maier of Dayton, Ohio, is one of the newest of the 94 million owners of America's independent electric light and power companies.

Alexander's father has bought his son seven shares of stock in the Dayton Power and Light Company as a first-year birthday present. This makes young Alexander one of about 4 million *direct* owners who hold securities of the electric companies.

Alexander's *grandfather* just opened a savings account in the youngster's name. This makes him one of more than 90 million Americans who are *indirect* owners through their bank savings, insurance premiums or pension funds. Banks, insurance companies and pension fund trustees put much of this money to work in the securities of independent electric companies.

Some people would have the federal government take over all of the power companies. But isn't there real danger in a single federal power monopoly—rather than in 400 independent electric light and power companies owned by more than 94 million people?

We believe this question deserves your serious thought. That's why this message is brought to you by *America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies**.

**Names on request from this magazine*

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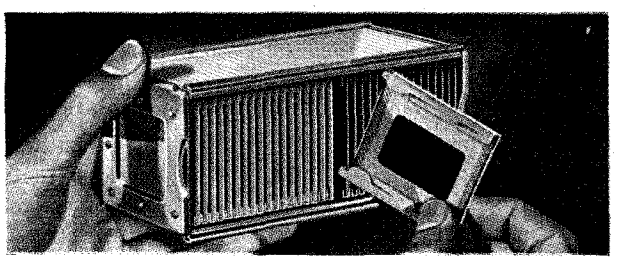
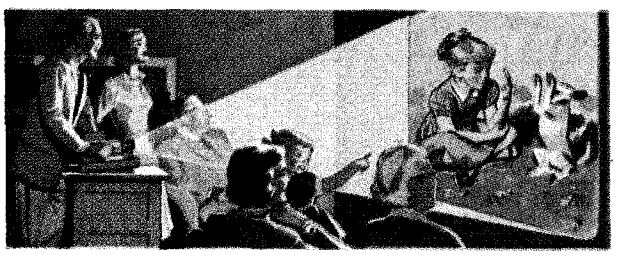
Beautiful new way to bring back the colorful moments of your life..... life-size



Files and safeguards slides! Aluminum magazines keep precious slides in perfect, indexed order. Individual metal frames protect them from dirt, smudges, dog-earing. Your fingers never touch the transparencies.



Spectacular picture quality! A powerful, 4-inch wide-angle lens gives you big-as-life pictures that let the whole family enjoy the show—even in a small room.

NEW ARGUS AUTOMATIC PROJECTOR $59.50

complete with carrying case, automatic slide changer, slide editor and 36-slide magazine

You've photographed the big moments of your life in color. Now relive them—big as life and just as colorful—with this new Argus Automatic!

A new, advanced optical system delivers more light through the wide-angle lens to give you pictures uniformly bright and clear, from corner to corner.

And your slides are so easy to show. A quick push-pull of the operating handle positions each slide for perfect viewing, returns it to the magazine in order, and automatically advances the next slide.

A convenient Slide Editor lets you preview slides before you file them in the magazine. And a powerful yet silent blower keeps projector and slides cool—even during long showings.

To see your color slides in a beautiful new light, see the all-new Argus line of 300-Watt Projectors at your dealer's now.

Standard model, with non-automatic operation, $37.50. New Remote-Control Power Unit for any Argus Automatic, runs the show by push-button from anywhere in the room, $24.50.

argus®

Easy to use...Easy to own...That's Argus!
Most dealers offer convenient credit terms

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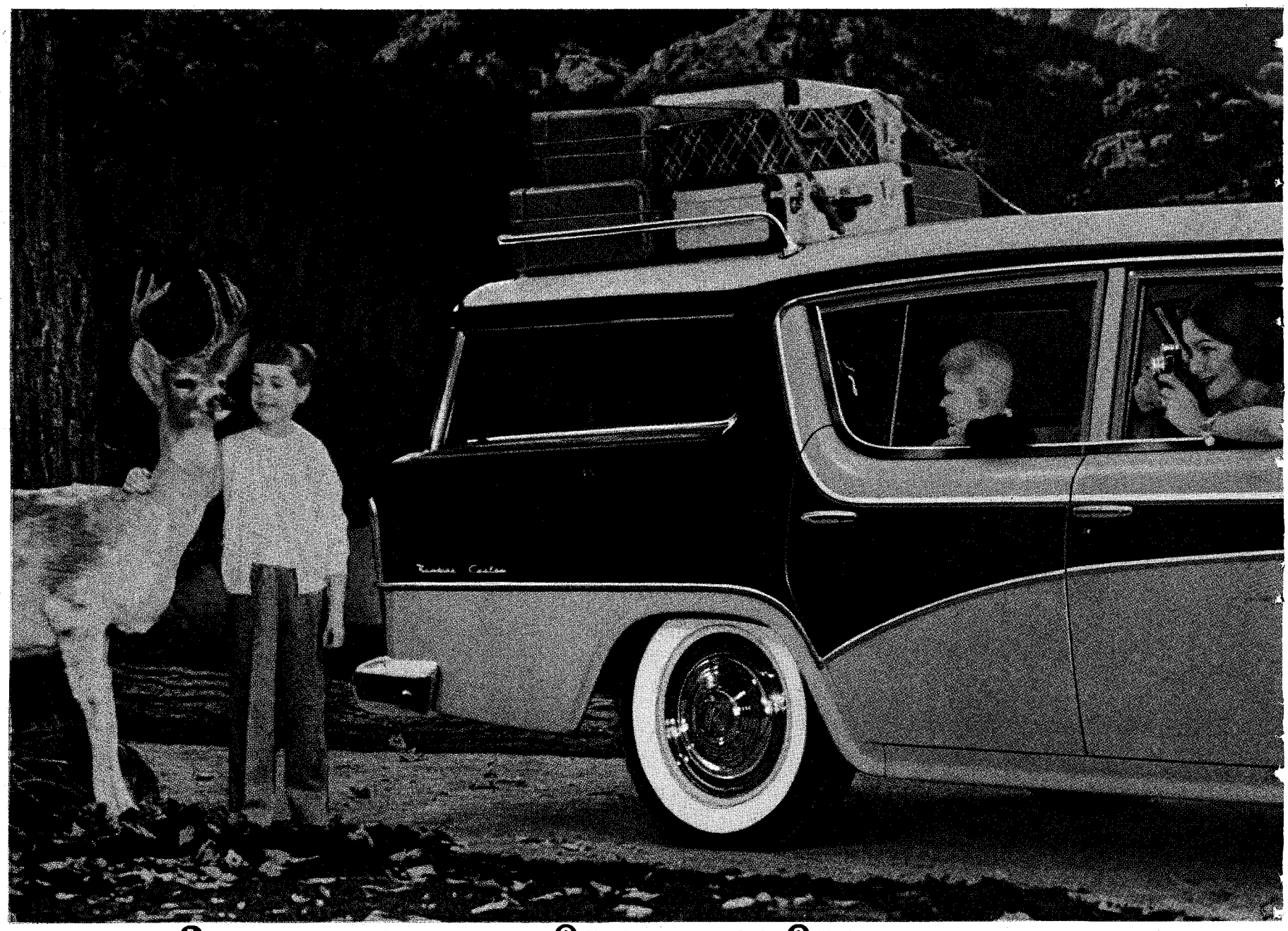
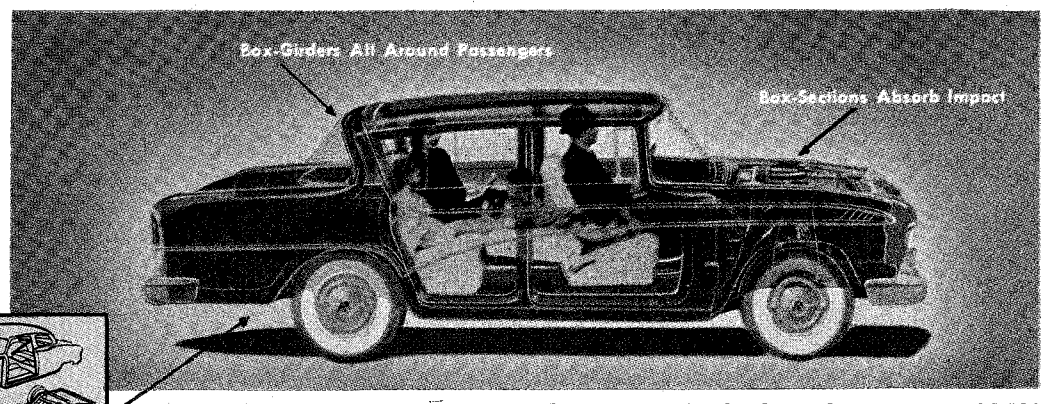
SEE THE RAMBLER THAT TR

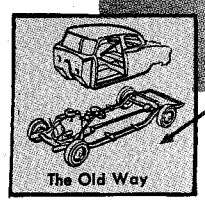
All-New Cross Country S



3 Cars in 1: ❶ *It's the sturdiest, rattleproof 4-door station wagon!* ❷ *It's a luxurious town sedan!* ❸ *It's the ideal family travel car!*

Hurry! Still Time to Win 1/4 Million $$$ Contest!
Name This Construction! Win $25,000 FIRST PRIZE!





See the biggest difference in cars today —single unit car construction! Then give us a name for this stronger, safer, more modern way to build cars. You can win $25,000 or an Air Conditioned car—or one of 1,110 other wonderful prizes! Get Free Entry Blank and Rules from your Nash dealer or your Hudson dealer now!

Come see what's switching thousands to Rambler!

Come see and drive the smartest, most practical car you can buy—this 3-in-1 Rambler Cross Country. For the first time, a king-size 4-door station wagon . . . yet with all Rambler's famous maneuverability . . . a *rattle-proof* carryall with extra cargo space, inside and out . . . with luxury appointments and interiors that rival a $5,000 limousine. A long distance car with Airliner Reclining Seats, Twin Travel Beds—even All-Season Air Conditioning.

Think of having a car with visibility, headroom and shoulder room, front and rear, that beats the average of the "other three" cars—yet out-turns, out-maneuvers, out-parks them all . . . cushions your ride three times better with Deep Coil Springs on all four wheels . . . gives more miles on a gallon of gas.

Tops the whole low-price field in resale!

See the official figures in the N.A.D.A. Used Car Guide, that prove Rambler returns most of its original cost. See it. Drive it. At Nash Dealers. At Hudson Dealers.

HUDSON DEALERS HAVE IT

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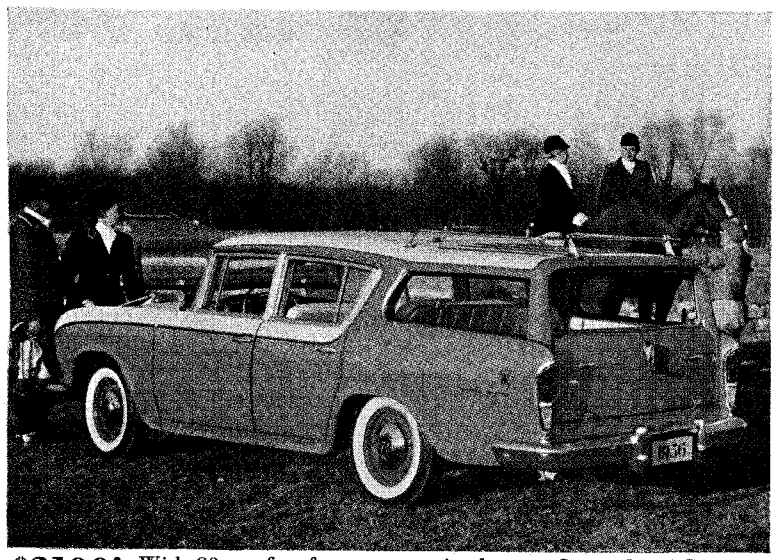
'LES YOUR MONEY'S WORTH!

tion Wagon - 3 Cars in 1!

n air everywhere! Instead of lumsy "stick-out" upper tail-, a roll-down rear window!

sit "bolt upright"? Relax irliner Reclining Seats. Per- for children's naps on trips.



$2199! With 80 cu. ft. of cargo space in the new Super Cross Country, it is the lowest price in America for a 4-door station wagon, delivered at the factory, including federal taxes. State and local taxes, if any, white side wall tires, if desired, extra.

Drive The All-New

Rambler

You'll Make The Smart Switch For '56

PRODUCT OF AMERICAN MOTORS
AMERICAN MOTORS MEANS MORE FOR AMERICANS

See **Disneyland**—*great TV for all the family over ABC Network*

NASH DEALERS HAVE IT!

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Keeping America on the GO...with

The big railroad switch —and all America

53 RAILROADS *and private car owners have now gone "Roller Freight" to improve service!*

16,959 FREIGHT CARS *equipped with Timken® tapered roller bearings are already in use or on order*

ORDERS IN 1955 *exceeded the previous 4 years combined!*

OVER ONE-FOURTH THE CARS *recently ordered by railroads will be shared by non-owner line*

THE biggest event in railroading is the way "Roller Freight" is suddenly catching on.

For years, it's been gaining ground, bit by bit. Now the big switch has started. *In 1955, the railroads ordered more freight cars equipped with Timken® tapered roller bearings than in the previous 4 years combined!*

On top of this, over one-fourth of these cars will be shared by their owners with all other railroads.

Since 1948, the number of railroads and private car owners owning "Roller Freight" cars has grown from 12 to 53. "Roller Freight" cars have multiplied from 627 to 16,959. In 1955 alone, 6,441 cars were ordered.

Up to now, the railroads have confined the use of "Roller Freight" cars to owner lines, where they could accurately study the advantages of "Roller Freight". Important operating economies and improvements in service have been revealed, largely through the reduction of hot boxes and inspection costs.

This has caused the railroads to ac

Only **TIMKEN®** *bearings roll s*

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TIMKEN® *Tapered Roller Bearings*

to "Roller Freight" is on will benefit

celerate their switch to "Roller Freight" with over one-fourth the cars on order earmarked for interchange service.

These interchange cars won't spend all their time on their home lines so the roads owning them won't enjoy their full benefit. But the potential benefits of "Roller Freight" are so great that these roads are hastening the day when all freights are on roller bearings. Then all railroads will enjoy the full benefits of "Roller Freight" together. America will have one answer to the freight car shortage.

Traditionally, freight cars have been dependent on friction-type bearings or "brasses". These frequently fail, despite an annual expenditure of $135 million in inspection and maintenance to keep them operating. Hot boxes result, the biggest cause of freight train delays.

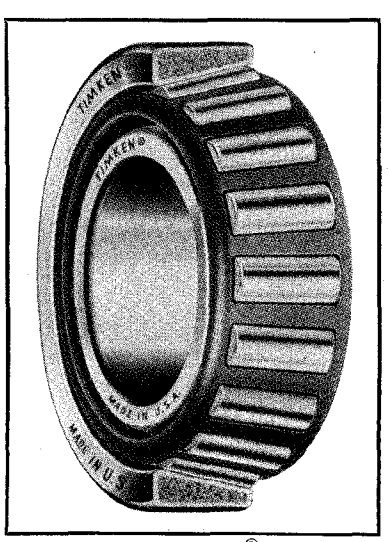
Timken tapered roller bearings eliminate the hot box problem. They don't *slide* the load. They *roll* it. Their tapered design ends lubrication problems and the need for frequent journal box inspection. Terminal bearing inspection time is cut 90%, lubricant cost as much as 89%.

All America benefits from "Roller Freight". And "Roller Freight" is on the way! The Timken Roller Bearing Company, Canton 6, Ohio. Canadian plant: St. Thomas, Ontario. Cable address: "TIMROSCO".

"ROLLER FREIGHT" ROLL CALL

Railroads having 20 or more freight cars on Timken bearings:

Akron, Canton & Youngstown
Alaska Railroad
Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe
Atlantic Coast Line
Baltimore & Ohio
Boston and Maine
Chesapeake & Ohio
Chicago, Burlington & Quincy
Chicago Great Western
Duluth, Missabe & Iron Range
Erie
Great Northern
Louisiana and Arkansas
Nickel Plate Road
New Haven
Northern Pacific
Pennsylvania
Quebec, North Shore & Labrador
Reading
St. Louis-San Francisco
Southern Railway
Union Pacific
Wabash
Western Maryland
Western Pacific



©1956 THE TRB CO.

true, have such quality thru-&-thru

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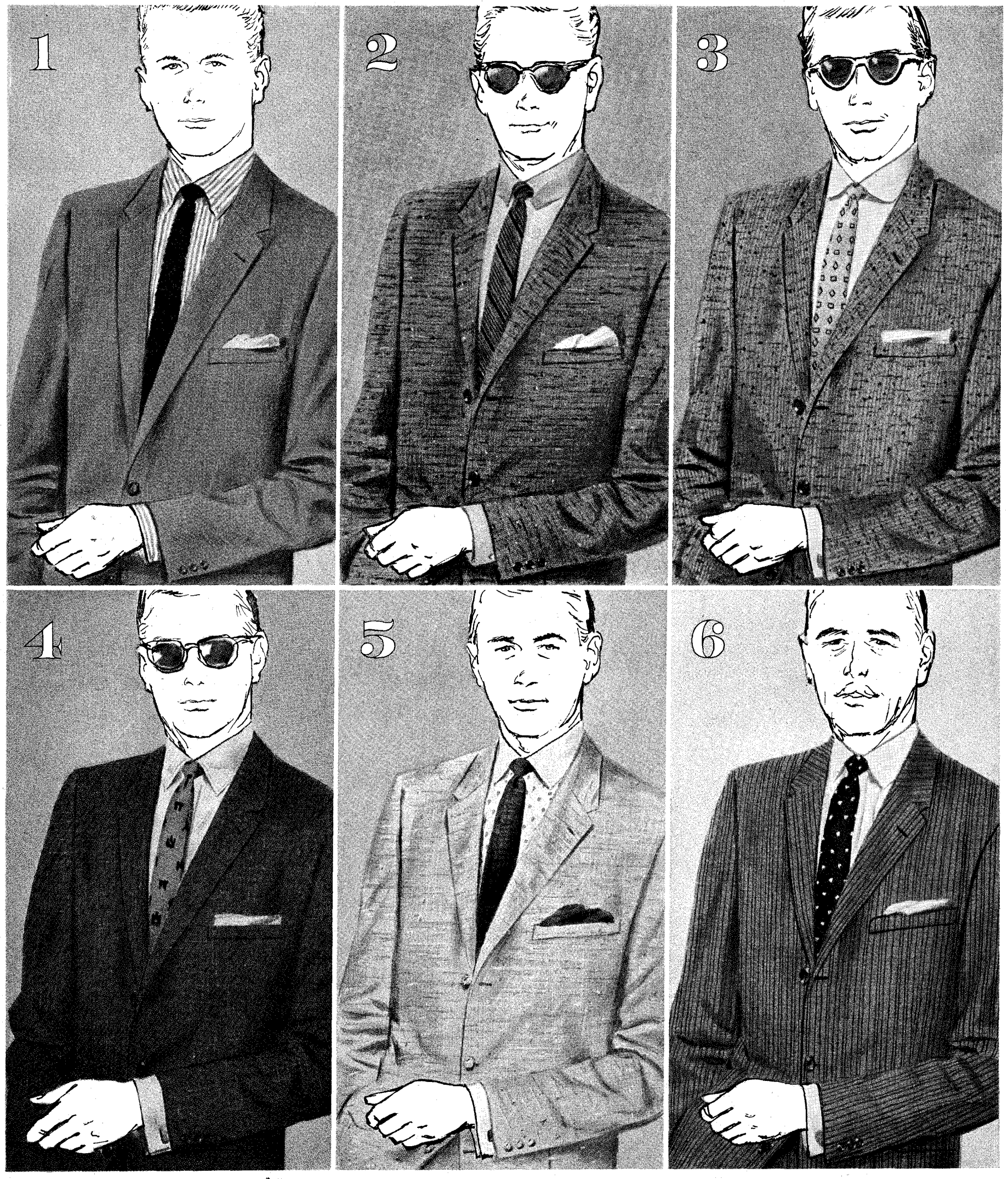

Cool weaves for comfort...TREND styling for handsome appearance, by

HART

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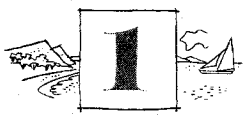
SIX WAYS TO GIVE HOT WEATHER A COOL RECEPTION

When the mercury soars, here are six handsome, lightweight summer suits for cool comfort and a just-pressed look. Included are silk, Dacron-blend, worsted, and mohair... tailored with custom-care by Hart Schaffner & Marx, and emphasizing the tall, trim and lean lines of smart Trend-styling.

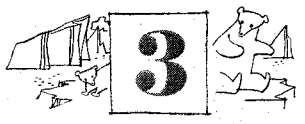


The Dixie Weave Bengaline suit has millions of tiny open spaces in the reverse-twist weave: today's version of the original all-worsted tropical.

This is a now-famous "first," developed and perfected by Hart Schaffner & Marx. The unique weaving of left-twist and right-twist yarn gives each suit millions (literally) of tiny "woven windows" for cool, cool comfort. Dixie Weave Bengaline suits have the supple drape of all-worsted fabric, with the smart lines of popular Trend-styling... tall, trim, and slim. Here is respected quality in a most impressive choice of new and extremely handsome solid shades...and they're as cool as they look.

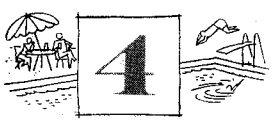
The Viracle suit is another "first." It is the original zephyr-blend of Dacron and worsted, with its talent for shape-and-crease retention.

Every Viracle is a fine "traveler." It goes on non-stop trips non-wrinkled. And it keeps its press with cool determination even on the most humid days. Result: fewer trips to the presser. Men don't hesitate to describe their Viracle suits as phenomenal. The styling and tailoring are typically Hart Schaffner & Marx, with a smart emphasis on Trend lines. There is a wide variety of exclusive patterns and solid shades. Learn about a Viracle's "porosity," and enjoy snubbing the weatherman.



The Virasil suit is similar to the famous Viracle, but there's a big plus... the addition of silk yarns for luxuriousness of look and feel.

Only Hart Schaffner & Marx tailors Virasil suits, and we're apt to brag a bit about them. In adding silk yarns to our cooling blend of Dacron and worsted we've given Virasils a lustrous, almost frosty appearance...pleasant to see when the temperature is torrid, and even pleasanter to wear. A Virasil suit retains its crease and shape with fine disregard of weather reports. The color-range, enlivened by silk-effects, is further enhanced by superior tailoring that features slender Trend lines.

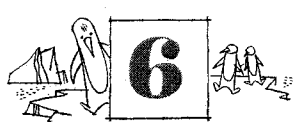


Mohair-Worsted Tropical suits have a lustrous look for eye-appeal, cool crispness for touch-appeal, brisk resilience against wrinkling.

Perhaps you'll select the Coldstream, of fine domestic mohair-worsted. Or you may prefer the Diplomat, tailored of the world's most renowned mohair-worsted from England (the mohair is pedigreed Turkish kid, no less!). In either case, you instantly join that enthusiastic cult of well-dressed men who firmly state that no summer-fabric has quite the subtle richness of mohair. It is, indeed, luxurious and lustrous, and Hart Schaffner & Marx tailors it with the near-reverence it deserves.

100% Italian Silk suits are handsome and weightless luxuries unequaled in the way they "feel." You actually have to put one on to know!

You can run your hand across the elegant texture of fine silk, but you cannot possibly imagine the cool delight of wearing it. These important fabrics woven of Duppioni yarn, are cut and needled with masterly tailoring skill. There's the superb Cattigara suit as well as the Como-Seta (which is even more so)...and we do not hesitate to tell you they're The Finest. The styling is peerless. The color-tones are the richest. But it's the "feel" of 100% Italian Silk that rates 100% enthusiasm.



Silver Trumpeter Tropical suits are the ultimate. They feature only the world's most notable worsted-tropicals from England and Italy.

Here is your chance to go all out on quality, appearance and, most important of all, a fine show of ignoring the mercury. The Silver Trumpeter label (pride and joy of Messrs. Hart Schaffner & Marx) features fabrics of superlative texture, some enlivened with a percentage of Italian Silk yarns. In working with these materials, our designers have cut and styled them with customary and traditional artistry. There is an uncommon array of colortone-effects, interesting patterns and solid shades.

Dixie Weave, Viracle, Virasil, Coldstream, Silver Trumpeter, Reg. U.S. Pat Off. HS&M, Chicago, Ill. Dacron, DuPont's Polyester Fiber

SCHAFFNER & MARX

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PUSHBUTTON MAG IC

1 **PUSHBUTTON POWERFLITE.** Chrysler Corporation leads the field again with the drivir advance of the year! Like magic—you just push a button and *go!* No levers or gears to bother with. Pushbutton PowerFlite is as easy as ringin a doorbell. Its simple mechanical design has bee fully tested and perfected. Why not try it today!

TEERING all the time! Other cars 't caught up with Chrysler Corpo- *ll-time* Power Steering! It helps inutes of every driving hour!

3 **GREATER POWER LONGER!** No other American passenger car V-8 engines have dome-type combustion chambers!

4 **SAFEST BRAKES!** Chrysler Corporation brings you the biggest advance in brakes in 25 years! Easier, surer, less adjusting, longer lining life!

5 **BRIGHTEST DESIGN OF '5** THE FLIGHT-SWEEP—o clean aerodynamic sweep fr headlight to upswept rear fend

rporation's Great TV Shows, "Shower of Stars" and "Climax!" Thursday nights, CBS-TV

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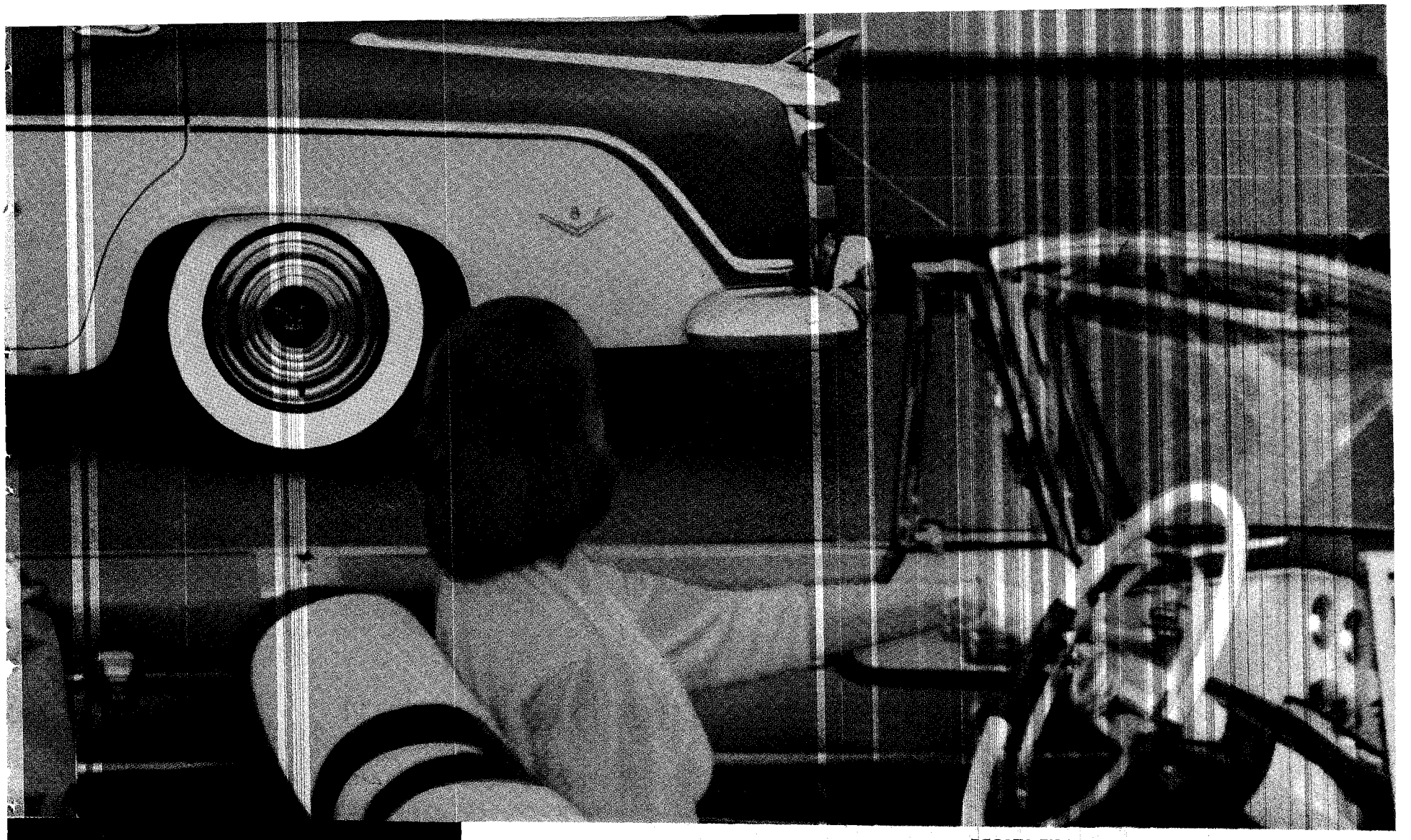

DESOTO FIREDOME 4-DOOR STATION WAGON

ONE OF 5

FORWARD LOOK VALUES THAT OTHER CARS DON'T HAVE!

You get so much more for what you pay in a car of Chrysler Corporation. See your dealer now!

CHRYSLER CORPORATION

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Beautiful Delaware Memorial Bridge, built five years ago to connect the southern end of the New Jersey Turnpike with Delaware, is the world's sixth longest single span suspension bridge. Since opened, 34 million cars have crossed it.

Delaware's proud of its big bridge but...

The millions of cars it funnels through the state were giving Tom Gray fits as he tried to drive to work. Problem sound familiar? Here's what one state intends to do about it.

In New Castle, Del., Tom Gray's civic pride in his state's most ambitious project—the Delaware Memorial Bridge—wasn't all that it might be. He felt that, while driving to work in Wilmington, he personally encountered every one of the 8 million cars which use the bridge annually.

This sudden deluge of through traffic was bringing new problems to the state's already overburdened road system. Tom was painfully aware that Maryland, Pennsylvania and New Jersey aimed main highways at his state. He knew, too, that Delaware's population and car registration was the fastest growing east of the Mississippi. As a result, traffic on the roads he used to drive to work increased 13% each year since 1950!

Now the state of Delaware is acting. It proposes a progressive $325 million 15-year road building program. Of this amount, $112 million is scheduled for two-, four- and six-lane arterial highways across the state. These limited-access roads, designed to speed bridge traffic without tying up local roads, are expected to be built from present bridge tolls. And they'll enable Tom to drive to work in half the time.

The future of the proposed road building program in Delaware—and in your state—depends on voters making their support known. And if *you* want to know what you can do to put across *your* state's highway program, write today for free booklet, "Road Block." Just mail a card to Dept. 4, Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois, U. S. A.

CATERPILLAR

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DIESEL ENGINES • TRACTORS • MOTOR GRADERS
EARTHMOVING EQUIPMENT

Wherever you see Caterpillar machines working on your roads, you can be sure your state is getting its money's worth.

Delaware Highway Week is being celebrated April 23 to 30 in conjunction with Springtime in Delaware. All state highway installations are opened for inspection.

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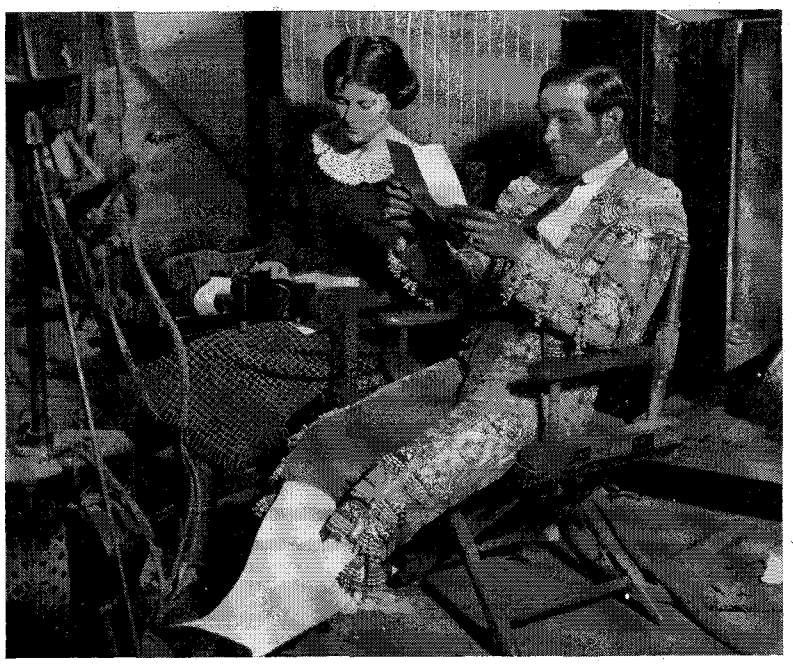
PICTURES WITH A PAST

Remember When?



REMEMBER Rudolph Valentino in his prime? No man caused more women to swoon blissfully. An immigrant Italian dishwasher, he starred in silent films as The Sheik, then as the toreador (above) in Blood and Sand. Here, aided by a stenotypist, he faithfully answers his monumental fan mail. When he died at thirty in 1926, a New York mother shot herself, a London woman took poison, and 100,000 mourners—mostly sobbing females—attended his funeral. R. HILDE.

HERE'S how a prospective Vice-President, later to become President, dressed to plant a tree on Arbor Day, 1919. The shoveler in neatly creased overalls is Calvin Coolidge, then governor of Massachusetts. He was elected "Veep" the following year. His teammate, pointing helpfully, is Mrs. Grace Coolidge. E. P. SERVICE.

REMEMBER your biggest birthday thrill? Here is one enjoyed by inventor Thomas Edison (right) on his eighty-second birthday, Feb. 11, 1929. His friend, Henry Ford, presented him with a rose for his lapel, then bent in a courtly bow. My camera recorded the charming by-play between the two great men. J. A. ECKEL.

We pay $50 for your personally taken photo showing unusual views of noted people or Americana since 1890. Send with full facts and stamped return envelope to Remember When, Box 234, The Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia 5.

LOOK COOL
WALK COOL
Summerweights
BY FREEMAN

It's admiration at first sight! Slim and trim . . . the season's most distinguished footwear! Black-and-white for day or night . . . *plus* the soft and pliant comfort of Freeman craftsmanship. Styles shown, $11.95 to $18.95.* Your Freeman dealer can fit you now. Write for his name.

WONDERFUL FEELING
FREEMANS
Largest Exclusive Makers of Men's Fine Shoes

*Other Freemans $10.95 to $24.95. Higher Rockies West.
Freeman Shoe Corp., Beloit, Wis.

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Here's why so many people use

ONLY GLEEM...*the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal*

JUST ONE BRUSHING destroys decay- and odor-causing bacteria

MOUTH BACTERIA BEFORE BRUSHING—THESE ARE THE CHIEF CAUSE OF DECAY.

AFTER ONE GLEEM BRUSHING, UP TO 90% OF BACTERIA ARE DESTROYED.

If you could brush after every meal, any good toothpaste would do . . . but if you can't always brush, even though it's best, then you should use Gleem. One Gleem brushing destroys most bacteria—gives added resistance to decay.

Kids love Gleem's taste—proved by flavor tests. So it's easy to get them to use Procter & Gamble's Gleem regularly. And regular after-meal brushing is a *proven* way for children to reduce tooth decay.

Mouth odor stopped all day with *one* Gleem brushing. Scientific tests prove just brushing with Gleem before breakfast gives most people *all-day* protection against mouth odor.

I can't brush after every meal, so ***I DEPEND ON GLEEM!***

ONLY GLEEM has GL-70 to fight decay!

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The Race We Are Losing to Russia

By JOSEPH and STEWART ALSOP

The disturbing facts on how a nation that "can't even make a decent flush toilet" is—in terms of war potential—overtaking U. S. industry.

Last summer, when one of these reporters was in Moscow, the Soviets put on their annual air show at Tushino airfield. The panorama was charming—like a grandiose but gay country fair. What was shown was grim—above all, the powerful flights of the new Soviet medium- and long-range jet bombers, the Badgers and Bisons.

When these great planes were roaring by, high over the heads of the crowd, one of the American air attachés had an inspiration. He trained his field glasses on the official tribune, where Khrushchev, Bulganin and the other leaders of the Soviet hierarchy were watching the display of their own armed might.

The glasses revealed an extraordinary scene of jubilation among the hard and blood-stained men in the high tribune. As the new Soviet bombers flew past, every face was wreathed in the broadest smiles. The ebullient Khrushchev literally jumped for joy, bouncing up and down until the last bomber was gone. Even his more sober colleagues fell to shaking hands and thumping one another on the back, in open, self-congratulating delight.

(Continued on Page 80)

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In spring a college boy's fancy turns to water-bag fights and panty raids.
What brings on such unrehearsed revelry?
Is this "delinquency" or "good clean fun"? An old grad reports.

Madness on the Campus

By Andrew Hamilton

Harvard, 1939: Irving Clark won a measure of immortality by gulping 24 live goldfish. He is now a partner in a staid Seattle law firm.

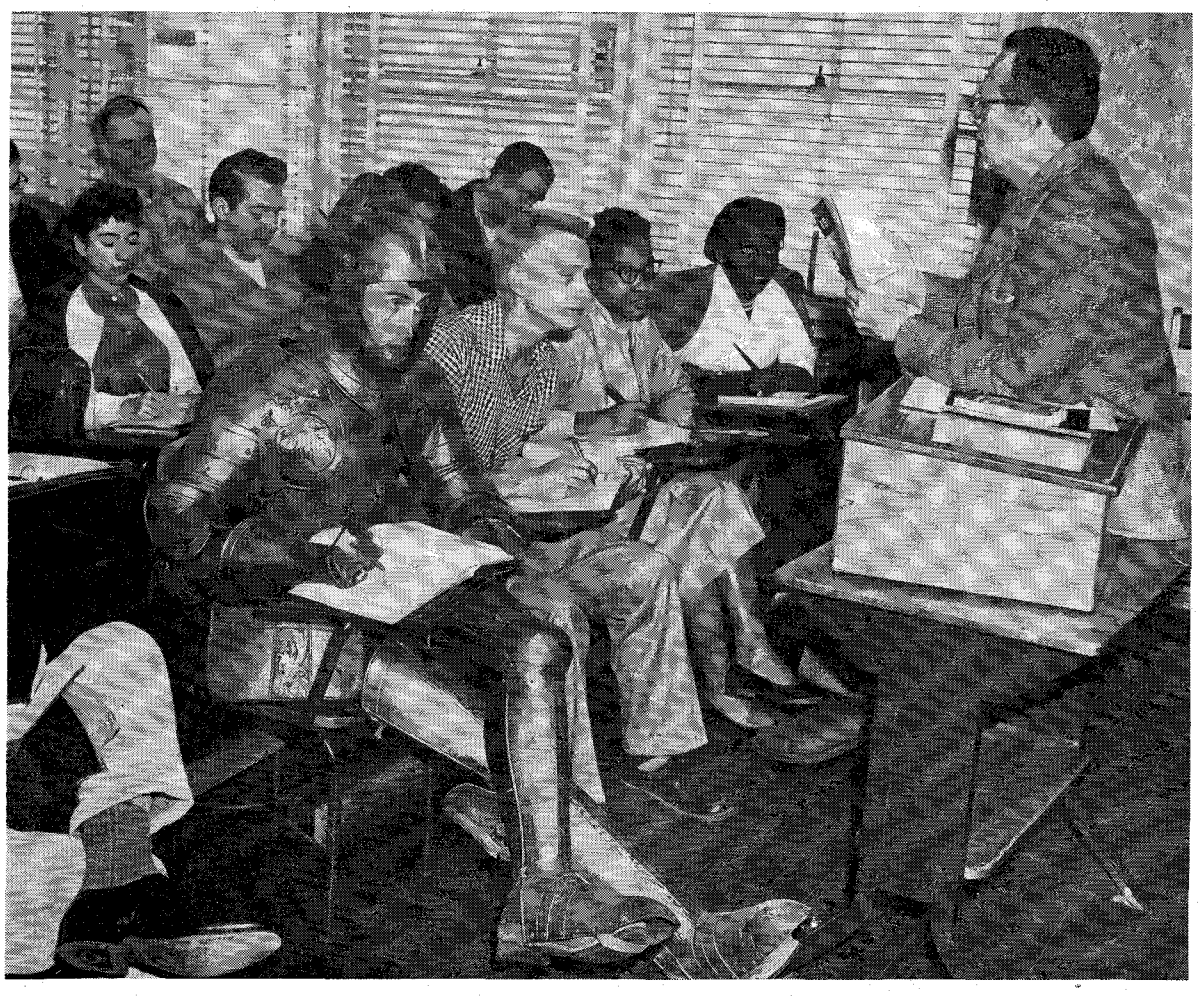
On the warm, moonlit night of May third last year, 500 University of Tennessee students were stricken with panty-raid fever—a disease that causes its victims to yowl outside sorority houses for feminine underthings. Two weeks later, on the evening of May eighteenth, 1000 Princeton students also got out of hand when a hi-fi set blared the popular tune, Rock Around the Clock. Then, on May twenty-second, dormitory dwellers at Columbia University littered Amsterdam Avenue with unwound rolls of tissue and bombarded pedestrians with soggy paper sacks of water.

Such college capers can happen at any time of the year and on any campus, but outbursts of high spirits are more likely to occur in the spring. At this season, as Charles Kingsley aptly phrased it, "young blood must have its course, lad, and every dog his day."

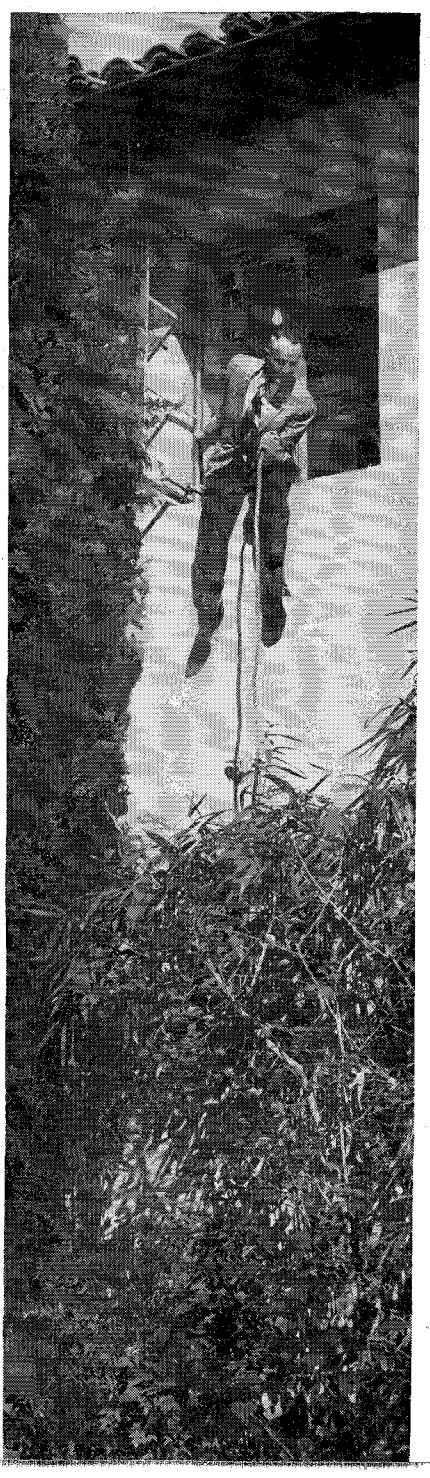
Balmy air and bursting buds are also a warning to college and university administrators to steel themselves against newspaper headlines and editorials, scolding letters from parents and from trustees—all asking, in essence, what the hell is the younger generation coming to, anyway.

After the Columbia fracas, a wise but anonymous editorial writer for The New York Times put matters in somewhat clearer perspective. He wrote, "Sober analysts with a multi-decade reach see these campus spring uprisings as the young man's last childish fling before the real world of work and wife."

College pranks are well-entrenched in American folklore, dating back to the Harvard Butter Rebellion of 1766, when students complained, "Behold, our butter stinketh and we cannot eat thereof." Panty raids can be traced to 1899, when 400 pajama-clad University of



Los Angeles City College, 1956: Dave Church attends class in a suit of armor as part of a publicity build-up stunt for a club called the Knights.



Pomona College, California: Coach Earl Merritt leaves home by a window. (Campus jokesmiths bricked up the door of his apartment.)

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U.C.L.A.: The silence of the library is shattered as pranksters release a flock of squawking, half-grown chickens during the evening study hour.

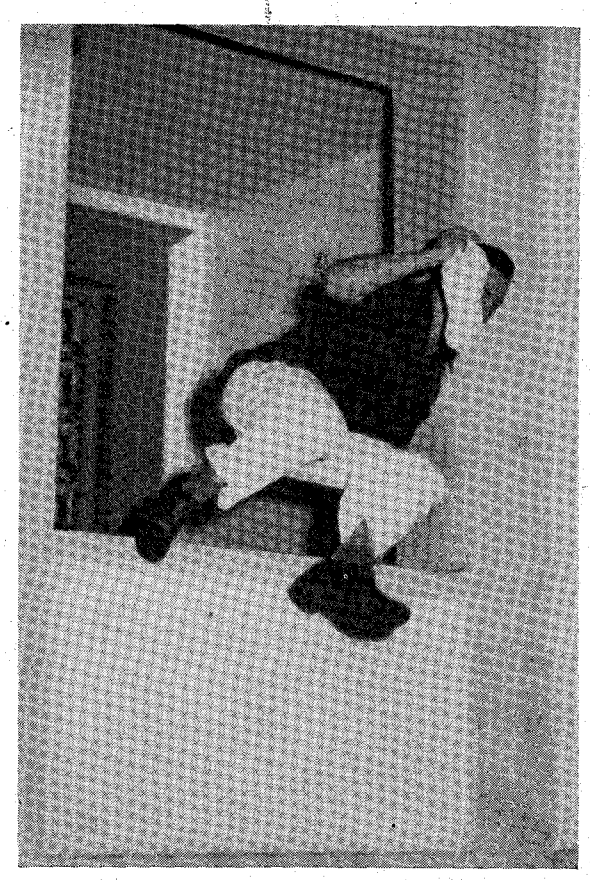
Wisconsin males paraded through the streets of Madison, broke into Ladies Hall, and snitched "204 articles of clothing." Hanging in effigy, the newest of college japes, was old stuff at the University of Michigan in the 1850's—the "corpus" being not only strung up but shot and burned as well.

There are probably only a few among America's 6,000,000 college graduates who cannot remember at least one prank, such as having helped to hoist a buggy to the roof of the president's house, tar and feather a bronze statue of the institution's founder or smuggle a goat into a fraternity brother's bed.

Memory, however, is a curiously personal thing. Gordon Southworth, a New York teacher, was a champion goldfish gulper at Middlesex University in 1939. He is still somewhat chesty about having swallowed sixty-seven. But recently he declared that panty-raiding was "the silliest thing I ever heard of."

Silly or not, these rites of spring on America's campuses are a bright thread in the fabric of our civilization and should not go entirely unrecognized. Recently I surveyed 200 college deans and public-information officers to learn if the custom was withering. It is not. "Hazing—yes. Definitely dying out," said dean Dale Faunce, of the University of Iowa. But high jinks, no. Today's youth, in spite of a reputation for sobriety (Continued on Page 110)

Syracuse University: A professor removes Bermuda shorts someone painted on Persephone.



U.S.C.: Brandishing the loot, a nimble-footed panty-raider makes a leaping getaway from a sorority house.

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Betty stared at Walt, wide-eyed, swallowing silently. "All right," he said. "Get dressed."

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A POST NOVELETTE COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

She was seventeen, beautiful—and dumb enough to fall for a con man's line

Picture Racket

By VERNE ATHANAS

Eleanor called him, and he woke sluggishly. He hadn't slept well. He stared owlishly at the bedside-clock hands scissoring toward midnight. He swung his feet out of bed.

"You're all right, Walt?" asked Ellie.

"Sure," he said.

He showered quickly, padded barefooted back to the bedroom, and dressed. Dark blue trousers with a stripe down the seam; black Oxfords and dark socks. Crisp, freshly ironed shirt that Ellie had laid out for him. He combed his thick, dark, close-trimmed hair. He knotted his black tie carefully, and precisely pulled up the knot. His mirrored reflection turned as he turned, retreated as he walked across to the door, walking erect without swagger, with self-confidence and without arrogance; his face a good cop's face, not given to showing his feelings.

Ellie turned away from the sink. "There's hot coffee, if you'd like some."

"Good," he said. He poured a cup of coffee and took it to the table, sat sipping it and almost absently watching Ellie's brisk, competent motions.

Presently Ellie deftly slid eggs on a plate, along with a slice of ham, dropped bread in the toaster, brought the plate to him.

She said carefully, "You're going through with it, Walt?"

He looked at her. "Yes," he said tonelessly, "I am."

"But what will ——"

"I don't know what I'll do! Drive a hack, maybe. Lord knows I know every street and alley in this town. Get on a garbage truck, maybe, or rake leaves in the park. There's plenty of jobs even a no-good ex-cop can do!"

Ellie said in real distress, "Don't! Don't do that, Walt!"

He took a deep steadying breath. "Sorry," he said thinly. He got up and went back to the bedroom. He put on his jacket, set the visored cap squarely on his head. He swung the wide black belt about his waist and hooked it, the heavy pistol bumping flat and solid against his thigh in its stiff locked holster. Handcuffs in their black fitted pouch and extra ammunition on the left, holster on the right. Lead-and-leather sap in right hip pocket, thong tucked up under the belt. Notebook in left hip pocket, badge pinned through the metal eyelets on the left breast of the jacket. He moved in a faint squeaking of leather, solid, compact, buttoned and belted, familiar and comfortable in these weights and pressures.

Ellie stood in the door. She raised her face for his kiss, as she had for twenty-odd years, and he kissed her, as he had every day for twenty-odd years, barring suspensions, vacations and sick leave. Somehow it didn't come off just right.

He pushed his fist gently against her chin. He even mustered an almost convincing grin.

"It's only a job," he said.

"And the buttons are solid brass," she replied automatically. Her smile was almost convincing too. He turned away abruptly.

At the station the desk sergeant said, "Walt, Ben wants to see you."

The assistant chief's office was plain, businesslike. One whole wall was lined with green metal filing cabinets. The assistant was lean, long-jawed, with a knowing and sardonic look. On his plain wooden desk a name plate said: BEN WATTERSEN, ASSISTANT CHIEF. Below that was the word: PERSONNEL.

"Come in, Walt," said the assistant. "How are you?"

"Fine."

"I'll bet. Sit down, Walt."

Walt sat down. Ben eyed him sardonically and impersonally. "Made any plans, Walt?"

"No."

Still impersonally, the assistant said, "Still the damned hardhead, aren't you, Walt?"

"You call me in here just to chew me out one last time?"

"No. Or maybe I did. Sometimes I think if I could just take one of those old hickory nightsticks and hammer you over the head a little, you might smarten up. You're a damned fool to quit, Walt."

Walt said tightly, "From where you sit, maybe. You made it from Third Precinct to this desk in one jump. It took you twenty years, but you made it."

"You know why, Walt."

"Sure I know why. You'd have made chief five years ago, under a clean administration. So you made assistant as soon as the maggots got cleaned out. But not chief. They imported his majesty, upstairs. But you made assistant. He won't give me the sweat off his knuckles. I've got the highest Civil Service rating in the department, and he pulls boneheads from five rates below. He turned down my transfer. I sweat it out for fifteen years and make sergeant. Nuts, buster! Write it out."

"That's what I mean. You've got fifteen years invested. Take a little more time."

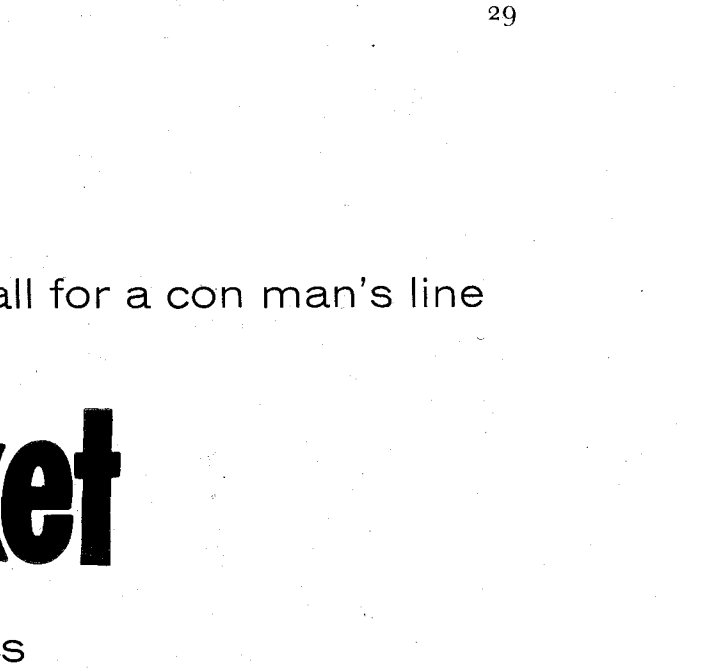
Walt said stonily, "You want to write it out or do I have to go upstairs and punch him in the nose to get it done?"

Ben gave him a long, cold look. "Damn you and your hard head. All right. Sign here. . . . Here. . . . And here. O.K. You going on shift?"

"I'm getting paid for it; I'll work it."

He went into the hallway and methodically started cleaning out his locker. Raincoat, waterproof cap cover, an old pair of trousers, shiny, but pressed and hung straight; his old belt and holster, since replaced by new issue; street rubbers and a pair of twelve-inch-topped

Illustrated by Harvey Kidder



Kojaks came off the stool, face white, eyes blazing. He swung on Walt with a completely murderous intent.

rubber boots; brass polish, shoe polish, cleaning fluid; oil, gun rags, ammunition; a box heavy with switch knives, blackjacks, brass knuckles—mementos of casual encounters and cases never taken to court or confiscations not reclaimed by erstwhile owners. Heavy wool surcoat, old but comfortable, a blessing on those chill and bitter nights when all the dirty jobs seemed to come up.

And the buttons are solid brass, he reminded himself sardonically.

(Continued on Page 54)

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In the Bellevue morgue,
patrolman William McGann and detective John Aievoli
search for clues to the identity of a corpse.

After a five-day wait, most unclaimed bodies
are loaded aboard the morgue truck and taken to potter's
field, in the upper Bronx, for burial.

Photographs by Larry Fried

MY LIFE IN BELLEVUE : PART THREE

THE TALES DEAD MEN TELL...

By DR. SALVATORE R. CUTOLO, as told to BARBARA and ARTHUR GELB

Among the 18,000 corpses Bellevue Hospital receives each year, many are victims of crime. Here's how the Medical Examiner puts the finger on the murderers.

In a typical year, we have more than 2600 births at Bellevue Hospital, and about 2300 deaths. The babies leave in their mothers' arms. The bodies of the dead are wheeled through subterranean passages to the New York City morgue, which is located in our Pathology Building.

If death was caused by a contagious disease, a large red tag is attached to the body, warning all who handle it to take precautions for their own safety, such as washing themselves and their clothing with germicidal preparations.

Some of the bodies leave the morgue almost at once, because relatives have claimed them for burial. Others are held for a while; the relatives have given permission for autopsy. There are facilities in the building for funeral services.

Many of Bellevue's poor, who can barely pay for a grave, avail themselves of the morgue's nondenominational chapel, where a Bellevue chaplain or someone brought in from the outside may conduct the service.

The morgue receives bodies from all over New York City, but its principal function is to serve Manhattan. The body of any person who has died on Manhattan Island is delivered to the morgue if (1) the body is waiting to be claimed, or (2) the dead person had not been attended by a physician for five days or more prior to his death, or (3) if the death took place under suspicious circumstances.

Almost 18,000 bodies are brought to the morgue every year. Of this number, roughly 15 per cent undergo medical autopsy. Autopsy does not mean indiscriminate butchering of a body, as many people believe. It is post-mortem exploratory surgery, performed to determine the cause of death. Under a New York state law, the pathologist's cutting is restricted to the specific area under suspicion. He becomes guilty of "mutilation," a legally punishable misdemeanor, if he cuts any other part of the body without express permission from the dead man's nearest relative.

Naturally, a doctor who has been chagrined and even mystified at losing a patient wants an autopsy that will answer his questions—perhaps help him recognize early symptoms and save the life of the next patient with the same disease. This being so, it is easy to see why a young doctor sometimes feels exasperated when a relative refuses permission for a post-mortem. In such a case the doctor's hands are tied. He may think he can solve a revolutionary medical problem by autopsy, but he may not use coercion—not, at least, in Bellevue Hospital. Gentle persuasion is all that he is allowed.

Important medical research often depends on autopsy results. In recent months, our Pathology Service has been especially interested in performing autopsies on lung-cancer victims, in line with the widespread research going on (Continued on Page 102)

NEXT WEEK . . .

DOCTOR CUTOLO REPORTS ON THE DERANGED PATIENTS IN BELLEVUE'S PSYCHIATRIC PAVILION

Each day, Bellevue offers care and treatment to hundreds of New York's sick and despairing poor, who, were it not for the hospital, might perish.

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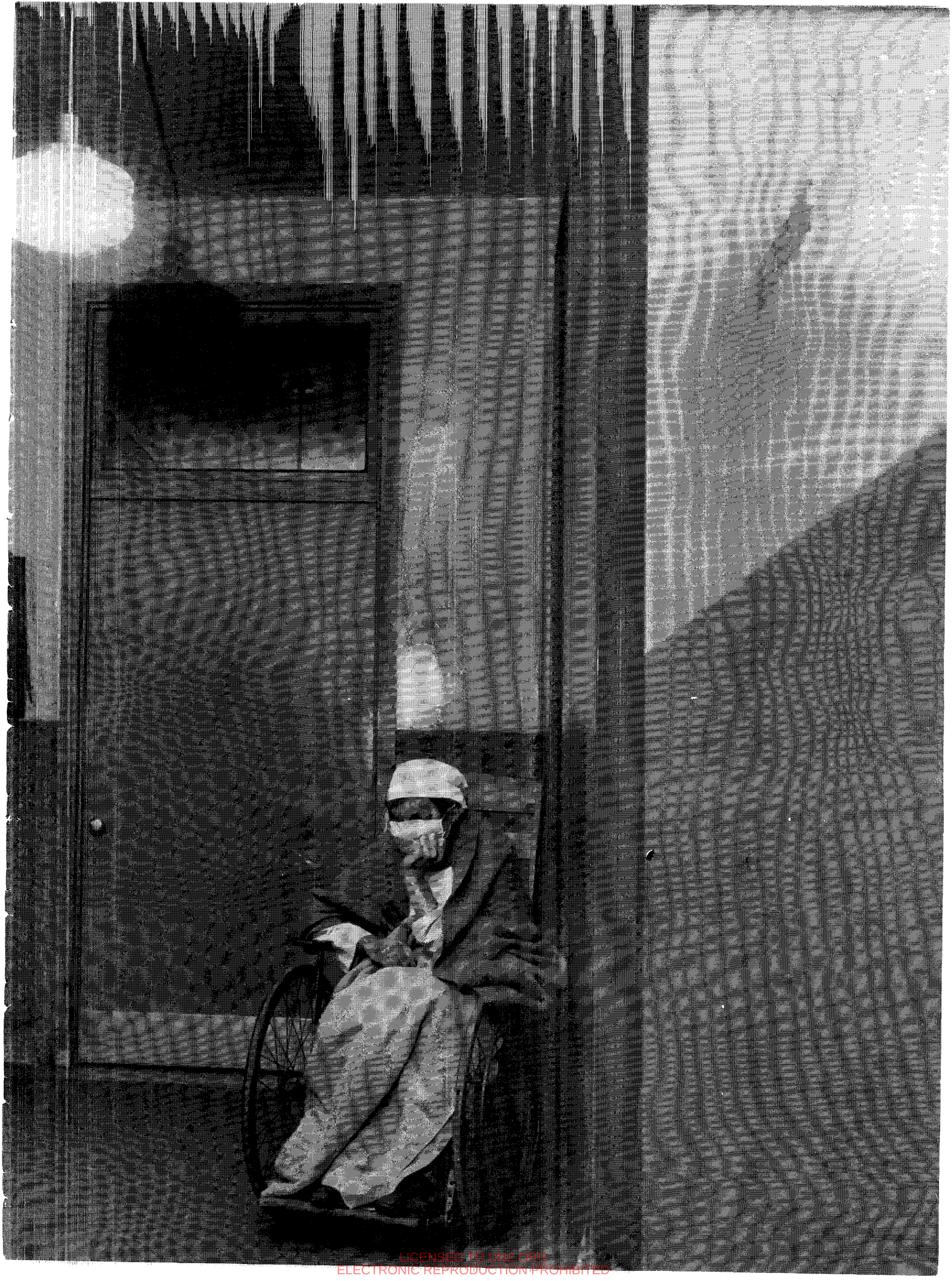

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By AL WRIGHT

ANY MAN WILL DO

Betty Ann was going to get to the dance even if it meant asking a complete stranger to take her.

"I accept," she said excitedly. "I mean I invite you."

She had been sitting on her porch, rocking gently in the swing and reading what appeared to be a movie magazine. When she bounced down the steps and swung along the walk to where I was squatting at the curb, I knew what she was going to say. She was going to ask me about my beard.

"How come you have that beard?" she asked.

Glancing at her briefly, I continued to clean the curb with the stiff brush Wes had quietly lifted from his mother.

"I can't get rid of it," I said. "It's really a manifestation of my disease."

She looked a little startled and moved back a step or two.

"I have an excess of male hormones," I continued, still brushing. "As a result, my beard grows very fast and extremely tough. I have trouble shaving. Several large steel companies are working now on an alloy which can be used to make razor blades for me. I'm a textbook case."

As usual, I overdid it. It's my imagination. I can never stop when I'm ahead.

She laughed. "Come on," she said. "How come you have that beard?"

I had been sitting on my heels, and now I slipped down to sit in the street and began to open the can of paint.

"I was injured in an automobile accident," I said. "The entire lower part of my face was mangled. It was reconstructed by plastic surgeons, but the operations left hideous scars. To keep from frightening young girls, I must wear this beard. A lifetime burden imposed upon me in my youth."

She sat down on the curb facing me. About seventeen, I guessed, tanned and healthy and wholesome. Now she was merely pretty. In three or four years she would be devastating.

"Well," she said, "it's a little scraggly on the sides, and I don't see any scars there."

I was still trying to get the top off the paint can. I had failed with my fingers, and now I was prying at it with the handle of the paintbrush.

"All right, then," I told her. "I'm a famous international spy. I was dropped into this country by parachute from a jet bomber. Since I am well known to the FBI people I wear this beard to conceal myself."

She had caught onto the game and was enjoying it thoroughly.

"You're a pretty lousy spy if you go around telling people about it."

"I'm a pretty lousy paint-can opener too. Have you got a bobby-pin?"

She gave me one. She had shiny, honey-blond hair. I bent the pin double trying to open the can.

"Are you a good friend of Wes?" she asked.

I looked down the street where Wes was fast-talking some slatternly housewife.

"I'd say it was a moot point," I said, handing her the ruined bobby-pin and prying again with the paintbrush handle. "We are partners in this enterprise, essential to each other. I suppose we occasionally exchange a kind word, although I cannot, at the moment, think of one."

"He used to go with my sister. My big sister Sue. She's up at the lake this summer, being a camp counselor."

"I believe I've heard him speak of her, although not in terms I could repeat to you."

"She thinks he's a drip now."

"I'd like to meet your sister Sue. She has discerning taste."

"You're not from around here, are you?"

"No. My ancestral home is in the great Southwest."

"I could tell from your accent you're not from around here. Why didn't you go home for summer vacation?"

"Alas," I said. "My home was destroyed by a tornado. Entire family wiped out. Father, mother, two brothers, three sisters ——"

"Don't you ever tell the truth about anything?"

(Continued on Page 134)

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Illustrated by Joe De Mers

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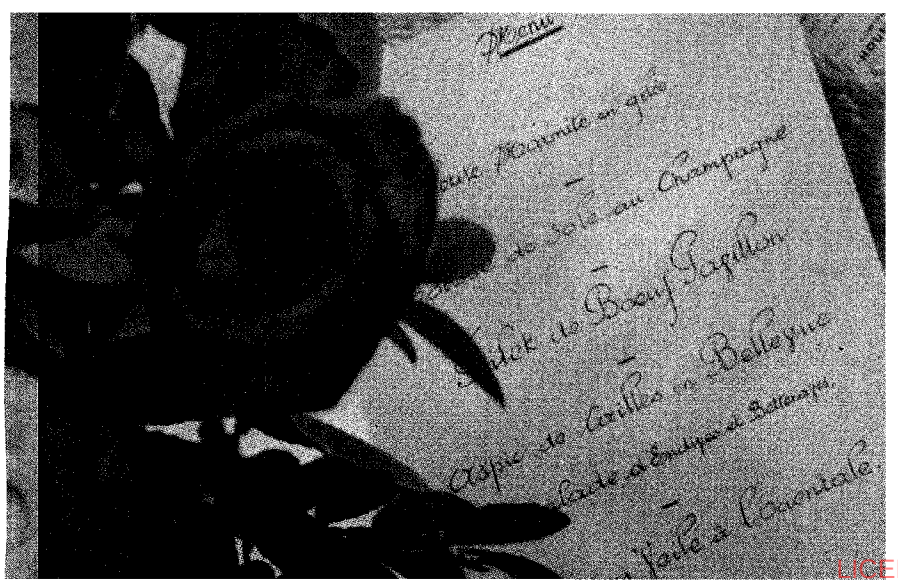

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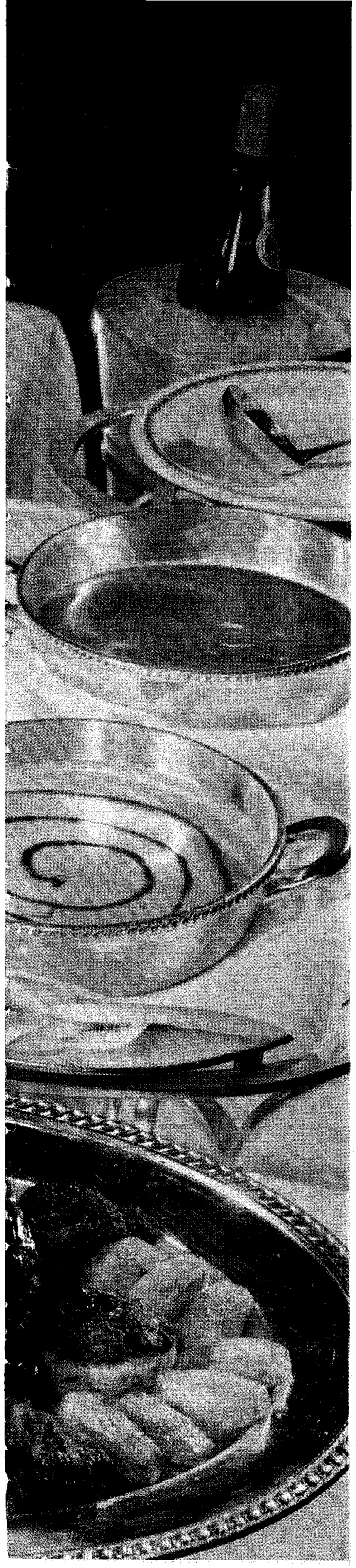


Fanciest Vittles This Side of Paris

By RICHARD THRUELSEN

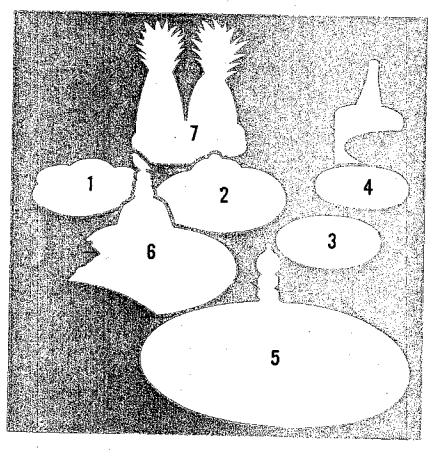
The dinner check at Le Pavillon may make you gasp, but the food is worth the price, regular customers claim, as they cheerfully pay their host $1,000,000 a year.

One Monday afternoon not long ago a gentleman whom we will identify as Mr. George Hutchinson, president of the International Trust and Guaranty of New York, phoned Mr. Henri Soulé, owner, maître de and guiding spirit of Le Pavillon, a mid-Manhattan restaurant.

"Henri," said Mr. Hutchinson, "I'm planning a dinner party for seventeen for this Thursday evening. There will be Mrs. Hutchinson and some friends and several European business associates who entertained me in Paris last year. Can this be arranged and what do you suggest?"

Henri Soulé assured Mr. Hutchinson that it certainly could be arranged and, after a moment of thought, suggested a saddle of spring lamb as the entree, with, perhaps, some caviar to start the dinner. The matter of wines was mentioned and the dinner hour set for seven-thirty. The details of the menu were left to Soulé.

Upon hanging up, Soulé opened a large ledger to the page marked "Thursday" and appended a line to the several dozen reservations already there: "Bar—Mr. George Hutchinson (17)—7:30." After that he turned his attention back to the late-luncheon crowd while one corner of his restaurateur's mind worked out the proper composition of Mr. Hutchinson's Thursday dinner. Since he knew his customer, this (Continued on Page 138)



1. *Petite Marmite en Gelée:* jellied beef-chicken consommé.
2. *Mousse de Sole au Champagne:* sole (fish) mousse and crayfish, served with
3. champagne sauce and
4. lobster sauce.
5. *Filet de Boeuf Pavillon:* tenderloin of beef, topped with truffles and mushrooms, surrounded by braised lettuce, stuffed artichoke hearts and *rissolé* potatoes.
6. *Aspic de Cailles en Bellevue:* chilled pâté of goose liver, with a border of quail.
7. *Ananas Voilé à l'Orientale:* pineapples filled with sherbet and diced pineapple, served with topping of spun sugar. Note roses frozen in ice.

"The best," says owner Henri Soulé, "it is never cheap." His culinary achievements have won him the French Legion of Honor.

Photographs by George Lazarnick

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Honeymoon Hazard

When Pat called the signals, she expected everyone to jump, including the man she married.

By JOHN REESE

A big gray sedan appeared in the rear-view mirror of Clint Hunt's small coupé, hurtling straight at his frail bumper. By its erratic lane-to-lane trail, Clint knew who was at the wheel. Old Mr. Robert B. Zachary was probably the worst driver in the world. It was hard to believe a man could learn to be so bad in only seventy-four years.

"Yi, not so close!" he moaned, as the big gray car hung on behind. He was all alone in the coupé, but he had to cry out to someone.

Mr. Zachary began waving and blowing his horn as he recognized Clint. Clint waved back and stepped on the gas a little. It was hopeless. Mr. Zachary merely increased speed and waved harder.

To every other driver, this was just one more busy street in the foothills above Los Angeles, with heavy traffic and steep curves. To the old man, it was as lonely and isolated as much his personal property, as a bridle trail on his mountain ranch. Twice the big gray sedan tried to pass Clint. Both times it had to drop back to avoid head-on collisions, by margins that Clint estimated at one eighth of an inch.

The third time the road was clear. "Beautiful day, isn't it?" the old man shouted, as he passed Clint. "Did you notice that white house on the corner? I remember when it was built. That property was worth ——"

A milk truck loomed in front of him. He should have yielded instantly, but Clint knew better. Clint pulled sharply to the right and applied brakes. "Uncle Bob" Zachary stepped on the gas. The powerful gray car let out a roar like a jealous male lion, and Clint steered with one hand and mopped his face with the other as the old man shot on down the street.

(Continued on Page 70)

"You're going to find I'm a very decisive person," Pat warned him.

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Koma and Kommi at their new home in the National Zoological Park, Washington.

My Tangle With the President's Bears

A former American ambassador reports on his zaniest mission: The delivery of a gift from Syngman Rhee to Dwight Eisenhower.

By ELLIS O. BRIGGS

The first time I saw President Rhee's bears was three months before the Korean armistice and right after the smaller bear bit the minister of foreign affairs, an agile little man who flew out of his chair like a cork from a bottle, bumping his head on the wisteria arbor and startling the bumblebees, which zoomed around us like angry helicopters. While the minister rubbed his ankle, Captain Kwak, of the presidential guard, dived under the garden table after the cubs.

The larger bear then weighed twenty pounds and his sister, after sampling the foreign minister, only about five pounds less. They were handsome cubs, sleek and roly-poly and black, and each had a white V-for-Victory mark on its chest. It was some minutes before we got back to the armistice negotiations because President Rhee went off with Captain Kwak to find out how the bears had escaped from their pen. (Continued on Page 152)

President Rhee (white suit) and Ambassador Briggs (glasses) inspect the animals before they take off for the U.S.

Lunchtime en route to Washington. Rhee insisted that Captain Kwak be allowed to accompany the bears, explaining: "They'd be lonely without him."

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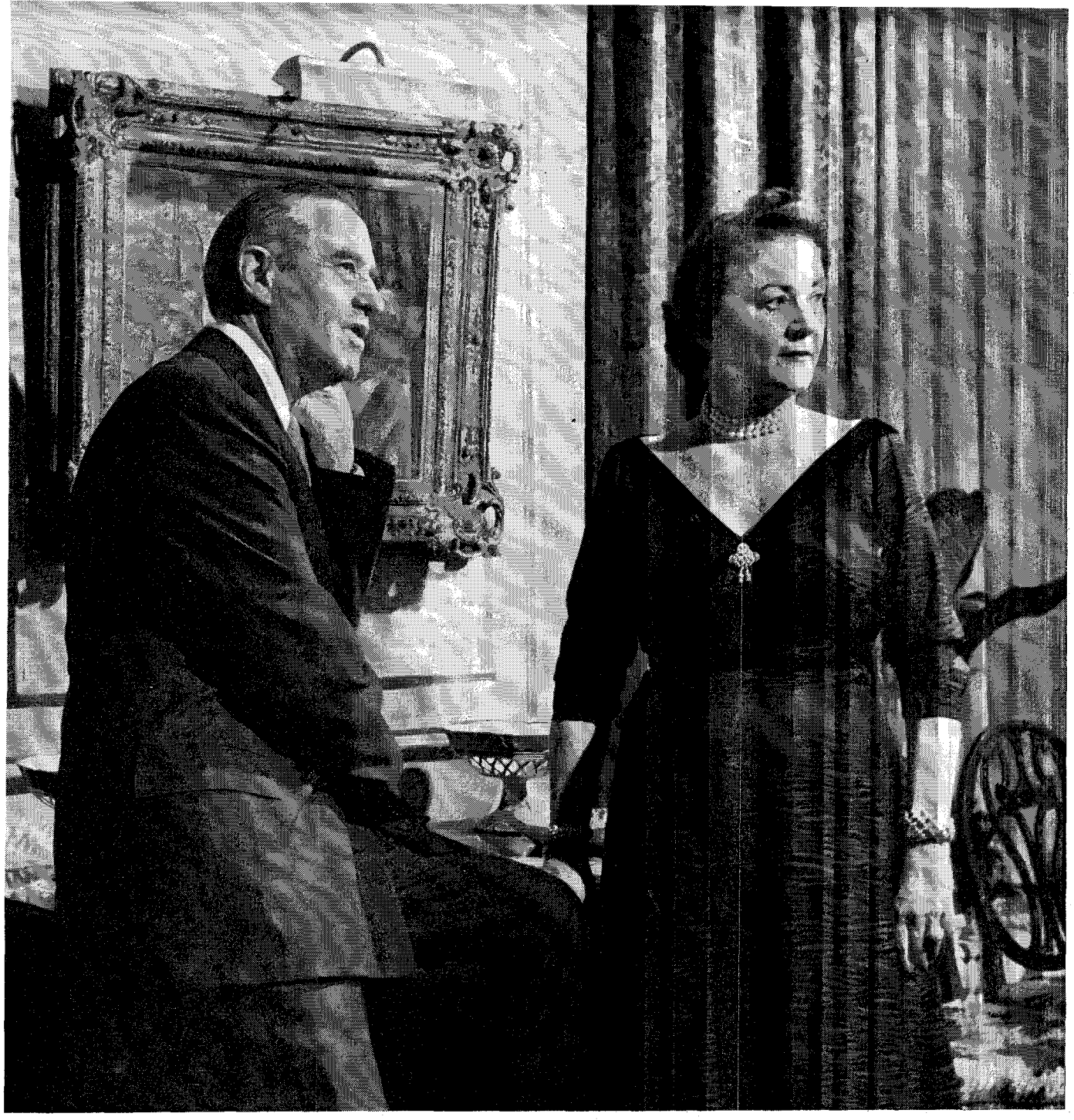

Gov. Averell Harriman and his wife at their New York City mansion. An "inactive" candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination, Harriman apparently has been saving his strength for the infighting at the convention.

The Case of the Unlikely Candidate

By WALTER T. RIDDER

Averell Harriman has so many liabilities ward heelers ask, "How can you win with a guy like that?" But in his lifetime he has provided many surprises.

By the ordinary tenets of American political selection, William Averell Harriman falls squarely into the category: "Couldn't be elected dogcatcher." The tall, gaunt, shy introvert possesses none of the visible characteristics usually associated with political candidates. He lacks the warmth and charm of Franklin D. Roosevelt; the eloquence and wit of Adlai Stevenson; the geniality of Dwight D. Eisenhower; the bounce of Harry S. Truman, or the homespun quality of Estes Kefauver.

Despite the seeming handicaps, Harriman has never yet been beaten in an election, has been chosen governor of the nation's most populous state and is today a serious, though self-designated "inactive" candidate for the Democratic 1956 nomination.

The inactivity of Harriman's candidacy is of the Vesuvian variety. Given a proper combination of political gases, it will erupt with a thunderous roar. Those whose ears are attuned to such things heard distinct rumblings from the Harriman volcano after the recent Minnesota primary election. Kefauver's smashing victory over Stevenson caused rapid reassessments of the Democratic situation. Stevenson plunged from his preprimary position as front runner, while Kefauver stock soared to a new high.

Among the indirect beneficiaries of the Kefauver triumph was the governor of New York. Harriman, to Northern organization Democrats, is a far more palatable candidate than is the gentleman from Tennessee. Harriman's record of outstanding party regularity, his high standing with labor leaders who have much to say about the Democratic Party's nominee, and his status as governor of the Empire State turned eyes almost automatically toward Albany, when the Stevenson star fell in Minnesota. Harriman's prospects for gaining the nomination would be bright indeed, had he not, through vigorous stands on integration, earned the fear and dislike of the party's Southern wing, which cannot nominate a candidate, but which can exert considerable negative influence by threatening to take a walk. A number of powerful Southern Democratic leaders have already gone on record as favoring the walk rather than accepting Harriman.

Despite the South's opposition, Harriman must be considered (Continued on Page 116)

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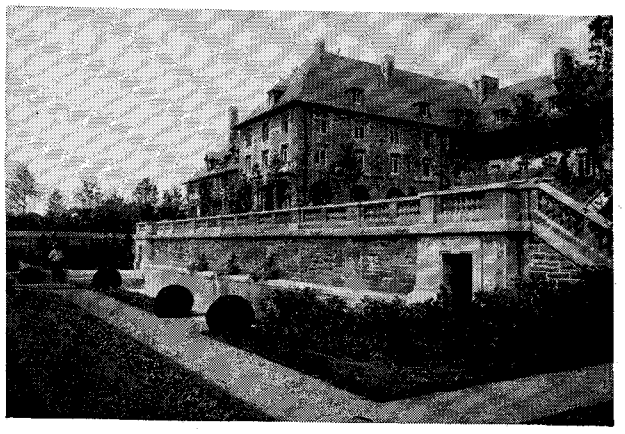
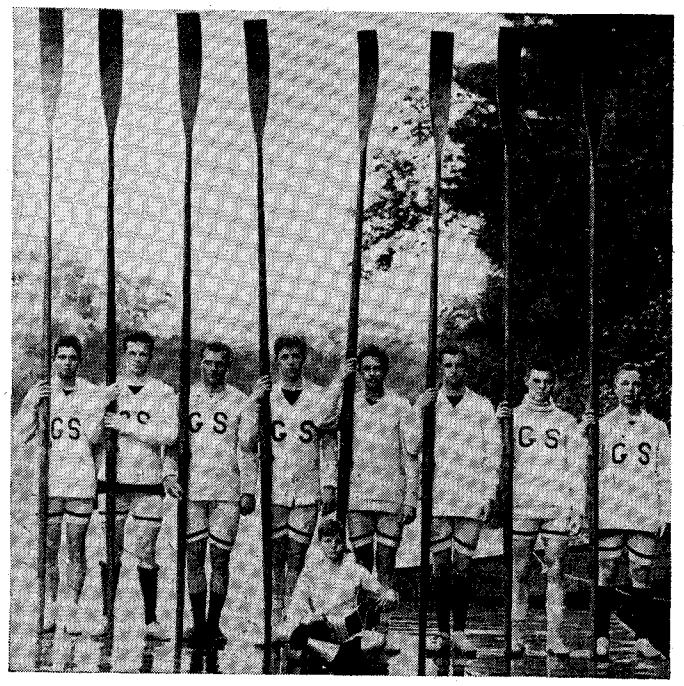
Up From Riches

Averell's parents. E. H. Harriman, railroad baron, was one of the richest men in the world.

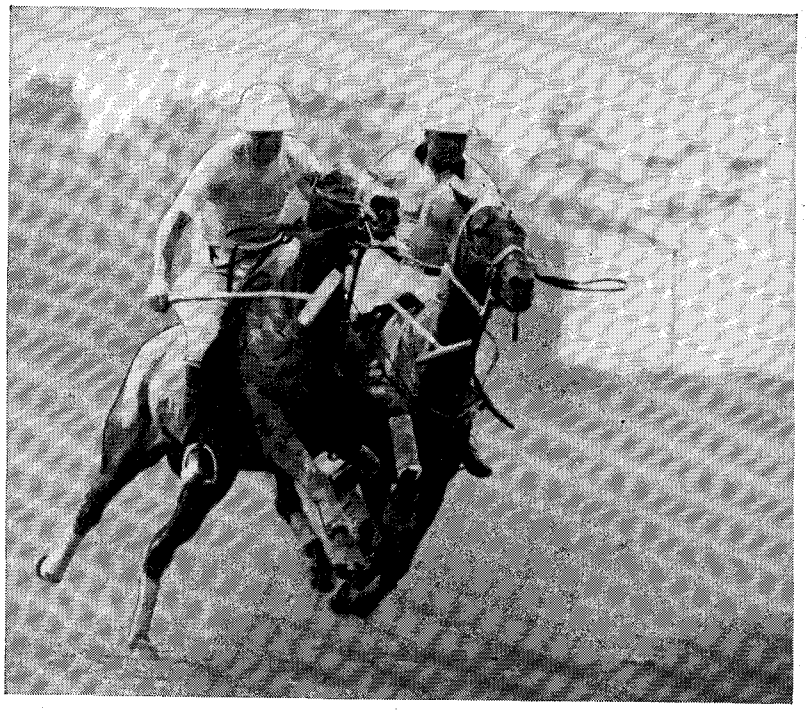


The family home in Arden, N.Y. Harriman, says the author, suffers from the "poor little rich boy's guilt complex."



1907: Young Ave (fourth from right) at Groton, the school which had graduated Franklin D. Roosevelt seven years before.

The late Kitty Harriman divorced Averell in 1929.



Determination, hard work and some of the best ponies in the world helped make Averell (left) an eight-goal polo player.

Harriman took up skiing in the 1930's, when past the age of 45, and became an expert at the sport.

In 1942, he acted as President Roosevelt's personal representative at a Moscow conference with Churchill and Stalin.

Harry Truman commissioned him to mediate the 1951 dispute between the British and Prime Minister Mohammed Mossadegh of Iran (right).

Democratic aspirants Kefauver and Harriman with ex-President Truman and Harriman's manager, Carmine DeSapio, the political strongman of Tammany Hall.

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The children jumped and shouted, "Tell about the lady rattlesnake that danced to the tune of her tail!"

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The Liar

By STEWART TOLAND

Nobody believed the old man's wild tales . . . nobody but the children.

Mountain people aren't usually liars. They're raised to truth. Birth is birth, and death is death, and all that time in between has got to be accounted for on the Day of Judgment. And no mountain man aims to take a pack of lies with him when he stands before the Golden Throne. But Grandsir Marcy seemed to be different. It seemed purely as if he didn't know what truth was. Leastways not where it concerned him.

Some folk said it was because he was so old, that he had grown fool-minded and notional. Some folk said it was because he wasn't old enough. He wasn't ready yet to die, and yet he was feared the time had nearly come, and so he was selling his soul to the devil. For everyone knew who knew a thing that the devil hereabouts was short on souls, so he would strain mightily to keep his people alive and living and working for him. And lies were surely the devil's work. There couldn't be no doubting that.

That was what folk said. But no one knew why it was he lied. Only he. No one knew where it would lead. Surely not he. He had never thought of that. Of being caught.

It began with his laying out the broken years. One by one, until they made a little heap, all the living that he had lived. It was the quiet hour, there just before the dawn when the night is done and the day not yet begun. There was no sound. In all the forest, in all the hills, there was no movement, no whisper. There was only a breathless waiting for this new day that God might give or take away.

For a new day isn't sure. Every leaf, every falling of the waterfalls, every bird asleep beneath its wing knew the new day was not a promised thing. It was something that might or might not be. And so Grandsir Marcy waited there beside the branch like he'd waited before.

The mists layered thick about him. He could not see the tree beside his hand. He could not see the waters of the branch, but he could feel their breath, and it was cold. He waited and waited, and still the day did not come. And he said to himself, *Maybe it's not to be for me. Maybe my time has come, and this is the night that will never end.*

And suddenly he was afraid. For if his last day was used and gone, then he hadn't done nothing proud with it or his life at all.

And he puzzled on it. How he could have wasted all his years. Or was there something he'd forgot; maybe once he might have done something fine that he'd forgot. And so he knelt in the cold and the gray and the dew, and he began to search through his years. And so as not to lose his way, he laid them out like the Indians used to lay the broken days. For every day that must be counted, the Indians would take a stick and break it nearly half in two and bind them in a bundle, and every day they would throw one broken day away until all the bundle was gone, and the day they had waited for had come.

So Grandsir Marcy cut twigs off the tree he couldn't see, and he broke them nearly half in two and laid them out, one by one, until they made a heap, and all the broken years were done. And he hadn't done nothing with them. Though he searched and searched, he couldn't find one thing to know or remember about him. It was just as though he hadn't been.

And he wanted to be remembered. When the people gathered round their fires and told the stories of the glory deeds and the glory days, he wanted folk to memorize him. How once he had done some brave and wonderful deed, and not be just another leaf falling on the wind.

He was afraid to be forgot and be nothing at all. And his heart said, there in the dark, *They'll remember that. They'll remember how you wasn't nothing at all, and threw a whole life away.*

But this wasn't the night that wouldn't never end, for just then the sunrise touched the mists and painted them with gold. And he said, "I have another day, another chance."

But he didn't know what to do with his day. For it seemed people can't change just all to once. He wasn't any smarter than he ever had been. He walked around all that day hunting for something fine to do. But there wasn't nowhere something big that he could do, even though God had given him another whole day to try and do better in. And so he told his lie.

He told himself he was a great man. That was all he meant to tell—just this one lie, just to himself. But the lies grew. They were so easy and pleasant to listen to. He walked the woods talking to himself, and now and then he'd stop and tell a tree or two just how clever he used to be. And then the children

(Continued on Page 128)

Illustrated by Stanley Meltzoff

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Mrs. Sidney S. Blake, Jr., of Philadelphia, and Sidney, III. She borrowed this antique cradle from her sister, who shopped four months before finding it.

What Ever Became of the Cradle?

By THOMAS J. NAUGHTON

The author and his family at his home in Old Saybrook, Conn. His mother-in-law, Mrs. J. Seelye Bixler, rocks her youngest grandchild, Alexander Naughton.

Once it was a must in every nursery. And there's still nothing like a cradle for rocking baby. So why did it ever go out of fashion?

Not long ago, after three or four nights of floor-walking with a sleepless new member of the family, I got to wondering why we didn't have a cradle. For almost any other routine performance, it seemed to me, we had some helpful gadget; for giving him his bath or taking him riding in the car we had up-to-date contrivances whose ingenuity amazed his grandmother. But when he was holding out against going to sleep, nothing we had was any use; back we went to the Stone Age and daddy's shoulder and daddy's weary feet. The situation plainly called for a cradle. Where was it?

At the breakfast table I asked my wife about it. Her eyes widened in surprise. (Continued on Page 115)

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The Umpire Was a Rookie

By ARNOLD HANO

This was his first day in the majors, and the players were out to see if he could take it.

His name was Bill Needy, a man of up-and-down lines and high shoulders, not broad and tapering like the ballplayers who had trudged up the same iron stairway. So the fans clustered below did not ask him for autographs, even though he carried the same sort of black bag in his right hand.

He heard a hoarse voice say, "Must be a new trainer or somethin'," and then he was out of the chilly mid-April sunshine, moving quickly through the white-tile corridor to the door marked UMPIRES' DRESSING ROOM.

The three other men were already in their dark uniforms, and their eyes swung to him as he threw his bag onto a long wooden bench and began swiftly to undress.

The biggest of the three, a red-faced, white-haired man with a jaw that unhinged like a swinging lantern, put down the ball-and-strike indicator he was playing with, and walked over.

Needy knew him, of course. He was McQuinn, the senior umpire in the league. McQuinn, whom he had watched on his living-room screen during last year's World Series, a man with a bellowing voice and a quietly domineering manner.

"You Needy?" McQuinn said, and Needy was amused at how soft-spoken McQuinn really was, off the diamond.

Needy stood up. He was shirtless now, white-skinned compared with the others, thin and bony-chested. He sensed the difference between himself and them, and he hoped that it went no further than the tans they had acquired during spring training down South.

"Yes," he said, "I'm Needy." He was annoyed at the squeak in his voice. "You're Mr. McQuinn."

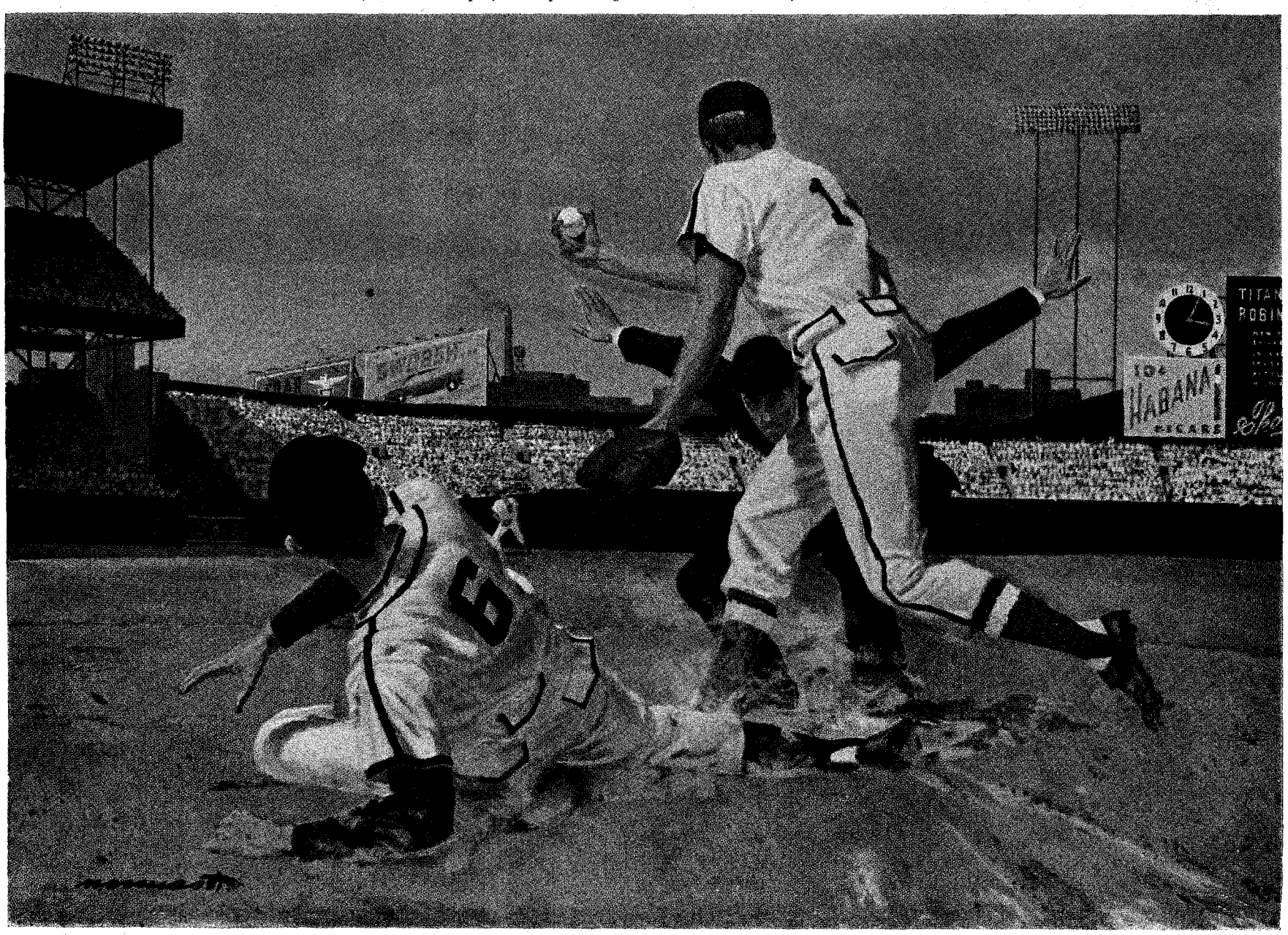
McQuinn laughed, and Needy heard the bellow, "You hear that? Mr. McQuinn. I hope you two bums learn something from that."

The tallest one, a turkey-necked, red-headed man, walked over, and even in those three steps, Needy saw the boy from the plow who had become one of the finest pitchers the league had seen in the last quarter century. He drawled, "I'm Carlson," and Needy wanted to say, "Yes, I've seen you pitch." Carlson had been with the Cubs for fourteen years until his fast ball deserted him. Five years ago he had returned to the major leagues as an umpire.

But Needy couldn't say that, because he had never seen

(Continued on Page 89)

Needy bent to the play and spread-eagled his hands. Instantly, Roush was at him.



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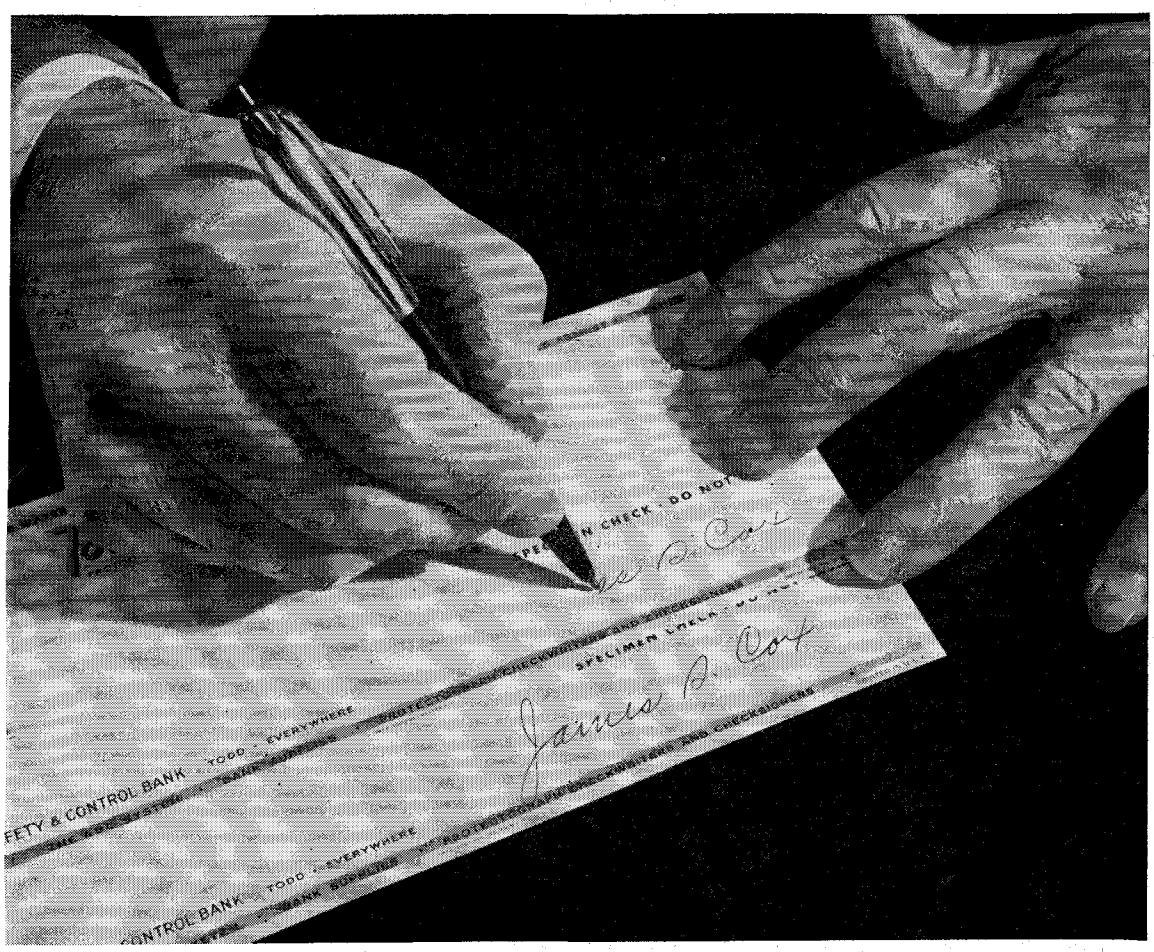
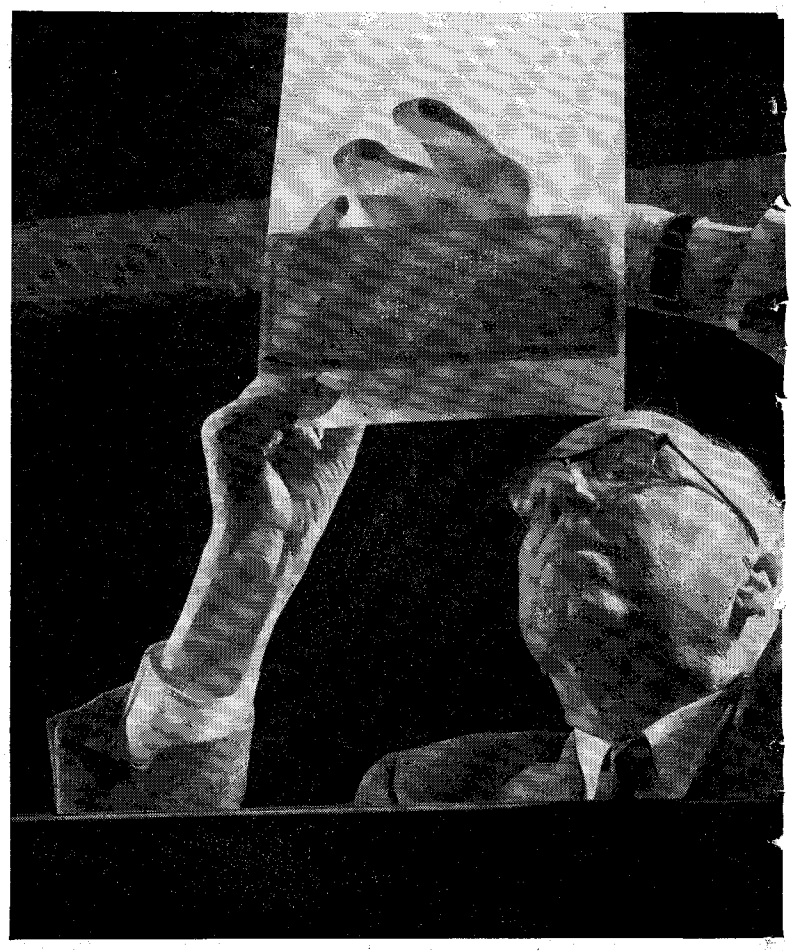
Beware of the Artful Forger!

In this country the man (or woman) who signs somebody else's honest name to a dishonest check steals $1000 a minute. A certified public accountant tells how to protect yourself.

By LESTER A. PRATT, as told to Hugh Morrow



Signatures are easy to imitate. One method—known as "muscle forgery"—is to "draw" a name upside down and backward. Fancy, illegible scrawls are easier to forge than clear, simple signatures.



Bad-check detective George Adlam demonstrates how forgers obtain accurate signatures merely by tracing names from canceled checks.

Not long ago, on Staten Island, New York, an eleven-year-old schoolgirl was arrested for practicing penmanship in her teacher's checkbook. Her downfall occurred when she tried to cash her homework, a fraudulent thirty-dollar check on the teacher's bank account. While she failed to get a passing grade, she did illustrate a point: that forgery, the fastest-growing crime in America, is recruiting practitioners in some of the unlikeliest places imaginable.

"White-collar larceny," as forgery is sometimes known, has become so popular that the amateurs in this field now outnumber the professionals. About 54 per cent of the forgers arrested have never been in trouble with the law before; most of the remaining 46 per cent have been arrested frequently, for it is almost axiomatic that forgers never reform. Nearly one fifth of the bad-check passers are women. Forgers in this country get away with well over $1000 a minute—in fact, estimates of the take run to $1,750,000 a day. This is considerably more than all the cash loot from the spectacular, once-in-a-lifetime Brink's robbery in Boston. Clearly, the pen is more potent than the pistol.

Anyone who has a checking account, anybody who cashes a stranger's check, is a potential forger's victim. Like gout, forgery is no longer an affliction visited solely upon the wealthy. One hundred dollars seems to be the psychological sound barrier. Where it is relatively easy to cash a check for $98.25, a check for $105.50 would undergo the suspicious second look that is the best defense against check fraud. Since forgers find it more rewarding to cash a lot of small checks rather than a few big ones, it follows that small bank accounts are just as vulnerable as those with large balances. Steps for thwarting forgers, which anyone can take, will be suggested later in this article.

Too many people have a notion that forgery is something only the banks have to worry about. Actually, 85 per cent of the fraudulent checks passed are cashed by department stores, supermarkets, liquor stores, taverns and independent groceries, and they must bear the loss when the banks refuse to honor the checks. Banks are seventh on the list of victims, following service stations. If a bank should honor a check drawn fraudulently on a depositor's account, the bank or its surety company as a rule must cover the loss—but not always. For if the depositor, through carelessness such as failure to examine his canceled checks, should fail to discover the fraud and notify the bank within a reasonable length of time, previous court decisions indicate that it may very well be the depositor who must take the rap. Restaurants, drugstores, hotels and hardware stores come last on the roster of businesses most often gypped by "paper-hangers."

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The late Edward Boardman's forte was signing his name on stolen payroll checks.

Fred Putnam allayed suspicion by jocularly saying, "Of course, this check's no good."

Check crime has risen steadily and sharply since World War II, and the reasons are easily explained. The use of checks has increased enormously, to the point that more than 90 per cent of all transactions are now accomplished by check, but there has been no remotely comparable increase in the caution exercised by the average American in conducting these transactions. On the contrary, one recent survey demonstrated that only about one third of the merchants who cashed checks were reasonably careful about whose checks they accepted.

Carelessness and, too often, a sheepish reluctance to prosecute are the forger's greatest allies. Whimsical forgers have actually cashed checks signed N. O. Funds or E. Normous Wealth, or drawn, in one classic case, on The East Bank of the Mississippi.

A woman in Chicago received a formal notice from the Federal Government that she was no longer entitled to a monthly allotment check of $137.10. The notice was printed on a cardboard form perforated like a Government check, so she wrote her name on the back of it and cashed it at her friendly neighborhood tavern for $137.10.

Mr. Frederick Rex Putnam, who announced recently in Washington, D. C., that he was retiring from the forgery profession—so he would be a substantial and worthy husband when his bride had finished her sentence for holding up a series of Chinese restaurants—enlightened the press on the bad-check passer's psychological approach.

"Once you're able to convince people you're a phony," he said, "they seem to know instinctively that you're perfectly all right."

This remark qualified Mr. Putnam as a psychologist of some note. Cashiers seem to have a hard time resisting the personable stranger who hands over a hot check with the observation that "of course, this check is no good"—which proves in peculiar fashion that honesty is the best policy when you want to be dishonest.

The bad-check industry attracts some rare birds. There is the dutiful son in South Carolina who never forges checks on anyone except his father. Or the devoted couple in Culver City, California—when the wife went to jail for forgery, the husband cashed enough bad checks to bail her out, though both are now out of circulation for some time to come. A lovelorn bookkeeper in Birmingham, Michigan, explained that she forged $23,000 worth of checks on a former employer's account in order to pamper her boy friend, who had expensive tastes. Whereupon the boy friend married another woman, and the bookkeeper made an understandable announcement.

"I don't love him any more," she said.

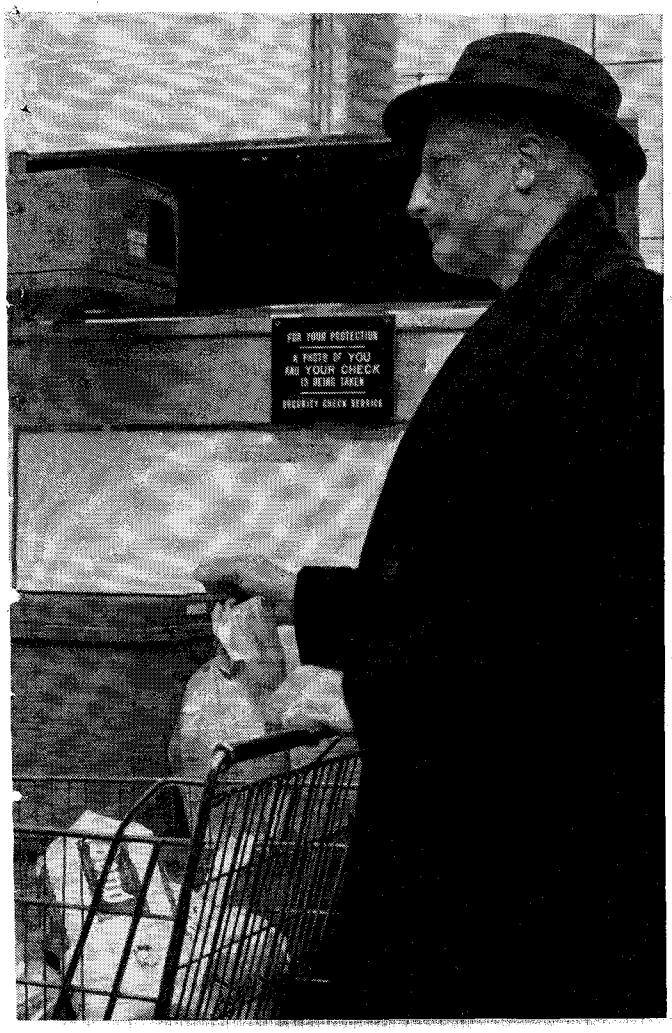
A beautiful, twenty-year-old brunette who cashed about $6000 worth of short fiction in the San Francisco area seems in one case to have been psychic. She picked a woman's name at random from the telephone book; not only did she guess correctly the name of the bank in which the woman had her account but she also produced a fake signature so close to the real thing—which she had never seen—that the bank honored two of the phony checks.

Bankers, of course, are very careful about lending money, yet one glib individual borrowed a total of $10,000 from twenty-one different banks—and all of his notes were forgeries. The FBI announced recently that faked American Telephone and Telegraph Company bonds had been offered as collateral for a $350,000 loan by which a former Greek millionaire hoped to finance his return to the shipping business.

I have run across numerous cases of forgery in my thirty-six years as a certified public accountant specializing in the detection of bank frauds. It pains me to observe that one of the temporarily more successful forgers of our day was an accountant who whiled away four years in jail practicing the imitation of other people's signatures. He got so good at "the black art," which is yet another designation of forgery, that he set himself a goal of cashing $250,000 worth of bad checks as soon as he got out. He had passed the $29,000 mark when police closed in on him, and, like any good bookkeeper, he had kept a neat ledger account of all his transactions.

For a really authoritative look at the forgery picture, however, I recently sought out Mr. George W. Adlam, of Rochester, New York, who has spent the last thirty years making life miserable for the gentry who pollute the blood stream of our economy by faking, raising, altering and otherwise abusing bank checks. Mr. Adlam is manager of the insurance department of the Todd Company, Inc., now a Burroughs Corporation subsidiary, which is the pioneer in the field of check-protective equipment. The firm also supplies payroll systems and forger-thwarting checks—about 20 per cent of the two trillion dollars' worth of checks that cleared United States banks in 1955 were written on Todd paper. Users of Todd equipment are insured against forgery losses, which is how George Adlam has come to be such an intimate observer of the *modus operandi* of the tricky-pen set.

Mr. Adlam is a stocky, gray-haired, sixty-nine-year-old grandfather with horn-rimmed glasses and a rather benign air about him. In his youth, before going to work for the Todd Company (Continued on Page 96)



The camera discourages most forgers, but not Jolyda Olson, a pretty Californian. This picture led to her capture.

New protective device against bogus-check artists: The camera which simultaneously photographs a check and the person cashing it.

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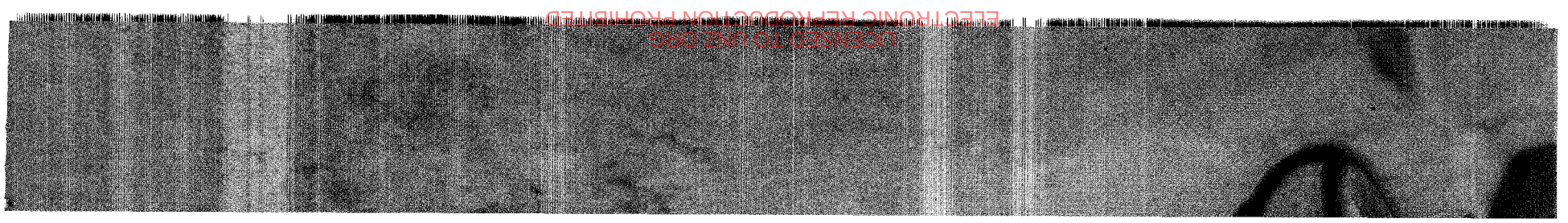

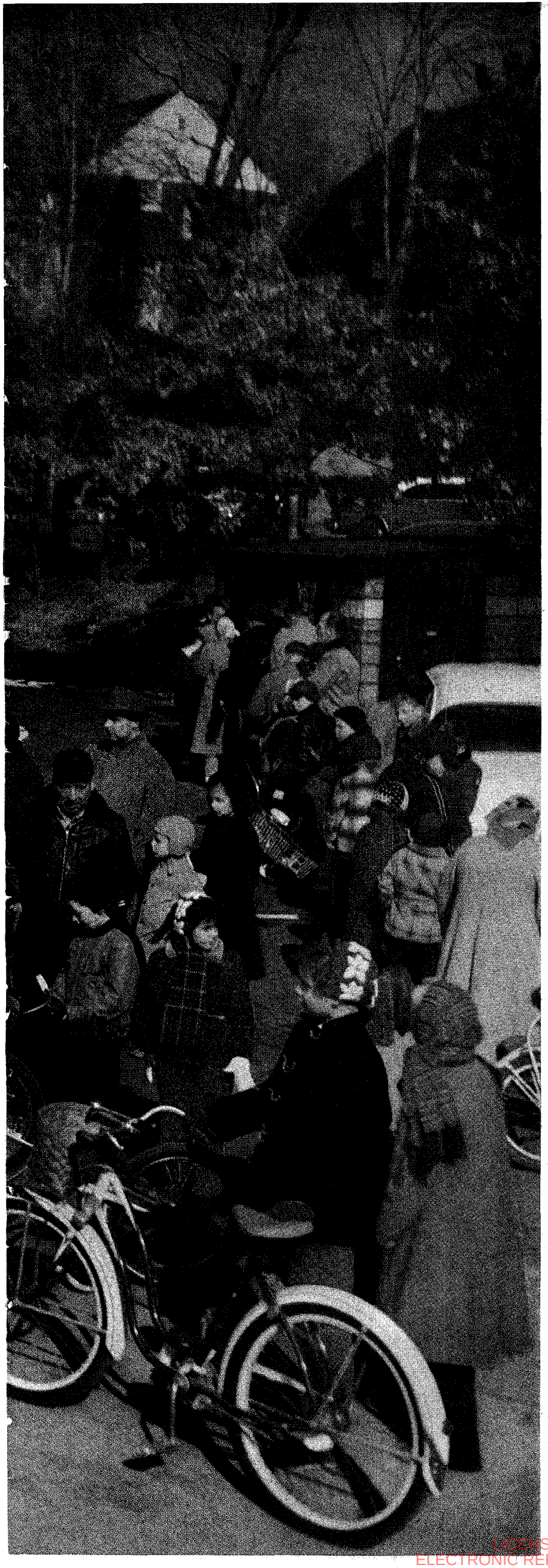

The Face of AMERICA

COPS AND KIDS

Bicycles, like automobiles, are only as safe as their drivers. Policemen in Upper Darby, Pennsylvania, make sure their town's boys and girls acquire safe cycling habits from the day they take to the open road. As part of a safety program, the kids must get driving licenses as soon as they get bikes. License No. 1 went out two years ago to twelve-year-old Mary Ellen Boyle, daughter of the police superintendent. Since then, 13,000 cyclists have qualified. The tags and registration cards are free. The costs of the program—$2000 to date—are borne by the local Optimist Club. Here, at the testing course in Naylor's Run Park, Sgt. Mike Laub (foreground) and fellow officers put a group of school children through their paces. The test includes an inspection, driving test and oral quiz on traffic regulations. Kids and cops get a big kick out of the program, but there's a deadly serious purpose behind it. In a typical year, 500 Americans die and 44,000 are injured in bicycle accidents. Since the safety program started in this community of 100,000, no Upper Darby child has been killed while out on his bike. ● Photograph by Gus Pasquarella

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The Wreck of the Mary Deare

By HAMMOND INNES

How could Patch prove his innocence when his whole crew stood against him?

I had come aboard the Mary Deare hoping to win a fortune in salvage. Now I knew I would be lucky to get away with my life. I had spotted the Mary Deare while crossing from France to England aboard my yacht, Sea Witch. The ship looked abandoned. I boarded her to see if she could be salvaged. Then a gale trapped me aboard the derelict. I was not alone, however. The ship's captain, Gideon Patch, was still aboard the Mary Deare. He told me about a grim series of incidents that had led up to the ship's abandonment, beginning with the death of the regular skipper, Joseph Taggart. (Cause of death: drink.) Later, the vessel's owner, a Mr. Dellimare, vanished, apparently washed overboard.

Subsequently, the ship was battered by gales and gutted by fire. The crew panicked and deserted the ship, leaving Patch to put out the fire.

Now, driven by the storm, the Mary Deare drifted straight toward the Minkies, a deadly outcropping of rocks. Patch and I managed to get up steam to beach the vessel in a sheltered section of the rocks.

We then left the ship in a dinghy. A few hours later, we were picked up by a cross-Channel packet. The commander, Captain Fraser, reported that several other survivors of the Mary Deare had been rescued. According to them, Patch had ordered them to abandon ship.

When I was alone with him, I asked Patch if his crew's tale was true.

"Of course, it isn't!" he said angrily. "The rats panicked and now they're trying to cover themselves somehow. They'll stick together. You'll see. When it comes to the formal inquiry"—he gave a little shrug of his shoulders—"they'll hang me."

"Dellimare offered me five thousand quid to wreck the Mary Deare," Patch said.

III

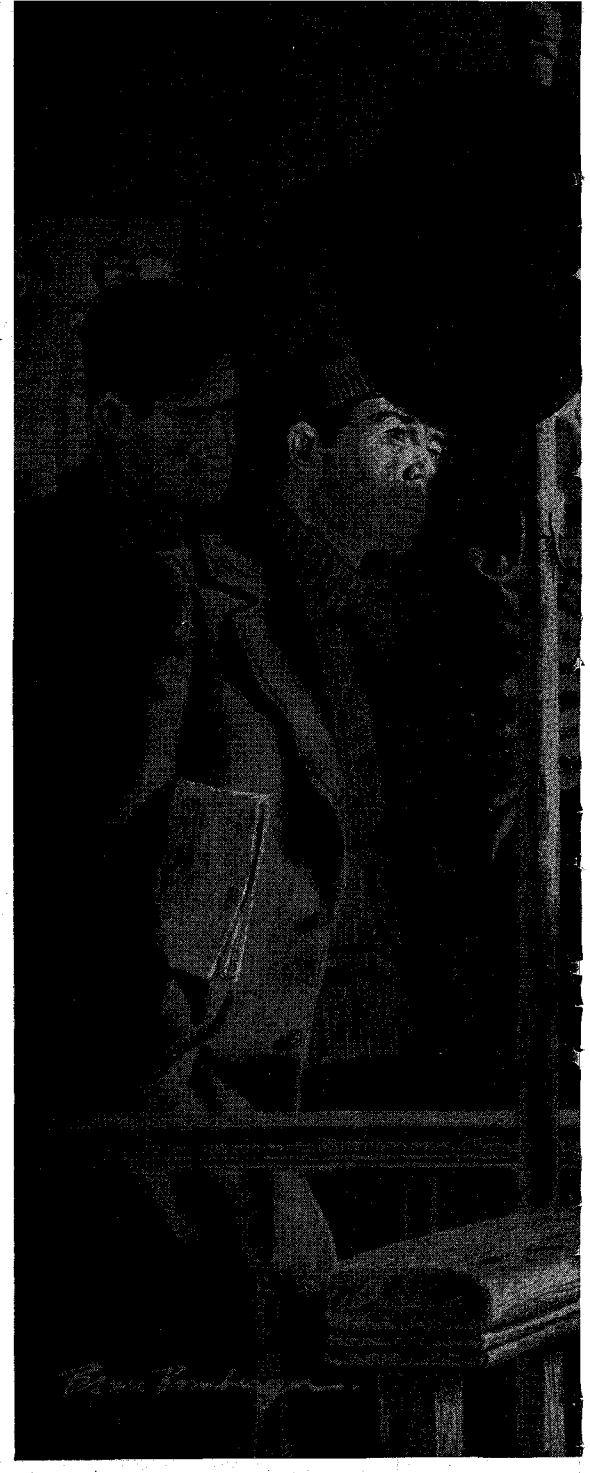
Outside, a door slammed and there was the sound of voices, a medley of French and English. Patch swung round, staring at the door, and said to me, "You will, of course, confine yourself to a statement of the reasons for your presence on board the Mary Deare." The door opened and he half rose, facing it.

It was Captain Fraser, and with him was a French official. Introductions, bows, a torrent of French, and then suddenly, in English, "I regret, captain, I have bad news for you. Some bodies have been washed ashore on Les Heaux. Also some wreckage."

"Les Heaux is an island just north of the Ile de Bréhat, about forty miles west of here," Fraser said.

"I know that." Patch moved a step toward the official. "The bodies," he said. "Was there a man called Higgins among them?"

The official shrugged. "I do not know. No list is yet completed." He hesitated. "Captain, if you will come to the *Bureau* with me—the formalities, you understand."



Illustrated by Bruce Bomberger

He went with them, and I was left alone in the saloon. I must have dozed off, for the next thing I knew a steward was shaking me. "Sorry to wake you, sir, but I've brought Miss Taggart. Captain's orders, sir."

She was standing just inside the door; a small, neat girl, her hair catching the light from the porthole just the way it had done in that photograph. "You're Mr. Sands, aren't you?"

I nodded and got to my feet. "What happened to my father, please?" she asked.

I didn't know what to say. She should have been asking Patch, not me. "Captain Patch will be back soon," I said.

"Was my father on the Mary Deare when you boarded her?" She stood there, very straight and boyish, and quite determined.

"No," I said.

She took that in slowly, her eyes fixed steadfastly on mine. Then, "He's dead—is that it?"

"Yes," I said.

She took it, dry-eyed, standing there, stiff and small in front of me. "And the cause of death?" She tried to keep it formal, impersonal, but as I hesitated, she made a sudden, small feminine movement, coming toward me. "Please, I must know what happened. How did he die? Was he ill?"

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"What exactly do you mean by that, Higgins?" Patch demanded.

"I think it was a heart attack," I said. And then I added, "You must understand, Miss Taggart, I wasn't there. I am only passing on what Captain Patch told me."

"When did it happen?"

"Early this month."

"And this Captain Patch?" She frowned. "My father didn't mention him."

"Patch joined at Aden," I told her.

"Aden?" She shook her head, huddling her coat close to her as though she were cold. "My father always wrote me from every port he stopped at—every port in the world." And then she added, "But I got no letter from Aden." Tears started to her eyes and she turned away, fumbling for a chair. I didn't move, and after a moment she said, "I'm sorry. It shouldn't hurt like this. I haven't seen him for five years." And then in a rush, "But he was such a wonderful person. I know that now. You see, my mother died ——" She caught her breath, and I saw her bite her lip to stop its trembling.

"Would you like some tea?" I asked.

She nodded. To give her time to recover, I sought out the steward, waited while he made the tea, and brought it back to her myself.

And then Patch came in. He didn't see her at first. "I've got to leave," he said. "A question of identification. They've picked up twelve bodies." His voice was hard and urgent, his face strained. "Rice is dead. The only one I could rely on ——"

"This is Miss Taggart," I said.

He stared at her. For a second he didn't know her, didn't connect her name; his mind was concentrated entirely on his own affairs. And then the hardness slowly left his face and he came forward, hesitantly, almost nervously. "Of course. Your face ——" He paused as though at a loss for words. "It was there on his desk. I never removed it." And then, still looking at her, as though fascinated, he added almost to himself, "You were with me through many bad moments."

"I understand my father is dead?"

The forthright way in which she put it seemed to shock him, for his eyes widened slightly, as though at a blow. "Yes."

There was an awkward pause. "What happened? Please tell me what happened?" She was standing facing him now, and there was a tightness in her voice that betrayed her nervousness.

I suddenly felt that she was afraid of him. A sort of tension stretched between them.

"Nothing happened," he answered slowly. "He died. That's all." His voice was flat.

"But how? When? Surely you can give me some details?"

He pushed his hand up through his hair. "Yes—yes, of course. I'm sorry. It was March second. We were in the Mediterranean then." He hesitated as though searching in his mind for the words he wanted. "He didn't come up to the bridge that morning. And then the steward called me. He was lying in his bunk." Again a pause and then he added, "We buried him that afternoon, at sea."

"He died in his sleep then?"

"Yes. That's right. He died in his sleep," Patch said.

There was a long silence. She wanted to believe him—wanted to desperately. But she didn't. Her eyes were very big and her hands were pressed tightly together. "Had he been ill at all during the voyage or before you joined the ship at Aden?"

Again the slight hesitation. "No, he hadn't been ill." He seemed to pull himself together then. "I gather the owners didn't inform you of his death. I'm sorry about that."

She looked at him, her chin up, her face white. "There's something more, isn't there—something you haven't told me?"

"No, I assure you," Patch murmured unhappily. (Continued on Page 121)

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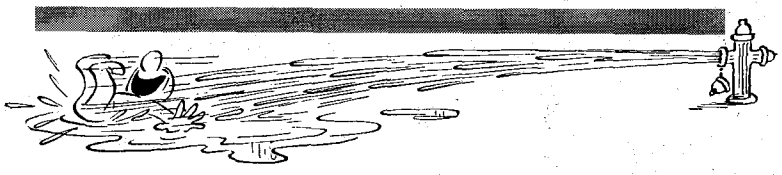
Post Scripts



Obstacles

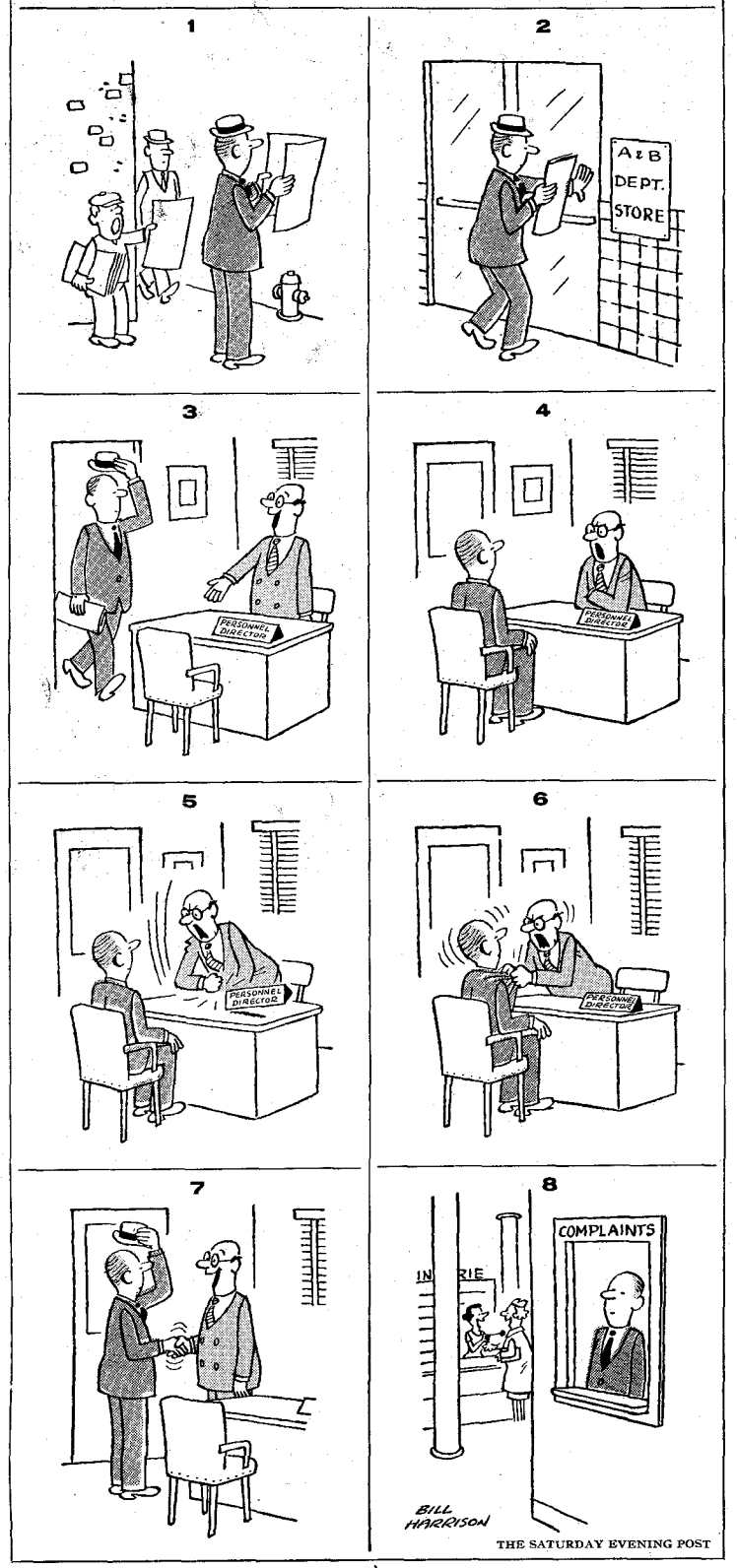
Were it not for the puppy,
The cat, the canary,
My little son, John,
And my daughter, Mary,
My mother-in-law
And my wedded spouse,
I'd be the master
Of my house.

BURGE BUZZELLE

"Your toast's ready."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Help Wanted



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The Gentleman Tackles the Perfume Bar

"Something in *parfum*, sir?"

"Well, it's like this: Anniversary before last I gave my wife a pressure cooker, and last year I got her a steam iron, and I thought this time maybe I'd give her ——"

"Certainly! Scent for a lovely lady, to pamper the eternal Eve! Now, here ——"

"And I might go ten bucks for a big enough bottle. Now, that black-and-gold one—what kind of ——"

"Harem Hoop-ti-do, sir—sultry as the Casbah, laden with the love secrets of the East! Would you call the lady voluptuous, a lady of ——"

"Well, yes—I mean, she's a little heavier now than when we —— That is, I just thought if you've got something that smells good and doesn't cost too darned ——"

"Or Rascal and Saint? Is she all fire and ice? A mad creature of mood?"

"Well, in a way—that is, she's a little crabby before breakfast sometimes. You know how it is, rushing around, getting the kids off to school and all, but —— What's the ante?"

"Forty-two dollars a dram, sir, for an ——"

"Listen, I'm not buying the factory, I just ——"

"You're not buying gasoline either, chum—er—remember, sir, the rarest treasures come in the tiniest packages! But perhaps Flickering Swampfire expresses the essential Her. Is she forever elusive, seeking a far horizon?"

"Well, I guess you could say so—that is, her folks live in Evanston, and she's been talking about maybe taking the kids back for a visit, but —— I mean, if you've just got something that smells nice and doesn't ——"

"Or does she ride to hounds? Wind-blown, carefree? Here's the marvelous new Pip-pip Tallyho! Or Passion at the Polo Field? Toujours La Sport? Or ——"

"Say, now you're talking! My wife's quite a bowler. Last week down at Al's Alley she took on the Tire and Battery Men's champ, and did he look sick! Maybe you read about ——"

"Wait a minute! Read about her! Listen, I saw her! Short? Cute? Pink sweat shirt? Nine straight strikes and a spare? I do a little bowling myself, and believe me, with your wife, that's no ball, it's a bullet. Now look. About this anniversary. They're having a Special today in Sporting Goods, Happy Time Bowling Shoes for Ladies, $8.99, reduced from $14.95. You just go up there and tell 'em Elsie sent you and ——"

PEG BRACKEN

In the Driver's Seat

The parking-lot attendant starts
The car off very gently,
Drives carefully through narrow parts
And looks about intently.

Each time he has to turn he slows,
He backs where he is shown.
He must be new, or else (who knows?)
Perhaps the car's his own.

RICHARD ARMOUR

Weather Control

Mark Twain once said everybody talks about the weather, but nobody does anything about it.* Actually the weathermen are doing a great deal about it.

We can cause rain now, of course, by seeding clouds. Little pellets of something are pushed into the clouds and out comes rain. By coloring the pellets we can have green rain, for example, for St. Patrick's Day.

Work is going on toward a plan for avoiding hurricanes, although the best plan at the moment is recommended by Farthingale J. Cumulus, of the Cold Depth, Nebraska, station, who recommends being someplace where the hurricane ain't.

Thunderstorms will soon contribute to man's well-being, as a plan is afoot to harness the tremendous electrical energy released as soon as adequate harness can be found. Meanwhile experiments are going on with a tall steel tower that attracts lightning, sends it down the ground into a cave where busy workers pack it in batteries for use in flashlights.

Weathermen are even prepared for the new Ice Age they fear is coming—an event that will freeze all the coffee beans in Brazil and make refrigerators obsolete. Science is preparing to divert the Gulf Stream so that it runs in a circle around America and keeps it warm. Another plan recently studied is that of saving heat now in our hot summers and releasing it slowly when things get chillier.

It is, in fact, very heartening to see what the weathermen can accomplish. They even feel confident they will soon be able to predict the weather thirty days ahead.

Now, if they can only find out how to predict it for tomorrow ——

*I know it wasn't Mark Twain. It was Charles Dudley Warner. But Mark Twain is easier to write.

GIDEON GAY

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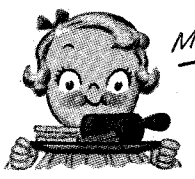
Saturday Special



Soup-Plate Lunch

Here's a good quick lunch for a busy Saturday! Soup plates with a personal touch!

Everybody shares the welcome warmth of a good hot Campbell's Soup. Everybody picks his own favorite nibbles! Feel like a sandwich? Some cheese? You choose it!

Chicken with Rice is a soup all appetites will heartily agree on. For its juicy bites of chicken and fluffy long-grain rice! For its sparkling chicken broth—seasoned Campbell's special ways!

Isn't it nice that foods that taste so good are also good for you? This Chicken with Rice Soup supplies proteins, vitamins and minerals — all essential to good health.

There are so many kinds of Campbell's that combine favorite flavors with good nourishment. Meat soups, vegetable soups, cream soups. Let the family pick and choose their own.

Why not make Soup-Plate Lunches a "specialty of the house" every Saturday. There are 21 kinds to choose from.

SOUPS SUPPLY BASIC NUTRITIONAL NEEDS

VITAMINS, MINERALS and LIQUIDS —for general well-being

PROTEINS—for upkeep and growth

CARBOHYDRATES—for energy

Once a day . . . every day . . . SOUP!

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The World's Most Honored Graduation Gift

Longines

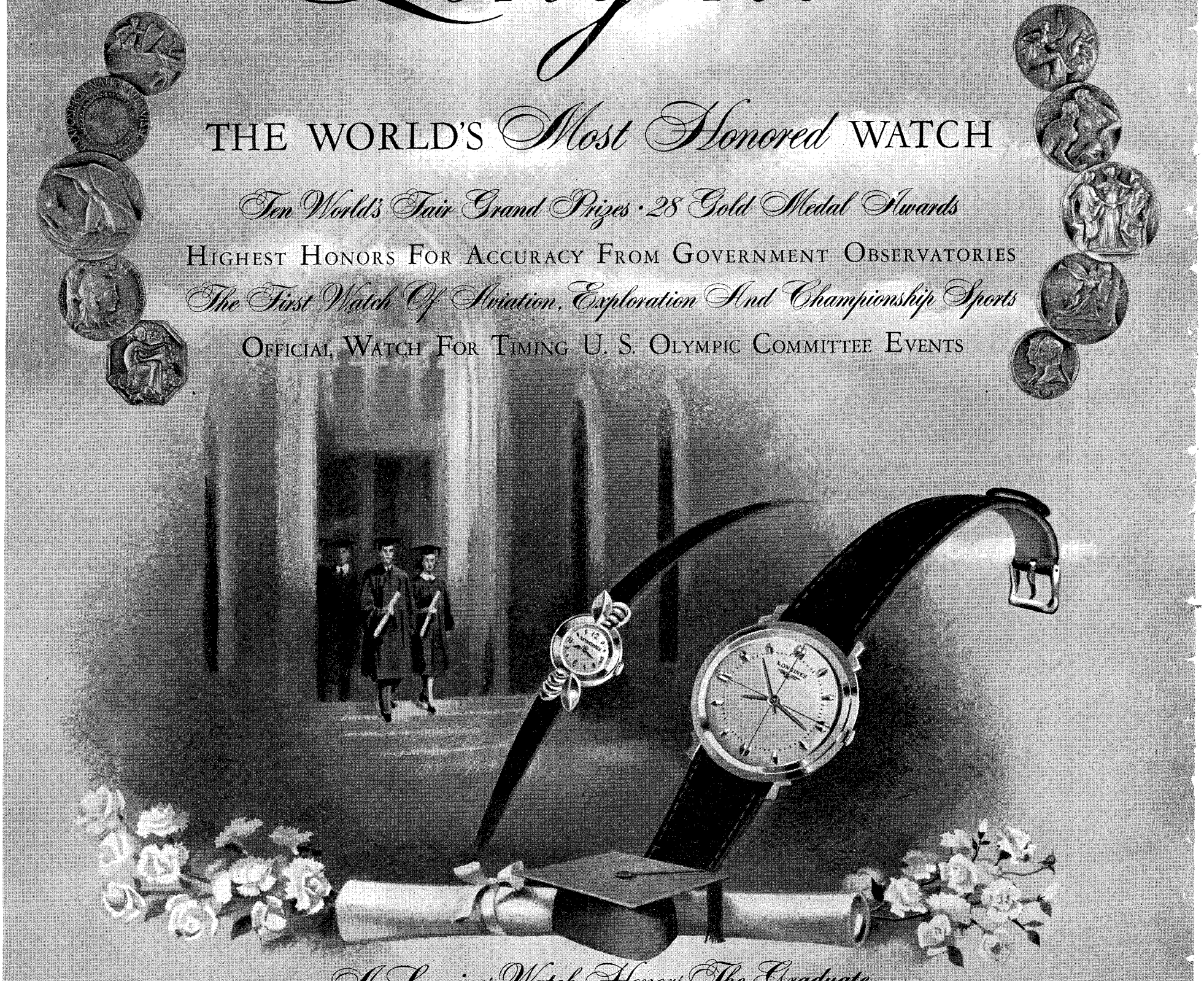
THE WORLD'S *Most Honored* WATCH

Ten World's Fair Grand Prizes · 28 Gold Medal Awards

HIGHEST HONORS FOR ACCURACY FROM GOVERNMENT OBSERVATORIES

The First Watch Of Aviation, Exploration And Championship Sports

OFFICIAL WATCH FOR TIMING U. S. OLYMPIC COMMITTEE EVENTS



A Longines Watch Honors The Graduate

To a graduate entering a new world of competition and opportunity, a Longines watch is an inspiration. For Longines watches have proved superiority in all fields in which a watchmaker can compete. Longines watches have won highest honors for excellence, for elegance, for accuracy and reliability. And when today's graduate begins to reach his goal five or ten years hence, his Longines watch will be running even better than new—still smart and fashionable—thanks to the perfection of Longines manufacture and the good taste of Longines styling. ℂ There is a wide variety of Longines watches to choose from, many priced as low as $71.50. Your Longines-Wittnauer Jeweler will be *honored* to serve you.

Highest honors for the graduate—left: Longines Fashion "A", an exquisite jeweler's creation in 14K gold frames a Longines watch diminutive in size but impressive in accuracy, $135; right: Longines Pres. Van Buren "R", fine 14K gold watch with shock-resistant movement, sweep second hand, $150.

Longines-Wittnauer Watch Company

SINCE 1866 MAKERS OF WATCHES OF THE HIGHEST CHARACTER

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By WILLIAM SAROYAN

I Love You, Mama Girl

For a minute I thought I was dreaming . . . Papa Boy was back!

We hugged and kissed, and I said, "Where's Peter Bolivia Agriculture?"

I didn't want to be in a play. I only wanted to be with my father and my mother and my brother, Peter Bolivia Agriculture.

Mama Girl and I have the biggest roles in a play by Emerson Tully called A Bouncing Ball. Papa Boy, who lives in Paris, wrote the music. Sometimes I like the play, but sometimes I hate it more than anything in the world.

Mama Girl and I have a house in California, but when Mama Girl decided to become a great actress, we came to New York and moved into 2109 in the Hotel Julien. Miss Kate Cranshaw, my drama coach, lives down the hall. Mama Girl's best friend, Gladys Dubarry Tuppence, is very rich and says our room is too little. Gladys is very silly. She's going to have a baby, only she says she can't tell her husband because they aren't speaking to each other.

I am the little girl in the play, Mama Girl is the mother, and Mr. Mungo is the grandfather. Oscar Bailey is in charge of the music. The most important man is the producer, Mike McClatchey, who has got to get people to put money in the show. He needs about $50,000 more, which he figures he can get if the play has good reviews in Philadelphia.

Mama Girl and I checked out of good old 2109 and got a room in the Penn Central Hotel in Philadelphia. We had a dress rehearsal on Monday morning and then walked to the hotel and tried to rest up for the opening night performance.

CONCLUSION

We were backstage in our dressing room at half past seven. It was a very exciting time. We put on our costumes, and Mama Girl put on my make-up, and then her own.

We heard the overture, and then Mike McClatchey came and said, "This is it. Good luck."

Mama Girl and I went out and stood in the wings. Pretty soon it was time for me to go on stage, so I did. I felt awfully funny, because I knew the whole auditorium was full of people who would start watching me as soon as the curtain went up. They would see everything I did. They would hear everything I said.

I wished I was in Paris, and then the curtain went up, and the play began. I did everything I had learned to do as if it was somebody else doing it, while I myself thought about other things—about being in Paris with my father, about happy times on Macaroni Lane with Mama Girl, and all sorts of other things.

The whole play was over before I knew it. The curtain came down, and then for a moment everything was still. Everybody in the play ran onstage while the curtain was down, and we stood in line. The curtain went up, and then we heard applause. We bowed, and the curtain came down. We heard applause again, and the curtain went up. We bowed again, and it came down again. Now, five of the people in the cast went away quickly, leaving Mr. Mungo, Mrs. Cole, Mama Girl and me. The curtain went up and the four of us bowed. The curtain came down, and now Mr. Mungo and Mrs. Cole went away, and Mama Girl and I were supposed to take a bow, but there wasn't very much applause. We waited for the curtain to go up once more, but it didn't, so we turned away and went to our dressing room.

On the way I could hear Mama Girl whispering to herself, "Oh, hell."

When we got to the dressing room she poured herself a drink of whisky out of a bottle I didn't even know she had, and she drank it down in one gulp. She lighted a cigarette and inhaled deeply. She just stood in front of the mirror looking at herself.

"I stink," she said.

"That's all right, Mama Girl. I do too. Everybody does."

She sat down then. "I don't belong in the play," she said. "I don't belong in any play."

"I don't, either."

"Well, there it is," she said. "My big chance."

"Let's go to Paris," I said.

"We can't go to Paris," Mama Girl said. "We can't go anywhere. We've got to stay in Philadelphia. We've got to do the play for people who don't like us."

"Well, we don't like them, either, then."

"I'm sorry, Frog," she said. "I had no right to drag you into this."

"I don't care, Mama Girl."

"If your father were here tonight, he'd be very angry at me."

"He read the play. He said I could be in it."

(Continued on Page 143)

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Picture Racket (Continued from Page 29)

It took two trips to haul it all out to his car and lock it in the trunk.

Ladd Bower was waiting, when he got back to the squad room, idly reading the typed log, shaved and spruce and trim. A good young cop, and learning all the time.

He looked up, said casually, "Hi, pop. Ready to go?"

Walt growled, "Whenever you bring the car around, sonny."

Officer Ladd Bower saluted three times with beautiful, sweeping precision. "You bet, sir. Right away, sir. Starting right now, sir."

Walt walked out past the desk, picked the Car 5 clipboard off the rack. The desk sergeant looked up and murmured, "Take 'er steady, Walt," and went back to typing.

"Sure," said Walt impassively.

He stood at the curb in the warm night air. Ladd Bower brought Car 5 in to the curb and Walt opened the door and got in. They moved out into the sparse late traffic.

You bet, sergeant. Steady and easy. Take a holiday, taxpayers. Drink till you fall in your tracks. Drive your cars over the hydrants. Thump the little woman around and bust out the windows. Let the neighbors complain. Hell with them too. This is a holiday. This is Sgt. Walt Millard's last shift.

There was a hardtop half a block ahead, maroon with cream top, home plates. Walt automatically picked up the clipboard and flicked on the little built-in light. Four Motor Vehicles (Stolen-Missing) one, hardtop, this year, maroon, cream, license number ——

"Let's get that number, Ladd," he said.

The prowl car's engine revved up, Ladd closed the gap, not too fast. . . . Four-seven-three ——

"Take him," said Walt crisply.

Ladd swung out, nosed alongside, released the siren in a brief throaty growl. There was a startled flash of a turning face, the flare of stop lights, and Ladd braked quickly, dropped behind and followed the car's bumper close in to the curb. Walt flicked on the right-hand spotlight, washing the interior of the other car with its harsh light, stepped out quickly as the prowl car stopped. He moved up along the right side of the car. Floor clean, back seat clear; only the driver in front.

Officer Bower up the left side, stopping just clear of the driver's door, voice impersonally polite but firm, "Evening, sir. Mind stepping out of the car for a moment?"

"Why, hell, officer ——" But the door opened and the man stepped out. "What's the idea, anyway?"

"This your car, sir?"

"Certainly it's my car. I just ——"

"Just step back here by the rear fender, if you will. Do you have your driver's license with you?"

Walt moved back, facing across the rear deck of the car, their subject near the rear bumper; Officer Bower between the man and the driver's seat. Gray-haired man, rumpled tan summer suit, no hat, five-ten, hundred and sixty, obviously out of sorts.

He held up his wallet, and Officer Bower said courteously, "Just take it out of the folder, please."

He read aloud the name on the license.

Walt said, "Check. O.K. Did you know your car was reported stolen, mister?"

"My heaven, I ought to! I just got it out of the police garage. Haven't been on the street fifteen minutes. Don't you cops tell each other what you're doing? Call me down there in the middle of the night to get my car—towed it in, out of gas—great ungodly dent in the fender—have to identify myself, sign receipts, buy gas; red tape from hell to breakfast. You boys are really on the ball, I'm here to tell you. Car gone three days and you can't find it till it's abandoned, out of gas. I'm on the street fifteen minutes, and you haul me over. Man, it sure figures, don't it?"

"It goes like that some days," said Walt.

"Yeah; well, I know. You guys are just doing your job."

"Thanks," said Walt dryly.

The man stowed his license, got into his car. Walt and Ladd went back to the prowl car. It didn't bother him, one way or another. Neither the irritation nor the grudging admission. No taxpayer is going to understand how it is with a cop. Or give a damn—unless he's the one the cop pulls over. The prowl car moved through the quiet darkness.

The silence was almost uncomfortable before Ladd spoke. "Been something around fifteen years, hasn't it?"

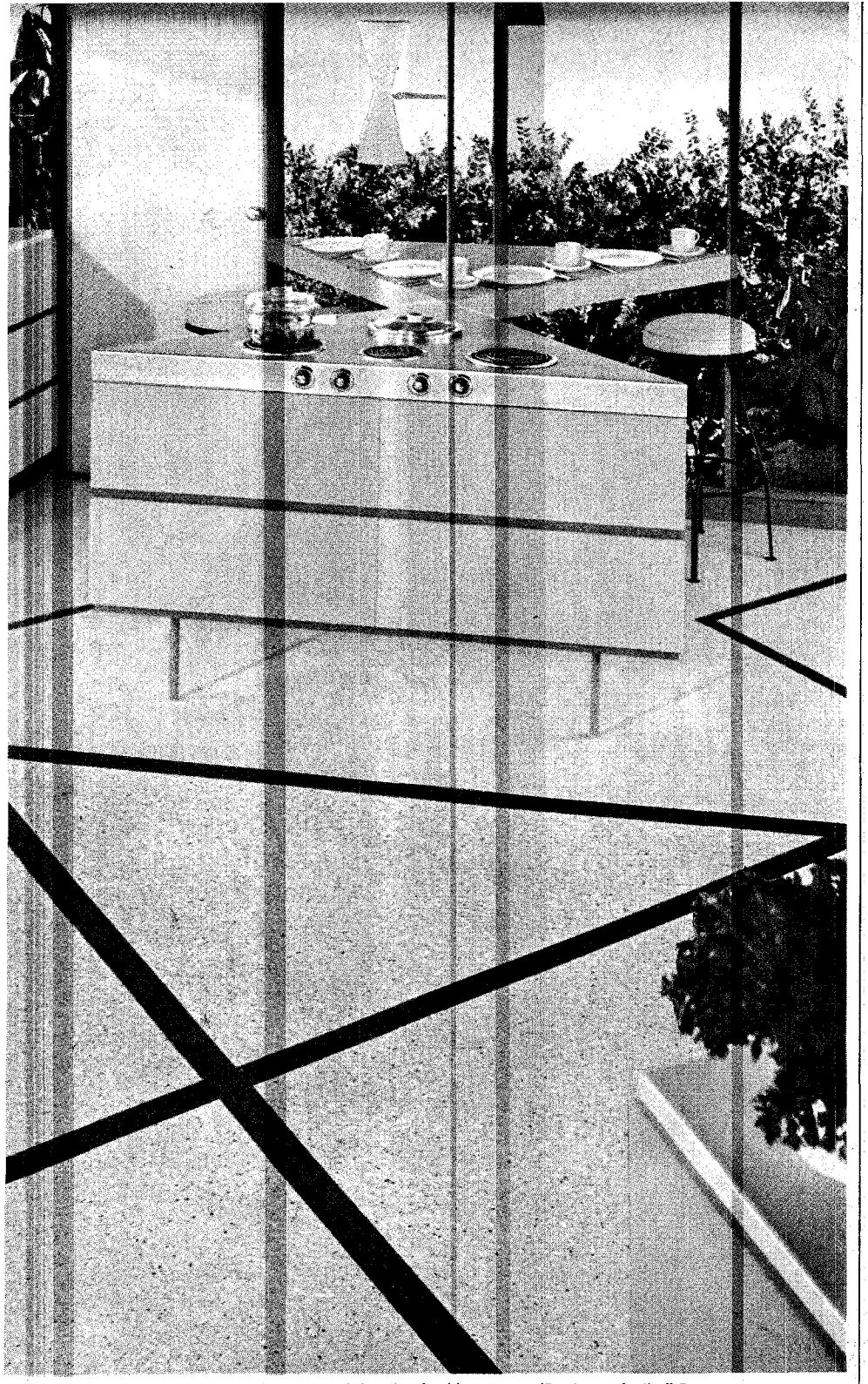
"Just about," said Walt. "Worked five years in Elmington and came here." He let a trace of sardonic humor come in his tone. "Too (*Continued on Page 61*)

Can You Name This Star?

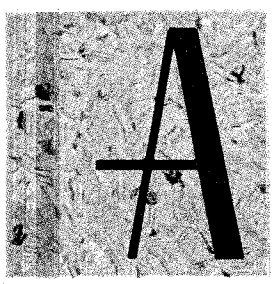
This blue-eyed Texas brunette began to study dancing at the age of three. She won a Houston personality contest at ten, and headed for Hollywood with her mother when she was twelve. But she got nowhere. Nothing, not even dropping her first name of Lucy, seemed to help. Years later, she was booked into a San Francisco night club, met a redhaired actress who introduced her to a talent scout, and, sesame, studio doors flew open. Her movies include Kiss Me Kate, Hit the Deck and The Opposite Sex. Can you name her?

Raymond R. Stuart

CORRECT ANSWER:
Ann Miller



The comfort and convenience of today's advanced kitchens is echoed by your magnificent new "Agatine" floor.



B.F.Goodrich

Agatine

The dramatic new floor tile that earns its place in today's most advanced kitchens.

Some floors are quiet and comfortable. Some are easy to clean. Some are handsome to look at. "Agatine" does everything—better! It has all the quiet and comfort of rubber tile. It is made by an exclusive new process that blends gems of color into a super-dense composition. This means "Agatine" has no surface pores to pick up dirt; dirt slides right off it. In between cleanings, you can hardly see a fleck or a footmark against the new, modern pattern. Choice of 16 colors, blended all the way through for wear that outlives the house. Yet enough "Agatine" for an 8′ x 10′ area costs only about $52 at your floor covering dealer's.

Koroseal Tile • Rubber Tile • Asphalt Tile • Rubber Cove Base

B.F.Goodrich

B. F. Goodrich Co., Dept. SP2, Flooring Division, Watertown 72, Mass.
Please send me, without obligation, folder showing all the colors of "Agatine".

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For the Man who wears Success easily

HAVE YOU observed how much you can tell about a man's measure of his own achievement by his choice in fine cars?

Some, seeking outward expressions of self-confidence, are content only with the car that costs the most.

Others, carrying their mantle of success with assurance, seek out the fine car that is worth the most.

And it is among these that ROADMASTER is gaining an ever-widening sphere of influence.

For this is not the most expensive of fine cars—although it is the costliest of Buicks.

And that is the heart of the matter.

ROADMASTER begins with the advances that have brought all Buicks to such great sales heights—then moves on to its own eminence.

So here you travel in custom appointment, with every luxury of surrounding provided for.

Here you are cradled in a ride brought to its supreme peak of buoyant levelness and steadiness—with all-coil springing and deep-oil cushioning—with a new surety and precision of handling.

Here you command the mightiest V8 and highest compression ratio in Buick annals.

Above all else, here you start and take off and pass with a quickness and absolute smoothness known to no other fine car in the world.

Because only in ROADMASTER, among all fine cars, do you have the exhilarating performance of Variable Pitch Dynaflow. Where getaway at the top inch of pedal travel is split-second quick and gas savings substantial. Where a "switch of the pitch" brings a wondrous safety-burst of power when the time and place demand it.

As we've said before, these are the things that put ROADMASTER worth beyond mere ostentation. They are merits that leave nothing more to be desired.

And if you'd like a sampling of them, call your Buick dealer. He's ready when you are.

BUICK *Division of* GENERAL MOTORS

When better automobiles are built Buick will build them

Roadmaster

Custom Built by Buick

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SIX BIG DAYS TO SAVE! · MONDAY · TUESDAY · WEDNESDAY

FAMILY REMEDIES

- ☐ **REXALL ASPIRIN.** 36, reg. 27¢, now **2 for 28¢**
- ☐ **REXALL CHILDREN'S ASPIRIN.** Flavored 1-gr. tablets. 50, regularly 35¢, now.....**2 for 36¢**
- ☐ **REXALL MILK OF MAGNESIA.** Pt. 47¢, **2 for 48¢**
- ☐ **REXALL FUNGI-REX FOR ATHLETE'S FOOT.** Greaseless cream, 1½-oz. tube, 75¢, **2 for 76¢**
- ☐ **REXALL FUNGI-REX,** Aerosol. 4 oz., **2 for $1.60**
- ☐ **REXALL PETROFOL MINERAL OIL.** Non-habit forming laxative. Pint, reg. 59¢.....**2 for 60¢**
- ☐ **REXALL REX-SALVINE FOR BURNS.** 5-oz. push-button Aerosol, regularly $1.39...**2 for $1.40**
- ☐ **REXALL REX-RUB FOR MUSCULAR ACHES.** Big 6-oz. bottle, regularly 89¢, now **2 for 90¢**
- ☐ **REXALL ANTACID GAS TABLETS** neutralize excess stomach acidity. 40, now.....**2 for 40¢**
- ☐ **REXALL COLD SORE LOTION.** ¼ oz., **2 for 30¢**
- ☐ **REXALL CHERRY BARK COUGH SYRUP.** Big ½-pint bottle, regularly 89¢, now.....**2 for 90¢**
- ☐ **REXALL COLD TABLETS,** Special. Combine 6 proven ingredients. 30, regularly 39¢, **2 for 40¢**
- ☐ **REXALL AQUEOUS NOSE DROPS.** Quickly relieve "stuffed-up head." 1 ounce....**2 for 50¢**
- ☐ **REXALL ANALGESIC BALM** quickly relieves minor muscular aches. 1 ounce.....**2 for 66¢**
- ☐ **REXALL WITCH HAZEL.** Pint, 57¢....**2 for 58¢**
- ☐ **REXALL IODINE.** 1 ounce, 33¢.....**2 for 34¢**
- ☐ **REXALL CALAMINE LOTION.** 4 oz., **2 for 36¢**
- ☐ **REXALL CHLOROPHYLL MOUTHWASH** sweetens breath. Pint bottle, reg. 79¢, now **2 for 80¢**

- ☐ **1. REXALL MONACET APC** for headache. 25, 33¢, 2 for 34¢; 100, 79¢.....**2 for 80¢**
- ☐ **2. REXALL KLENZO ANTISEPTIC.** Ruby-red mouthwash. Full pint, reg. 79¢.....**2 for 80¢**
- ☐ **3. REXALL ALCO-REX RUB** for minor muscular aches. Pint, regularly 49¢.....**2 for 50¢**
- ☐ **REXALL CORN SOLVENT.** Painless corn remover. ½-ounce bottle, 35¢, now....**2 for 36¢**
- ☐ **REXALL PEROXIDE OF HYDROGEN.** 3% solution. Pint, regularly 45¢, now.....**2 for 46¢**
- ☐ **REXALL EYE DROPS.** 1 ounce, 39¢..**2 for 40¢**
- ☐ **REXALL HYGIENIC POWDER** makes soothing skin dressing. 6 oz., reg. 75¢, now **2 for 76¢**
- ☐ **REXALL MERCUROCHROME.** ½ oz., **2 for 26¢**
- ☐ **REXALL MUCILLOID BULK LAXATIVE.** Gentle, effective, non-irritating. Provides both bulk and lubrication for relief of temporary constipation. Contains nature's hemicellulose. Does not affect digestion. Easy to take; mix with water, milk or fruit juices as directed. Pound, regularly $2.79, now.....**2 for $2.80**
- ☐ **REXALL CASCARA COMPOUND TABLETS.** Laxative. 100, regularly 59¢.....**2 for 60¢**
- ☐ **REXALL CASCARA SAGRADA EXTRACT** tablets. 5 grain, 100, regularly 95¢....**2 for 96¢**
- ☐ **REXALL TOOTHACHE DROPS.** 35¢, **2 for 36¢**
- ☐ **REXALL MENTHOLATED WHITE PINE AND TAR COUGH SYRUP.** ½ pt., reg. 79¢, **2 for 80¢**
- ☐ **REXALL GLYCERIN.** 3 ounce, 67¢...**2 for 68¢**

BUYS FOR BABIES

- ☐ **1. REXALL STORK NURSER.** 8-oz. bottle, nipple and cap complete. Regularly 35¢, **2 for 36¢**
- ☐ **2. REXALL QUIK-SWABS.** Cotton-tipped applicators—a nursery essential. 100.....**2 for 36¢**
- ☐ **REXALL GLYCERIN SUPPOSITORIES.** Special size for infants. Jar of 12, 43¢.....**2 for 44¢**
- ☐ **REXALL TINY TOT ASPIRIN.** ½-grain, flavored. 100, regularly 35¢, now.....**2 for 36¢**
- ☐ **REXALL COTTON BALLS.** 65 sterilized, absorbent balls. Regularly 39¢, now.....**2 for 40¢**
- ☐ **REXALL BABY TALC.** Pound, 79¢....**2 for 80¢**
- ☐ **REXALL TINY TOT CASTILE SOAP.** Pure and mild. 3-ounce cakes, now.....**2 for 20¢**
- ☐ **BABY BOTTLE BRUSH.** Fine-textured nylon bristles on strong wire handle. 29¢, **2 for 30¢**

YOU GET TWICE AS MUCH FOR A PENNY MORE!

REXALL 1¢

AT YOUR REXALL DRUG STORE

2 FOR 40¢ Reg. 39¢ — 2 FOR 55¢ Reg. 54¢ — 2 FOR 30¢ Reg. 29¢ — 2 FOR 80¢ Reg. 79¢

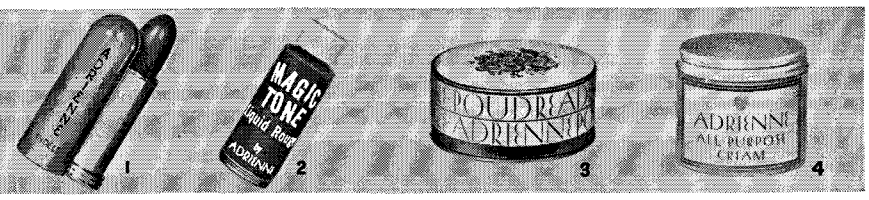
KLENZO TOOTHBRUSHES. Fine quality nylon-bristle brushes in your choice of several colors and medically-approved styles.

REXALL ASPIRIN TABLETS. No finer, faster-acting aspirin made—at any price! Each tablet contains 5 grains. Bottles of 100.

REXALL PRO-CAP plastic adhesive tape. Waterproof, flesh-colored. ½"x 5 yds. **ECONOMY SIZE,** ½" x 10 yds., reg. 39¢...**2 for 40¢**

REXALL Mi-31 ANTISEPTIC. Our famous amber-color mouthwash, gargle and multi-purpose antiseptic. Kills germs. Pint bottles.

BEAUTY BUYS



MAKE UP

- ☐ **1. ADRIENNE INDELO LIPSTICKS.** 6 flattering shades. Reg. $1.00 each, now....**2 for $1.01**
- ☐ **2. ADRIENNE "MAGIC TONE" LIQUID ROUGE.** Touch a drop to each cheek; blend out for a soft, lovely glow. Reg. $1.00, now..**2 for $1.01**
- ☐ **INDELO LIPBRUSH,** reg. 75¢, now...**2 for 76¢**
- ☐ **ADRIENNE POWDER PUFFS,** every type. Compressed or 3" Velour, each 15¢, **2 for 16¢**; 3¼" Velour, regularly 25¢, **2 for 26¢**; or Foam Rubber puffs, regularly 10¢, now only..**2 for 11¢**
- ☐ **REXALL COTTON SQUARES.** Box of 40 pads, 2 by 2 inches. Regularly 23¢, now..**2 for 24¢**
- ☐ **3. ADRIENNE FACE POWDER.** 4 shades in Regular or Compressed. Made with finest, purest ingredients. Each, reg. $1.00.....**2 for $1.01**

CREAMS AND LOTIONS

- ☐ **4. ADRIENNE FACE CREAMS.** All-Purpose, 3½ oz.; Cold Cream, 3 oz.; or Cleansing Cream, 3¼ ounce. Each, regularly $1.00..**2 for $1.01**
- ☐ **ADRIENNE LIQUID CLEANSING CREAM.** New deep cleanser quickly frees pores and skin from impurities. 6 oz., regularly $1.50, **2 for $1.51**
- ☐ **ADRIENNE LIQUID LANOLIN COMPOUND.** 4-oz. bottle, regularly $1.50, now..**2 for $1.51**
- ☐ **ADRIENNE HORMONE CREAM,** 2-oz. jar, regularly $1.50. Save by buying several, **2 for $1.51**

REXALL DRUG PRODUCTS ARE GUARANTEED TO GIVE SATISFACTION OR YOUR MONEY BACK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THURSDAY • FRIDAY • SATURDAY • APRIL 30TH THROUGH MAY 5TH

EVERY ITEM IN THIS SALE IS REGULAR, GUARANTEED MERCHANDISE

Use this ad as your shopping list and order in advance if you wish. Then pick up your order during the sale.

SALE

Reg. $1.00 — 2 FOR $1.01 — Reg. $1.00 — 2 FOR $1.01

MEN'S & LADIES' PLASTIC SUNGLASSES. Choice of 8 styles, with green or smoked lenses.
MEN'S AVIATOR SUNGLASSES have golden metal frames. Regularly $1.00, now.....**2 for $1.01**
CHILDREN'S SUNGLASSES. Reg. 29¢...**2 for 30¢**

REXALL "READY SHAVE" gives creamy, whisker-wilting lather at the touch of a button. Each 10-oz. Aerosol lasts for months.

Reg. 69¢ — 2 FOR 70¢ — Reg. $1.50 — 2 FOR $1.51 — Reg. $3.10 — 2 FOR $3.11 — Reg. 25¢ — 2 FOR 26¢

REXALL RUBBING ALCOHOL gives quick relief from muscle soreness caused by overexertion or exposure. Refreshing, stimulating. Full pints.

BATH POWDERS. Adrienne, Garden Spice or Lavender. Delightful fragrances; luxuriously refreshing after your bath. Big puff in each box.

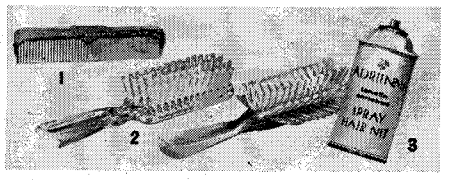
REXALL PANOVITE MULTI-VITAMINS. One daily supplies more than your minimum of A, D, B_1, B_2 and C, plus B_6. Bottles of 100.
REXALL PANOVITE WITH MINERALS. Same formula, plus 11 minerals. 100, **2 for $4.96**

COMMERCIAL ENVELOPES. Cello-pack of 30 white envelopes; 3⅝ by 6½-in.
PACKAGE OF 12, same size envelopes..**2 for 11¢**

SHAVING NEEDS

- ☐ **1. KLENZO LATHER BRUSH**.....**2 for $1.01**
- ☐ **2. REXALL SHAVING LOTION.** Spicy, masculine fragrance. 6 oz., regularly 59¢, now **2 for 60¢**
- ☐ **3. REXALL MENTHOLATED SHAVE CREAM.** Choose lather or brushless. 59¢.....**2 for 60¢**
- ☐ **REXALL SHAVE CREAM.** Choose 2¾-oz. regular or 2½-ounce brushless. 43¢.....**2 for 44¢**
- ☐ **LAVENDER AFTER-SHAVE LOTION.** Pleasant, brisk fragrance. 4 oz., regularly $1, **2 for $1.01**
- ☐ **REXALL BAY RUM.** Pint, 59¢.....**2 for 60¢**
- ☐ **PERMEDGE RAZOR BLADES.** 20 double or 18 single edge. Regular 49¢ packs.....**2 for 50¢**
- ☐ **LAVENDER AERATED SHAVE CREAM.** Regular or mentholated. 10-oz. Aerosol. $1, **2 for $1.01**

FOR HAIR CARE



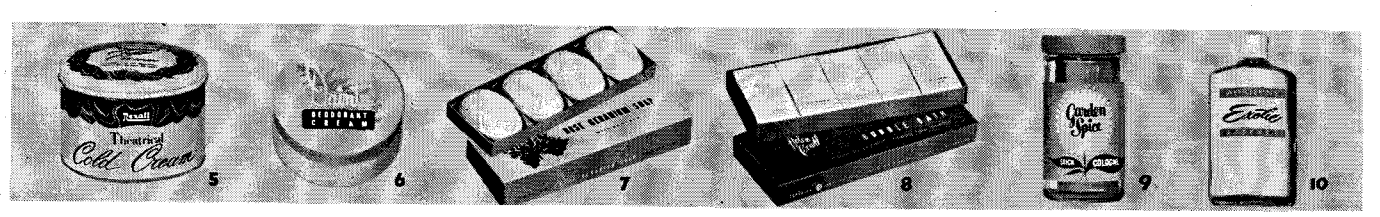
- ☐ **1. COMBS** in every size and style. Now, **2** for 11¢, **2** for 20¢, **2** for 26¢.....**2 for 30¢**
- ☐ **REXALL SHAMPOO** for the whole family. Big 5-oz. bottle, regularly 59¢, now....**2 for 60¢**

FOR WOMEN

- ☐ **2. KLENZO HAIR BRUSHES,** half-round, professional, club styles. $1, now.....**2 for $1.01**
- ☐ **3. ADRIENNE SPRAY HAIR NET** contains lanolin. Big 11-ounce Aerosol, now....**2 for $2.01**
- ☐ **"SATIN BRITE" PROFESSIONAL HAIR BRUSH.** Nylon bristles in colorful back....**2 for $2.01**
- ☐ **HELEN CORNELL CREAM SHAMPOO.** 4-oz. jar of cream or 8-oz. bottle of liquid, each regularly 98¢, now your choice at.....**2 for 99¢**
- ☐ **HELEN CORNELL HAIR RINSE.** ½ pt., **2 for 99¢**
- ☐ **HELEN CORNELL ALL PURPOSE HAIR SET.** 35 rubber-tipped black or bronze bobby pins with 5 aluminum curl clips. Now.....**2 for 26¢**
- ☐ **HELEN CORNELL HAIR BANDEAU** keeps hair in place after shampooing. 39¢....**2 for 40¢**
- ☐ **HELEN CORNELL HAIR NETS.** Regular or bob size. Regularly 10¢ each.....**2 for 11¢**
- ☐ **HELEN CORNELL WAVE NETS**.....**2 for 11¢**

FOR MEN

- ☐ **REXALL ANTISEPTIC HAIR TONIC.** Helps control dandruff. 5 oz., reg. 69¢, now **2 for 70¢**
- ☐ **LAVENDER MEN'S HAIR PRODUCTS.** Your choice 6-oz. Hair Tonic, Cream Hair Tonic, Hair Oil or Shampoo. Each, reg. $1.00, **2 for $1.01**
- ☐ **REXALL CREAM HAIR TONIC** contains lanolin to replace natural oils. Keeps hair neat without "greasy" look. 5 oz., now.....**2 for 70¢**
- ☐ **REXALL HAIR OIL.** 5 oz., 49¢, now **2 for 50¢**



- ☐ **5. REXALL THEATRICAL CLEANSING OR COLD CREAM.** Full lb., reg. $1.25 each, **2 for $1.26**
- ☐ **ADRIENNE HAND CREAM,** 4¼ oz., **2 for $1.01**
- ☐ **MASCAL'S HAND LOTION,** pt., $1, **2 for $1.01**
- ☐ **ILASOL HAND LOTION,** ½ pt., 89¢, **2 for 90¢**

DEODORANTS

- ☐ **6. DAINTY DEODORANT CREAM,** 49¢, **2 for 50¢**
- ☐ **DAINTY MIST DEODORANT,** 75¢, **2 for 76¢**
- ☐ **DAINTY DEODORANT STICK,** $1, **2 for $1.01**
- ☐ **DAINTY DEODORANT COLOGNE, 2 for $1.01**
- ☐ **DAINTY DEODORANT POWDER,** 60¢, **2 for 61¢**
- ☐ **ADRIENNE DEODORANT LOTION, 2 for $1.01**
- ☐ **LAVENDER DEODORANTS.** Stick, 2½ oz., or Cologne, 4 oz. Regularly $1.00 ea., **2 for $1.01**
- ☐ **LAVENDER DEODORANT TALCUM** with Hexachlorophene, 3⅛ oz., regularly 60¢, **2 for 61¢**
- ☐ **REXALL ANTISEPTIC DEODORANT TALC,** big 9-oz. can, regularly 59¢, now.....**2 for 60¢**
- ☐ **"8480" TALCUM,** full pound can...**2 for 76¢**

SOAPS AND COLOGNES

- ☐ **7. ADRIENNE SOAPS** with lanolin. Rose Geranium, Sequoia Pine or Dry Skin soap. Each box of 4 cakes, regularly $1.39.....**2 for $1.40**
- ☐ **8. HELEN CORNELL BUBBLE BATH,** box of 20 packets, regularly $1.00.....**2 for $1.01**
- ☐ **9. GARDEN SPICE COLOGNE STICK, 2 for $1.26**
- ☐ **10. ADRIENNE COLOGNES,** your choice of three popular fragrances: Woodsy, Floral or Exotic Essence. $1.25 each, now..**2 for $1.26**
- ☐ **LAVENDER SOAP WITH LANOLIN.** 4 cakes of complexion-softening lanolin soap with delicate lavender fragrance, in a lovely lavender gift box. Regularly $1.39, now...**2 for $1.40**
- ☐ **COLOGNE STICKS.** Your choice of Lavender or Woodsy. Regularly $1.25 each. Stock up now and save at.....**2 for $1.26**
- ☐ **ADRIENNE GARDEN SPICE COLOGNE.** This enticing fragrance is a popular favorite. 4-ounce bottle, regularly $1.50, now.....**2 for $1.51**

TURN THE PAGE FOR MORE 1¢ SALE BARGAINS

YOU CAN DEPEND ON ANY DRUG PRODUCT THAT BEARS THE NAME REXALL

Rexall DRUG STORES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
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SIX BIG DAYS TO SAVE! · MONDAY · TUESDAY · WEDNESDAY

IMPORTANT NOTE: The items in this ad are regular, guaranteed Rexall merchandise. Only increased volume lets your Rexall Druggist offer these big savings.

GET TWICE AS MUCH FOR A PENNY MORE!

REXALL 1¢ SALE

AT REXALL DRUG STORES EVERYWHERE

DON'T MISS THESE SIX BIG 1¢ SALE BARGAINS!

ELITE LINEN BOXED STATIONERY 50 sheets or 50 matching envelopes.. **2 FOR 90¢**

HELEN CORNELL BOBBY PINS Cards of 24 regular or 18 rubber-tipped. 10¢, now... **2 FOR 11¢**

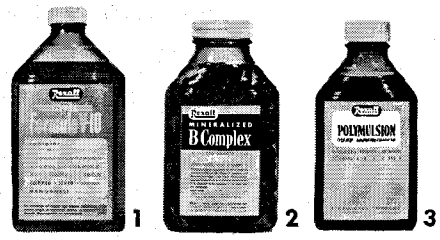
REXALL COD LIVER OIL Teaspoonful daily supplies 1⅘ times requirement of A and D. Pints..... **2 FOR $1.50**

SACCHARIN Rexall 1000's: 1 grain, 2 for $1.50; ½ grain, 2 for $1.27; ¼ grain, 2 for $1.09. 100's: 1 grain, 2 for 56¢; ½ grain, 2 for 46¢; ¼ grain, **2 FOR 36¢**

REXALL 3-WIDTH ADHESIVE TAPE All three widths on one spool. Reg. 59¢.. **2 FOR 60¢**

CURLING RIBBON 14 colors to choose from! You get 72-ft. rolls of reg. colors or 55-ft. rolls of metallic colors. Each, reg. 25¢ **2 FOR 26¢**

VITAMIN VALUES



1 2 3

☐ **1. REXALL V-10 MULTI-VITAMIN TONIC.** Excellent appetite stimulant. Supplies 5 times M.D.A.R.* of iron, twice M.D.A.R. of vitamin B_1, and M.D.A.R. of vitamins A, D, and B_2, taken as directed. Pint $1.98....2 for $1.99

☐ **2. REXALL MINERALIZED B COMPLEX** with red crystalline B_{12}, liver, iron and vitamin C. Combines 9 important B vitamins and iron with 11 valuable minerals including iodine. Bottle of 100, regularly $5.95, now.....2 for $5.96

☐ **3. REXALL POLYMULSION** for infants and children. Contains vitamins A, C, D, B_1 and B_2. Mixes easily with baby's formula; is pleasantly flavored. 4-oz. bottle, regularly $1.15, now 2 for $1.16; Pint, regularly $3.59, 2 for $3.60

☐ **REXALL BREWER'S YEAST TABLETS** provide B_1 and B_2 at low cost. 250, 98¢, now...2 for 99¢

☐ **REXALL A & D TABLETS.** Each contains 1¼ times M.D.A.R.* of Vitamins A and D. Bottles of 100 easy-to-take tablets, $1.19..2 for $1.20

☐ **REXALL ABDG CAPSULES.** Two a day supply 1¼ times M.D.A.R.* of vitamin A, twice M.D.A.R. of vitamin D, M.D.A.R. of vitamins B_1 and B_2, plus 10 mg. of niacinamide. 100 capsules, regularly $1.59, now...2 for $1.60

M.D.A.R.: Minimum Daily Adult Requirement

STATIONERY SAVINGS AND FAMILY NEEDS

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

☐ **1. GIFT WRAP PAPER.** Smart, colorful designs. Pack of two 20"x30" sheets, 15¢...2 for 16¢

☐ **2. FINE QUALITY WRITING PAPERS,** beautifully boxed. 2 styles, reg. $1.50 each..2 for $1.51

☐ **3. CHERRY PINK NOTES.** 20 smartly styled parchment notes, and env. $1.00..2 for $1.01

☐ **$1.00 STATIONERY.** Choice of 5 styles, attractively packaged. Now.....2 for $1.01

☐ **ROYALTON WRITING PAPER.** 20 single white sheets and 20 envelopes. Reg. 85¢, 2 for 86¢

☐ **SPEEDLINES, AIR MAIL.** 80 white sheets, 30 envelopes and airmail stickers....2 for $1.01

☐ **NOTE PAPERS.** Golden Pine or Slim Jane Tall Notes with envelopes. $1.00 boxes, 2 for $1.01

☐ **NOVEL NOTES.** Choice of Tall Style or French Fold. Regularly 60¢ each, now.....2 for 61¢

☐ **ALL-OCCASION NOTES.** 50¢.....2 for 51¢

☐ **AIRMAIL TABLET.** 6"x10", 25¢....2 for 26¢

☐ **COMMERCIAL ENVELOPES.** White, large No. 10 size, regular 15¢ packs, now....2 for 16¢

☐ **BELMONT TYPEWRITER TABLET,** bond, 2 for 40¢

☐ **LEAD PENCILS,** reg. 5¢. Stock up at 2 for 6¢

☐ **RUBBER BANDS.** Regular 25¢ pack, 2 for 26¢

☐ **SPARKLE GLO ENSEMBLE.** Big 20"x30" glitter sheet and gift card. Regularly 25¢, 2 for 26¢

☐ **ALUMINUM FOIL.** Big roll, 50¢....2 for 51¢

☐ **DE LUXE GIFT WRAP PAPER,** 3-sheet, 2 for 26¢

☐ **DE LUXE RIBBON.** ⅝" x 15 ft. roll...2 for 26¢

☐ **EVERYDAY RIBBON HANKS.** ⅜"....2 for 11¢

☐ **4. ELITE LINEN TABLET.** Ruled or unruled note or letter-size tablets; or pack of 25 matching envelopes, regularly 25¢ each.....2 for 26¢

☐ **5. JUMBO TABLET.** For pencil or ball pen. 8"x10" ruled scratch pad. Reg. 39¢, 2 for 40¢

☐ **6. DUO-COLOR BALLPOINT PENS.** Top button action; non-smear blue ink. $1....2 for $1.01

☐ **"ALL-IN-ONE" BALL PEN REFILL.** Fits all leading brands. Blue, black, or red ink, 2 for 50¢

☐ **ELKAYS AEROSOL AIR REFRESHER.** Just a press of the button clears the air. 5 oz. ..2 for 99¢

☐ **REXALL NO. 6 PINE OIL DISINFECTANT,** pint bottle, regularly $1.19, now.....2 for $1.20

☐ **ELKAYS NON-DDT INSECT KILLER.** New "quick-kill" formula. Pint, regularly 69¢...2 for 70¢

☐ **MITTENETTES.** Crepe rubber. 2 pairs.....60¢

☐ **MONREALE OLIVE OIL.** 12 ounces, 2 for $1.20

☐ **"8480" EMERY BOARDS.** Pack of 10..2 for 16¢

☐ **"8480" NAIL FILE,** 5". Regularly 25¢, 2 for 26¢

☐ **"8480" NAIL CLIPPER.** Reg. 49¢....2 for 50¢

☐ **"8480" TWEEZERS,** 3". Reg. 25¢....2 for 26¢

☐ **POCKET COMB AND FILE SET,** 29¢, 2 for 30¢

☐ **HAND SCRUB BRUSH.** Reg. 50¢....2 for 51¢

☐ **NYLON BATH BRUSH.** Reg. $2.00..2 for $2.01

☐ **MEN'S WHITE HANDKERCHIEFS....2 for 26¢**

☐ **SPONGE RUBBER BALL.** Reg. 25¢...2 for 26¢

☐ **NYLON WATCH BAND.** Reg. 98¢....2 for 99¢

☐ **METAL EXPANSION WATCH BAND.** 2 for $1.51

☐ **7. ELKAYS WICKSTYLE HOUSEHOLD DEODORANT.** Pleasant-scented. 6 ounces....2 for 60¢

☐ **8. ELKAYS AEROSOL MOTHPROOFER.** Protects your woolens. 12 oz., reg. $1.95...2 for $1.96

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☐ **VICTORIA 2-HEAT HOT WATER BOTTLE.** Holds two quarts. Regularly $3.39, now 2 for $3.40

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☐ **PLASTIC BILLFOLDS.** Reg. $1.00, 2 for $1.01

☐ **SHOE LACES,** Trimtie, 27", 2 pairs for 6¢; metal-tipped, regularly 10¢, now.....2 for 11¢

☐ **SWIM KAP,** 2 for $1.20; child's....2 for 66¢

☐ **PLASTIC SHOWER CAP.** Reg. 29¢...2 for 30¢

☐ **KLENZO "CELLULITE" SPONGE,** 35¢, 2 for 36¢

☐ **FLASHLIGHT,** 2-cell. Regularly 89¢, 2 for 90¢

☐ **CHROMED LIGHTER,** $1.98, now...2 for $1.99

☐ **REGENS LIGHTER FLINTS....2 packs for 11¢**

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☐ **REXALL DENTURE ADHESIVE PDR.,** 2 for 61¢

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THURSDAY • FRIDAY • SATURDAY • APRIL 30TH THROUGH MAY 5TH

AND MEDICINE CHEST SAVINGS

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☐ **5. REXALL EYELO EYEWASH** soothes, cools and cleanses irritated eyes. ½ pint bottle with unbreakable eyecup, 69¢, now.....2 for 70¢

☐ **6. REXALL REX-SALVINE FOR BURNS.** Relieves pain. 1½ ounce, regularly 57¢, now 2 for 58¢

☐ **REXALL DICALCIUM PHOSPHATE CAPSULES.** Supplement diets lacking in calcium, phosphorus and vitamin D. Excellent for expectant and nursing mothers. Just 3 daily supply twice M.D.A.R.* of vitamin D_2, 1/3 M.D.A.R. of calcium and 1/5 M.D.A.R. of phosphorus. Bottle of 100 capsules, regularly $1.24.....2 for $1.25

☐ **REXALL PERCOCOD TABLETS** ("Vitamin Candy") for children too old for liquid vitamins and too young for capsules. Two easy-to-swallow tablets daily supply more vitamins A and D than a teaspoonful of cod liver oil. Bottle of 110, regularly 98¢, now.....2 for 99¢

☐ **REXALL ALPHACAPS** treat vitamin A deficiency. 25,000 U.S.P. unit strength supplies 6¼ times M.D.A.R.* of vitamin A. Bottle of 100 capsules, regularly $4.00, now...2 for $4.01; 50,000 U.S.P. strength (12½ times M.D.A.R.), bottle of 100, reg. $7.95, now....2 for $7.96

☐ **7. REXALL GYPSY CREAM FOR IRRITATED SKIN.** Greaseless, stainless. ½ pt., reg. 69¢, 2 for 70¢

☐ **8. REXALL FOOT POWDER** relieves tired, tender, burning feet. 4 ounce, 39¢, 2 for 40¢

☐ **9. REXALL GLYCERIN SUPPOSITORIES.** Adult's size. Jar of 12, reg. 43¢, now.....2 for 44¢

☐ **REXALL POLYDROPS.** Drop-dose multi-vitamins that mix easily with baby's formula. Vitamins A, D_3, B_1, B_2, B_6, C, nicotinamide and sodium pantothenate. 30 cc, reg., $2.09, 2 for $2.10

☐ **REXALL THIAMINE HYDROCHLORIDE TABLETS (B_1).** 50 mg. 100, reg. $4.59, now 2 for $4.60 100 mg. 100, regularly $7.98, now 2 for $7.99

☐ **REXALL VITAMIN B_{12} TABLETS.** Bottle of 100 5 mcg. tablets, regularly $1.20....2 for $1.21

☐ **REXALL FORTIFIED VITAMIN B COMPLEX.** Bottle of 100 capsules, reg. $2.59, 2 for $2.60

☐ **REXALL IRON, LIVER & BONE MARROW COMP.** ½ pint bottle, reg. $1.39, now....2 for $1.40

☐ **REXALL POLYCAPS.** One provides the daily minimum of vitamins A, D, B_1, B_2, niacinamide and C—all the vitamins ordinarily essential for children to age 12. 72, $1.98, 2 for $1.99

☐ **REXALL YEAST & IRON TABLETS.** Supply 7 times M.D.A.R.* of iron, plus valuable amounts of B_1 and B_2, taken as directed. Bottle of 100 tablets, regularly 89¢, now.....2 for 90¢

☐ **10. REXALL ANTIHISTAMINE COLD TABLETS.** Give quick relief. 15, regularly 49¢, 2 for 50¢

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☐ **REXALL WHITE LINIMENT** for muscular aches, 4 ounces, regularly 39¢, now.....2 for 40¢

☐ **REXALL BORIC ACID SOLUTION** for eye and skin irritations. 4 oz., 25¢, now.....2 for 26¢

☐ **REXALL FLUID EXTRACT CASCARA** Aromatic. Laxative. 4 oz., regularly 89¢, now 2 for 90¢

☐ **REXALL LANOLIN** soothes tender, chapped skin. 3 oz., regularly 57¢, now.....2 for 58¢

☐ **REXALL SODA MINT TABLETS** soothe acid-upset stomach. 140, regularly 35¢, now 2 for 36¢

☐ **REXALL THERAMINS.** High potency multi-vitamins intended to correct definite vitamin deficiencies. One daily supplies 6¼ times M.D.A.R.* of vitamin A, 2½ times of D, 10 times of B_1, 2½ times of B_2, and 5 times of C, plus niacinamide. 50, reg. $4.75.....2 for $4.76

☐ **REXALL ASCORBIC ACID TABLETS.** 100 mg. supplies 3⅓ M.D.A.R.* of vitamin C. 250 mg. supply 8⅓ times M.D.A.R. Bottles of 100: 100 mg., regularly $1.98, now.....2 for $1.99; 250 mg., regularly $4.09, now....2 for $4.10

☐ **REXALL SPIRITS OF CAMPHOR.** 1 oz.,2 for 36¢

☐ **12. REXALL ASPIREX COUGH DROPS** contain aspirin to relieve pain of minor sore throat, coughs due to colds. 15¢ boxes, now 2 for 16¢

☐ **13. REXALL SKIN ANTISEPTIC FOR CUTS.** Improved formula. First aid for minor cuts and scratches. 1 oz., reg. 33¢, now.....2 for 34¢

☐ **14. REXALL REXILLANA COUGH SYRUP.** Relieves pain, soothes dryness and tickling of coughs due to colds. Safe, pleasant and effective. 4 oz., reg. 59¢, now.....2 for 60¢

☐ **REXALL BORIC ACID** powder or crystals. 4 oz., regularly 33¢ each, now.....2 for 34¢

☐ **REXALL TINCTURE OF GREEN SOAP.** An excellent soap, shampoo. ½ pint, 69¢, 2 for 70¢

☐ **REXALL THERMODEX SALT TABLETS** replace salt lost in perspiration, help prevent heat prostration. 100, regularly 49¢.....2 for 50¢

☐ **REXALL GAUZE BANDAGE.** 10-yard roll of 2-inch bandage. Regularly 27¢, now 2 for 28¢

☐ **REXALL INSECT REPELLENT.** 2-oz. lotion, 2 for 60¢; 5-oz. Aerosol, $1.19.....2 for $1.20

☐ **REXALL LIP AID SALVE.** ¼ ounce, 39¢,2 for 40¢

☐ **REXALL LITTLE PILLS.** 100, 45¢.....2 for 46¢

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☐ **REXALL GLYCERIN AND ROSE WATER.** Softens chapped skin. 4 oz., reg. 47¢, now 2 for 48¢

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☐ **REXALL ANTISEPTIC BABY OIL** or lotion, 6 oz.; or lanolated cream, 2 oz., now.....2 for 58¢

☐ **REXALL ANTISEPTIC BABY LOTION.** In 4-oz. unbreakable squeeze-bottle, now...2 for 70¢

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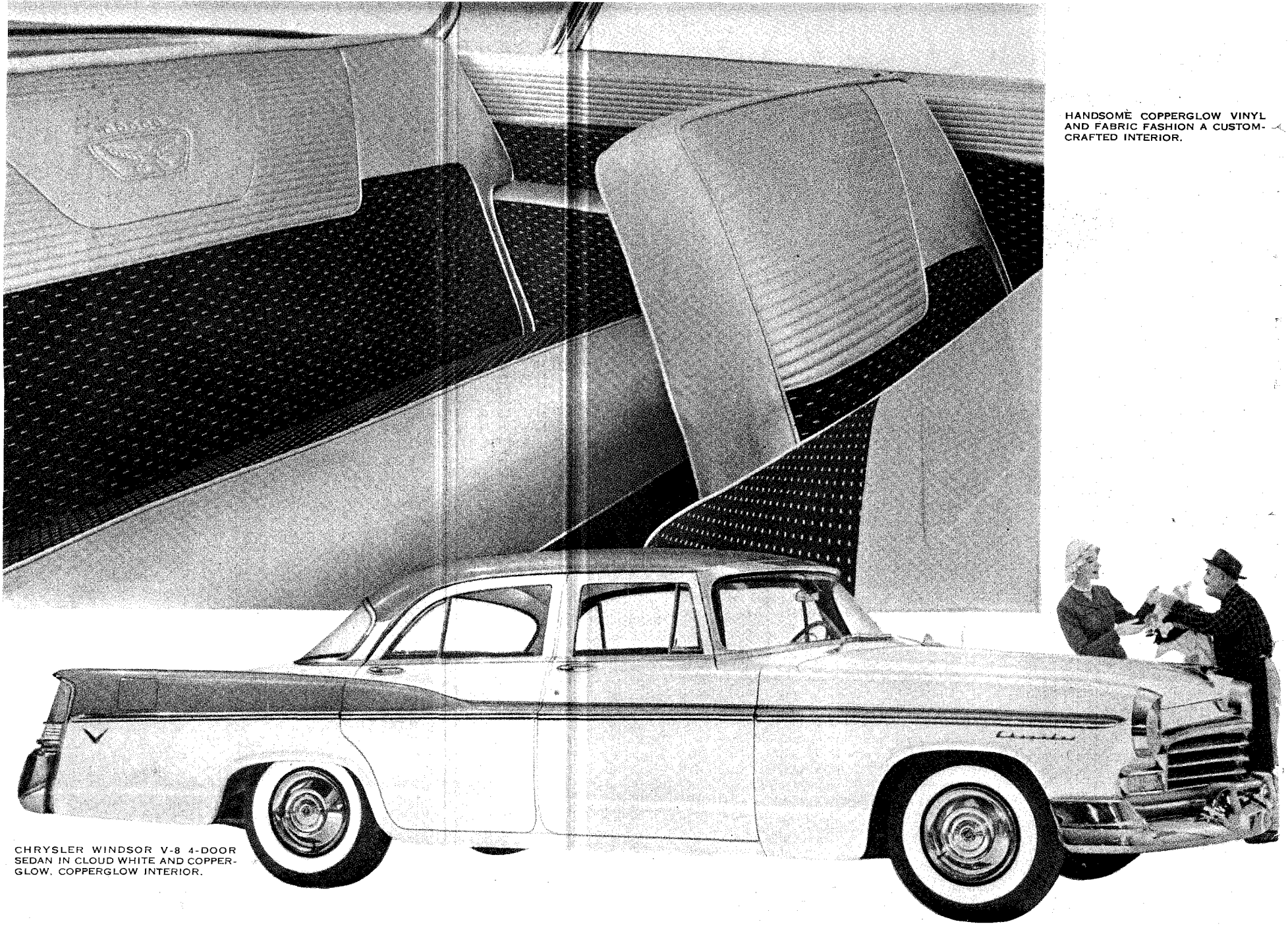

HANDSOME COPPERGLOW VINYL AND FABRIC FASHION A CUSTOM-CRAFTED INTERIOR.

CHRYSLER WINDSOR V-8 4-DOOR SEDAN IN CLOUD WHITE AND COPPERGLOW. COPPERGLOW INTERIOR.

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THE YEAR-AHEAD CAR

NEWEST CHRYSLER TRIUMPHS — these four low, lithe and lovely Windsor V-8 "Spring Specials" — guaranteed to make motoring more beautiful than ever!

Exclusive: Their radiant CopperGlow interior color styling . . . longer bodies . . . PushButton Drive Control . . . airplane-type V-8 engine . . . full-time Power Steering . . . revolutionary new brake system . . . Instant Heating System. Here, in the Year-Ahead car, is more that's new than in all competitive cars combined!

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These "Spring Special" Chrysler Windsor V-8 color creations offer the latest in luxurious interior styling blended with the smartest new car colors of the season — truly *Year-Ahead* color harmony. So if you value the newest in color-styled beauty, power, prestige . . . above all, if you appreciate *value* . . . see your Chrysler Dealer.

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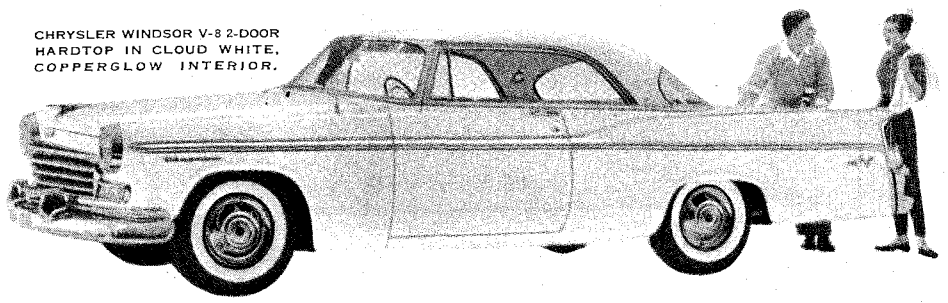

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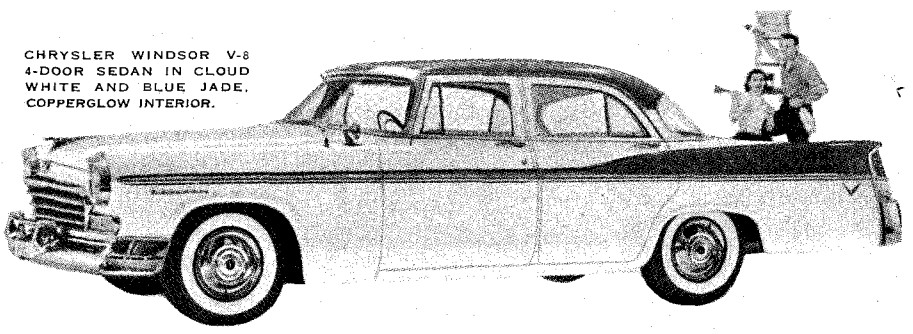

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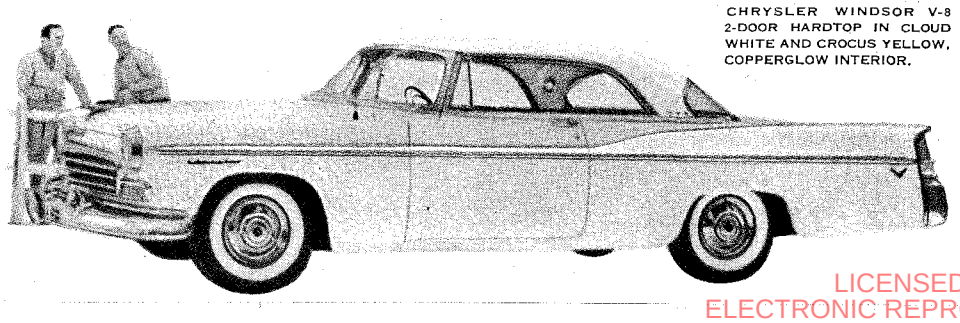

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WINDSOR V-8...BIGGEST BUY OF ALL FINE CARS

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(*Continued from Page 54*) small a town, Elmington; no chance to get ahead. So I've been here for fifteen years and made sergeant."

Ladd made a full stop at an intersection, looked both ways, went on across. He said, still tentatively, "It's not my business, but you should have made captain a long time back; maybe even chief—assistant, anyway."

"Ever see my record?" said Walt sardonically.

Ladd said, "Course not. It's none of my business."

"No secret," said Walt. "I've been suspended three times, reduced in rank three times, fired once, and reprimanded seven times."

"Sarge," said Ladd, "you do get around, don't you? What'd you do, pinch the mayor?"

"Not yet," said Walt dryly. "But I've had words with a couple of 'em. Before your time. Back when if you said 'cop' you were saying a dirty word. She was a pretty good town, there for a while, and then they got a real progressive outfit in office and all their friends came out from under the wet rocks. Pretty soon about half a damn poor force was taking care of the town and the rest were just on the take. There were a couple of rough tours in there, sonny."

"I can imagine," said Ladd.

"No, you can't. You're a wet-eared pup. But you'll learn." He picked up the clipboard, flicked on its little hooded light. He leafed through the typed cards and sheets. The usual. Stolen and missing cars. Places to be given special checking on patrol. State Police bulletins—stolen, missing, wanted; revised and amended; a couple of All Points Bulletins. Local want: missing juvenile. The name seemed familiar.

"What's the dope on this missing kid?" he asked.

"Didn't you read the log?"

"No, sonny, I didn't read the log."

"Well, you've got the name and description there. Mother works. Saw the girl at breakfast, came home tonight, kid was gone, some clothes missing, that's all. No runaway note, no nothing. No record. Mother says she never made any previous attempt to run away. That's all the pertinent dope, pop."

Walt snapped off the light. Mentally he flipped through the enormous index of memory. Shreve—Betty Shreve—juxtaposed with the address on the card. He had a picture, then, clear, sharp, full color. Good-looking girl, blond, stacked; the card said seventeen—she looked older. Let's see—five, six years ago the father had taken a walk. The mother had to go to work to feed the kids. Betty and a kid brother. Nothing much to remember about it, except that the little girl had been a real cutie-pie even then, and the mother had a chin like a rock and a tongue well edged on a bitter grindstone. Maybe the old boy had his reasons for taking a walk.

"Let's drop by Mack's place, over on Sixth," said Walt.

"It's too early to eat," protested Ladd. "And you know what the captain said about this coffeeing all the time."

"Tell 'em we're shaking doorknobs," said Walt. "If you don't want a fib on your conscience, you can do that while you wait."

"I'll take the coffee."

"Thought you would."

"How's it going?" said Mack. He brought coffee and looked at Walt. "Hear you're leaving us."

"That's right," said Walt without emphasis. "Seen anything of Betty Shreve, Mack?"

"Not a thing. She's still missing, huh?"

"Still missing. You got anything that might help us?"

"Well, no. I told the other boys all I know about it."

"Didn't she work here for you sometimes?"

"Oh, yeah, I told the plain-clothes boys all about it. Tell you what I think. I think her mother brought a lot of this on herself. She's too strict with the kid. I'll bet she just got fed up—little mad, maybe—and took off to some girl friend's place."

"Or some boy friend," said Officer Ladd Bower dryly.

"Ah, you're a cop. I been in business twenty years, same location. You meet a lot of people in twenty years. And ninety-five per cent of them are honest."

"But that other five per cent can give you a rough time," said Ladd.

"'Cause that's the kind of people a cop has to work with. She's a good girl. Anybody works for you awhile, you get to know."

"She have a boy friend?" asked Walt.

"The plain-clothes boys already talked to him before they came here."

It wasn't a hunch. An old cop knows that hunches are like salt on wild-goose tails. It was just a feeling, a tenuous thing. The plain-clothes men were cops. They had to come into Mack's place and identify themselves. Mack would co-operate, tell anything he could. But they were cops. He wasn't antagonistic, but he wasn't with them, really. Because a cop is authority and restraint and punishment.

Walt, now, he was something slightly different. Even with the blue uniform and the gun belt and the brass buttons, Mack could talk to Walt.

"Go ahead and check the car back in service," said Walt to Ladd. "I'll be along in a minute. . . . How about this boy friend, Mack?" said Walt. "Do I know him?"

"Could be. Come to think about it, he's got the same first name as you. Walter Kojaks. Good boy. But they had a kind of a blowup, here a couple weeks ago, or so. She could of done a lot worse; course, her mother didn't go for Walt at all. But I guess she's had her troubles too. You know, I kind of wonder how Mrs. Shreve went for this Gib character."

Walt brought a couple of dimes out of his pocket. "What's a gib character?"

"Oh, they call him Gib. Young feller, good-looking character. Comes in once in a while. Some kind of a photographer, I guess. He's got one of these little cameras, you know, hang around your neck; took some pictures in here a couple times. Yeah, I remember he took one of Betty one evening. Brought in a big print couple of days later." He measured off air with his hands, showing the size. "It was a good picture too. Only Walt was setting right there, and he got kind of teed off—and say, you know, that was about the time they had their blowup?"

Walt laid his money on the counter, looking at Mack. "You certainly go all around Robin Hood's barn, don't you, Mack?" he observed.

"What do you mean?" said Mack.

Walt eyed him steadily. Finally he said, "Yeah. Good coffee, Mack."

"Always is, ain't it? Any time you want a good cup of coffee you go to Mack's place."

"And if I want any information I look in the phone directory. How about this Kojak or Kohak or whatever it is?"

"Oh, he works in that all-night service station over on the next street, four or five blocks up."

"Would he be working there tonight, you know?"

"Could be. I wouldn't know."

"Course not," said Walt dryly.

Mack looked up and a slow flush came up from his open white collar. "Ah," he said, "you cops are all alike. You don't trust anybody."

"It's that five per cent," said Walt dryly. "Thanks, Mack."

"Don't need to thank me. You paid for your coffee."

Ladd Bower gunned the motor impatiently as Walt got into the prowl car. "Thought maybe you were going to spend the night," he said. "I just got a ten-twenty."

"You told them where we were, didn't you?"

"Of course." Ladd got the car in motion.

"That's all that's necessary. You see"—with the air of a schoolmaster explaining for the tenth time—"when they send out a ten-twenty signal, they want to know your location. In case there are any criminals or depredators operating in your vicinity, they can direct you to ——"

"You mean the captain cruised by in his plain car and had 'em send out a ten-twenty as a jab in the seat to get moving, you mean."

"Possible. . . . Turn right at the next corner."

"That's off our beat."

"Thurlow, about these personal calls . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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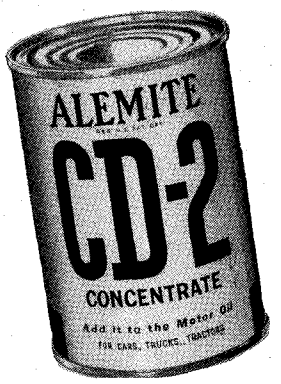

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"Officer Bower, how often must I impress it upon you that a paddlefoot cop does not argue with his superior officers?"

Ladd said through his teeth, "Yessir. Right turn at the next corner, sir. May I hope you step on a rusty nail and get lockjaw and die most horribly, sir."

"Certainly. Now up ahead you will notice an all-night service station, which you may identify by noting that all the lights are on. I want you to pull around by the grease rack and park."

Ladd gave him a look, but did as he was told. "What do I do if they give me another ten-twenty?"

"Why," said Walt, "you tell 'em I've got three large, vicious criminals cornered in a mailbox, and you're standing by while I try to bait 'em out with a piece of cheese." Ladd swore, and Walt closed the door gently.

In the glassed-in cubicle of the office, the young man in white pants and shirt sat on a metal stool and wrote figures on a ruled sheet of paper. He was a solid and husky young man, very clean, with his thick blond hair neatly combed under the jaunty white cap which looked something like a small capsized dory. He looked up, and his face subtly changed as he saw the uniform.

"Yes, sir?" he said.

"You're Walt Kojaks?"

"Yes, sir."

"You know Betty Shreve?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is that all you can say: 'Yes, sir'?" He put a deliberate bite into the words, probing for the young man's temper. He got it; a quick lift of the head, a hot and intemperate look, a tightening of the square jaw.

"What do you want me to say—sir?" They taught them to say "sir" in the service stations.

"Why, you could tell me where she is." He caught the quick shadow behind the hot look; the tenuous thing that was not a hunch started building then; suddenly something like certainty began to come.

"I don't know. I told the other co—— the other officers."

"Any idea why she went away?"

"No, sir."

Walt put a coarsely leering insinuation in his voice, "You're sure, now, that you don't know why she'd have to leave town for a few ——"

Young Kojaks came off the stool in a scream of metal legs sliding on concrete, face white, eyes blazing. He swung on Walt with a completely murderous intent, his big young athlete's body uncoiling with explosive speed. Walt was ready, but he very nearly got his head knocked loose.

He deflected the fist with his left palm, caught the hand and followed through, leading the lad's own driving power past him; then his hand clamped on the wrist, his other arm went around the young, strong body, pinning the other arm, and then he simply hung on; not fighting back with anything save his own hampering weight.

"All right, lad," he said. "All right; take it easy, now."

Abruptly young Kojaks relaxed; a fine and invisible trembling ran all through him; Walt could feel it where he touched him. Walt released him and stepped back. He heard the boom of the car door closing outside, and he swung toward the door and said to Ladd, "It's all right. Just a little misunderstanding," and closed the door on Ladd's puzzled look.

"All right, Walt," he said to young Kojaks. "By the way, did you know we've got the same first name? Not that it means anything, I guess. Now ordinarily, a policeman doesn't apologize for anything he says or does; not while he's doing his job. But I did get out of line there, and I'll apologize for it. So let's start all over. I keep it clean, you give me straight goods, O.K.?"

He put both hands behind him on the counter top, hiked himself up to sit on the counter, legs dangling, the heavy leather holster bumping solidly. He unbuttoned two buttons on his jacket and brought out cigarettes.

"Smoke?" he said.

"No," said Kojaks shortly. He reached down, righted the metal stool and seated himself, watching Walt with a level, controlled steadiness.

Walt blew a plume of smoke up against the ceiling and watched it spread. "So it was kind of serious with you and Betty."

"No," said young Kojaks.

Walt smiled faintly. "Don't snow me, son," he said.

Kojaks' steady eyes wavered, and he looked down at his big hands. He took a deep breath. "Well, kind of," he said.

"What made it blow up?"

Kojaks' palms rubbed together with a dry whispering sound.

"This Gib have anything to do with it?" asked Walt. He was watching the young hard hands, and he saw the sudden tension in the whitening knuckles, and young Kojaks raised his face and gave Walt a hot and level look.

"That no-good ——" he said through his teeth.

"What about him?" said Walt.

Kojaks' face was suddenly stolid, closed against him. He looked down at his hands. "Nothing," he said.

Walt said, "Look, son. There isn't a thing you can say or think about cops that I haven't heard a thousand times. We're a bunch of blue-coated slobs with nothing better to do than go around picking on people who can't do anything about it. The only time you see a cop is when he gives you a ticket.

"You don't see how many times a night a prowl car goes by here and looks in to see that some punk hasn't hit you over the head with a tire iron to take the till. All you see is a cop coming in here and asking you questions you don't want to answer. So let's get it straight. This girl's under age, and her mother's worried, and we've got to check it out and see to it that she's not doing something she doesn't want to do—and if she's doing something because she doesn't know any better, we've got to find that out too. How about it?"

Young Kojaks showed a face that was all misery. Misery and a stubborn, hurt anger. "I don't know where she is."

"But you know something. Who's Gib?"

The younger man's head snapped up and his voice threw out the angry pain, raw, unashamed.

"That creep! That was part of the blowup. He starts hanging around Mack's. He's one of those smooth operators. Makes like a big wheel. Says he's a free-lance photographer. I say he's a phony. He started making up to Betty, and I called him. Things were kind of sticky with me and her, anyway. She said I couldn't talk like that, and I asked her if she was blind and couldn't see plain facts. Well, anyway, that's when things kind of blew up."

A car pulled up at the illuminated gas pumps outside.

"All right," said Walt, "where would I ——"

"Got to take care of this car," said young Kojaks.

He took care of the car. Then he turned and walked reluctantly back to the office. Walt knew by his expression that he'd lost the thin thread of rapport with that interruption. He was a cop and young Kojaks was a subject.

"What's this Gib's real name?" he asked.

"I don't know, I don't want to know."

"Know maybe where he hangs out?" asked Walt.

Kojaks said aloofly, "I don't know. He said something once about staying in a hotel."

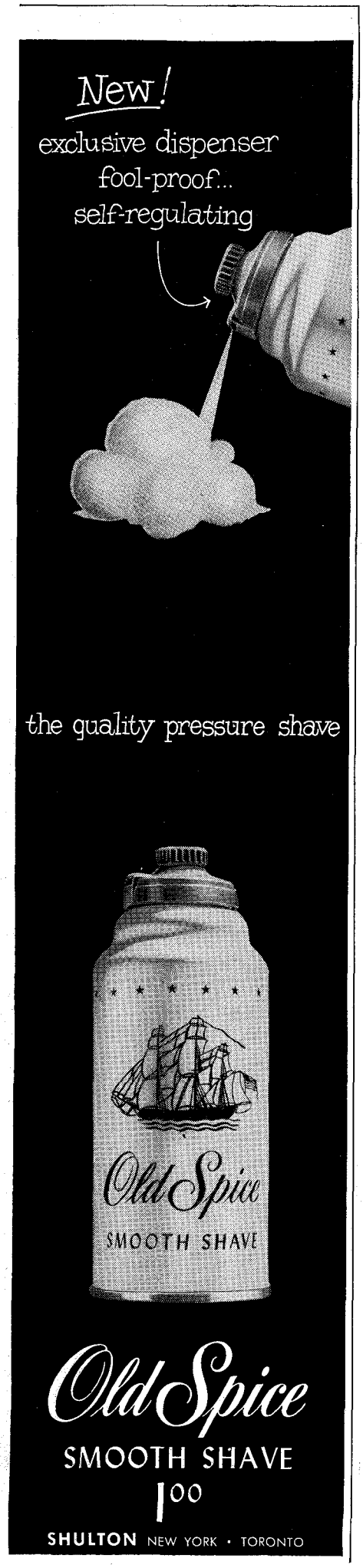
"Why didn't you tell the plain-clothes men?"

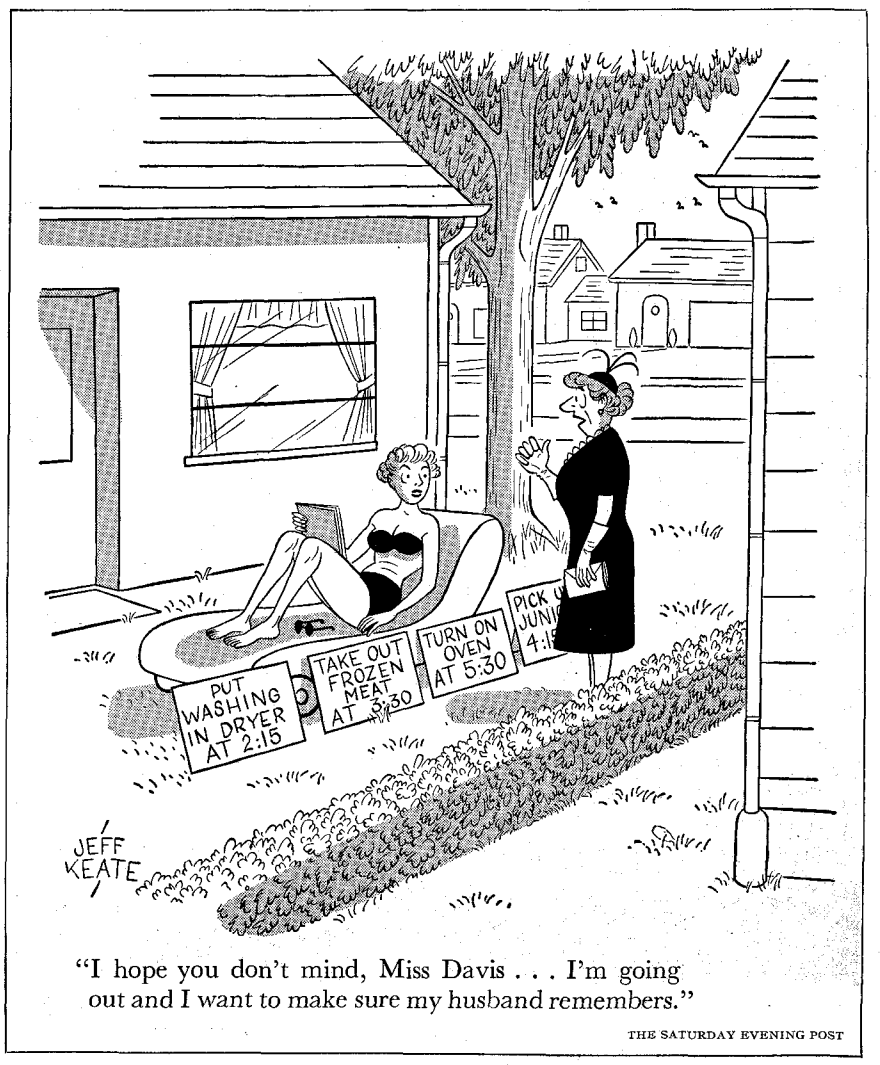
The young man gave him a cold and level look. "They didn't ask me." He wheeled with his back to Walt, and started straightening stacks of car-wax tins that didn't need straightening.

For a moment, Walt studied the wide and rigid shoulders, and he sighed. Then he slid down off the counter top and buttoned his jacket.

"All right, son," he said. "Thanks."

"For what?" said young Kojaks bitterly. (*Continued on Page 65*)





"I hope you don't mind, Miss Davis . . . I'm going out and I want to make sure my husband remembers."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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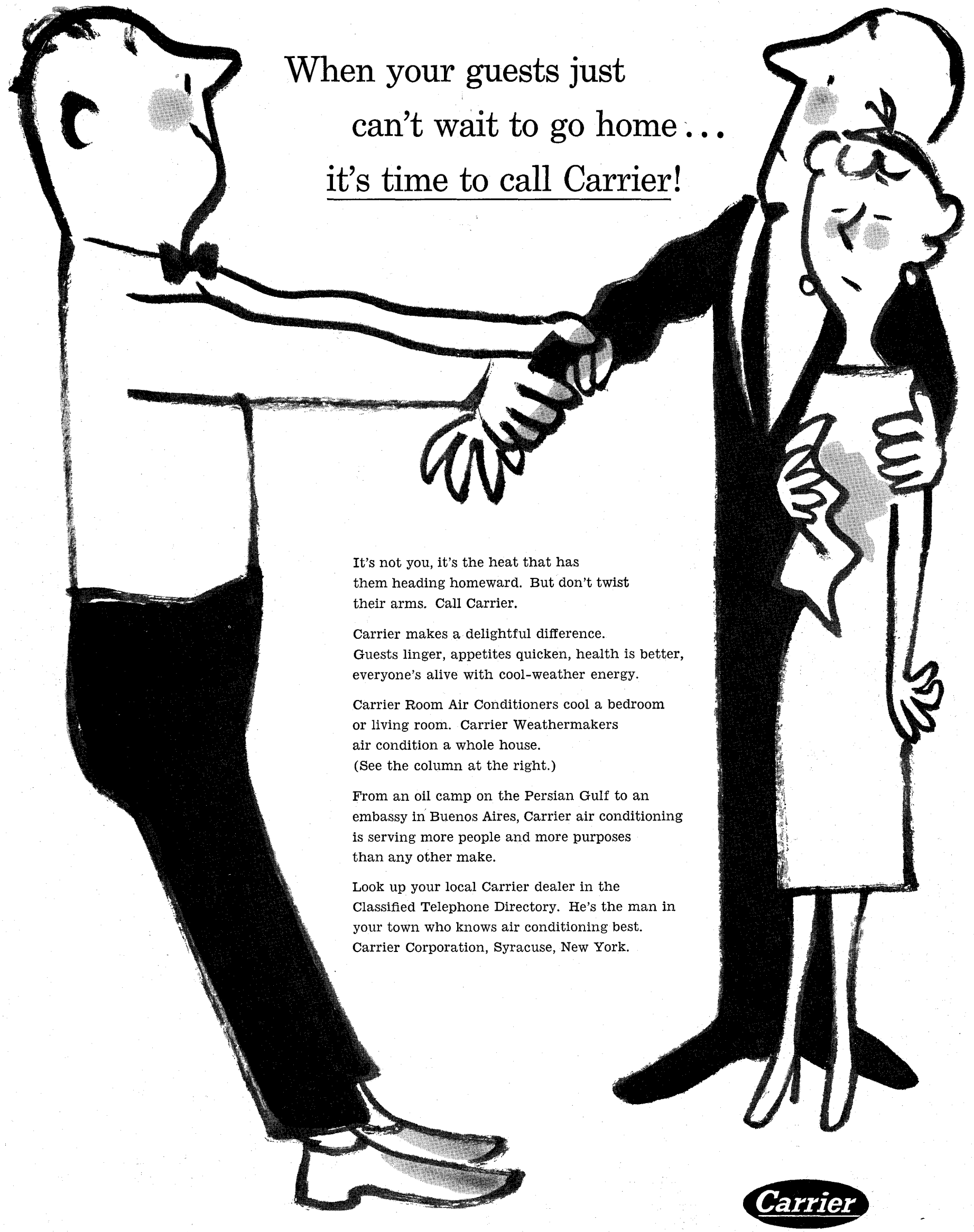

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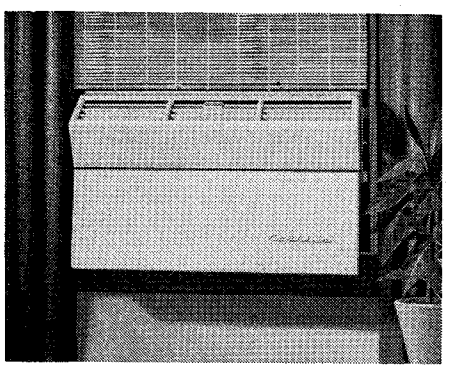

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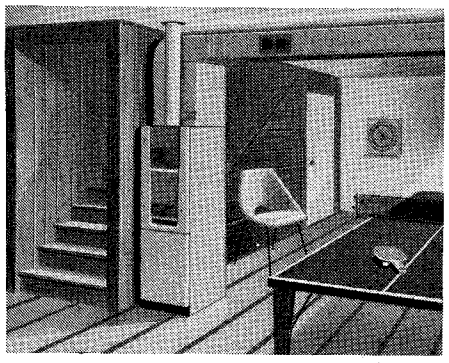

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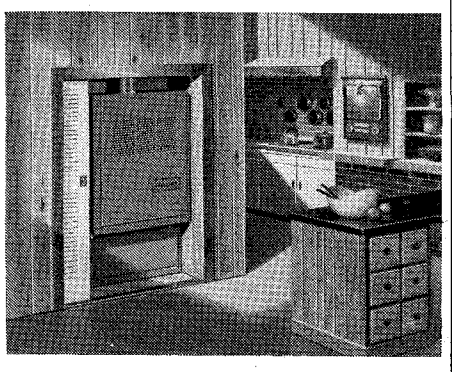

Carrier Year-round Weathermaker heats and cools the entire house. Build a new home around the Weathermaker and construction savings will help you pay for it. Or replace a worn-out furnace and modernize your present home.

Carrier

FIRST NAME IN AIR CONDITIONING

(*Continued from Page 62*) Walt got into the prowl car and sat a moment, silently running through his enormous mental file. Hotel. Not likely one of the big ones. Probably not too far from here; nobody had mentioned a car. . . . Well, there was an easy way to do it. Pick up the mike, thumb the button, give the Plainclothes Division what he had and let them take it from there.

Only he wasn't going to do it. Hell with why; he just wasn't going to do it. Walt said suddenly, "You know where the Columbia is, over on Commercial?"

Ladd Bower said not quite complainingly, not quite resignedly, "That's way off our beat, Walt. Be sensible. You've got anything, radio it in, and let's get on with our patrol. They can't touch you, but the Old Man can stack demerits on me till they fall over."

"You want a written order?" asked Walt.

Ladd gave him an outraged look and put the car in gear.

Walt got out of the car on the corner of Commercial. Ladd said nothing, looking straight ahead.

"Cruise the block," said Walt. "If you get a ten-fifteen, give me four raps on the horn, and if I'm not on the street in one minute, take off on it. If you get another ten-twenty, give 'em your location and tell 'em I'm checking something out."

"Yessir," said Ladd. He put the car in gear and rolled around the corner.

At the head of the stairs was a pair of swinging glass doors, painted opaque gray, chest-high, with COLUMBIA on one door and ROOMS on the other. Two steps up was the lobby, which contained a counter, a pigeonhole letter rack. On the counter was a gray-bound ledger, a ball-point pen secured to a chain, a stack of unstamped cards and a push button labeled NIGHT MANAGER. There was no one in the lobby.

Walt turned the ledger around. It was fastened to a chain too. He opened it, flipping through until he came to the current month. Back a couple of pages. Here, now. Fitzgerald. Gilbert Fitzgerald. Gib for Gilbert. Could be. Room 8.

A dim bulb burned at the end of the hallway. Carpeting thin, a smell of dust and disinfectant. Walt flicked his flashlight across a dark door. Transom closed above the door, but a dull glow showing light behind the painted glass. Walt knocked.

There was just the faintest of startled sounds, and then silence. Walt rapped again, not heavily, but firmly.

Silence. Then a voice, "What do you want?"

"Got a message for you, Gib." Again silence, and then the door opened a trifle, a face peered out, saw the blue jacket and brass buttons, and jerked back. Walt stopped the closing door with a foot.

"Your name Fitzgerald?"

"No. No, you've made a mistake."

"You alone here, Gib?"

"Yes, but you've made a mistake. I'm not ——"

"You won't mind if I come in, then." He straight-armed the door and his man moved back. Young. Brown hair. Face smooth, rounded, boyish—not quite chubby, but likely would be in a few years. Eyes warm, brown, watchful, wary. T shirt, trousers, stocking-footed.

The room was small. Bed, one chair, night stand by the bed, dresser. Overhead light on. A stand with two photo-flood lamps. Small camera on a tripod. Bed covered with a wide strip of some silky material, rumpled, not carelessly, but carefully casually, so that the folds caught high lights in a pattern subtly radiating from the center. Woman's handbag, large, imitation leather, on the night stand.

"Where is she?" said Walt quietly.

The brown eyes gave him a warm, sincere look. The man grinned charmingly, disarmingly. "Look, officer, I don't know what the mistake is, but ——"

"Sure," said Walt. He walked across the room, pulled open the door to the tiny bathroom. The girl was blond. Stacked. But not very proud of it at the moment. She wasn't cowering precisely, but she was slumped in an attitude of frightened defeat. Hesitantly, she stepped out into the bedroom. She was wearing a strapless one-piece white bathing suit and a ridiculous pair of high-heeled pumps. She stared at him, wide-eyed, swallowing silently.

"All right," said Walt. "Get dressed, Betty."

He felt as much as heard it, and wheeled to meet his man Gib, driving at him on silent socked feet, charming ingenuous face set in a flat and deadly mask. Walt hooked low with his left, to the belly, with a sudden fierce joy, saw the shock come on Gib's face, brought his right around. Gib rubber-legged back three steps and collapsed sitting on the bed, hugging his belly with both arms, doubling down over them suddenly to make dry, retching noises. Walt picked his cap up off the floor. He had literally ducked out from under it. He said dryly, "Want to try that again?" Gib rolled his watering warm brown eyes up at him and looked hastily away.

"All right. What's the game?" asked Walt. "You recruiting or just trying to make time for yourself—what's the pitch?"

"Wasn't—doing anything. Just taking some pictures. I never laid a finger ——"

Walt said softly, brutally, "You're going to look pretty silly telling a judge that you had a seventeen-year-old girl in your room this time of night just to snap a few pictures. Something to stick in your billfold, I suppose. You got any identification on you?"

Sullenly, Gib brought out a wallet and extended it toward Walt.

"If there's any money in it," said Walt, "take it out and hold it in your hand." Gib removed a thin pad of bills. Walt took the wallet.

There was an out-of-state driver's license and a draft card. An outdated membership card in a photographers' club. Two "art studies" in glassine folders which would have raised eyebrows at an artists' convention.

"Nice," said Walt dryly. "Some of your work?"

"No." Gib was carefully massaging his belly. "A friend gave them to me."

Walt heard the knob of the bathroom door turning. "Come on out, Betty," he said.

She came out slowly, gave Walt one darting, frightened glance, and then looked away. She was wearing a light dress with a bolero jacket, the high-heeled pumps, no stockings.

"Might as well sit down," said Walt. "Now, what's the story?"

She started to cry then, both hands to her face.

He was a cop. He'd played a part in perhaps half a hundred such sordid little playlets. He was a father too. He remembered his own Kathy at seventeen. A rage came on him that made his fingers ache with the restraint he put on them.

He said softly, "Get up, Gib."

Gib shrank back, eyes watchful and blinking.

"Don't make me fetch you, boy," said Walt still softly.

Gib got up off the bed.

Walt inclined his head toward the door, and Gib walked carefully around him, never taking his watchful look away.

"Go ahead," said Walt. "I want to make a phone call."

Dr. Mel Shetland wasn't in the room very long. He came out, gave Walt a curious look and a jerk of the head, and Walt followed him a dozen feet down the hall, and turned half away so that he would catch any movement that Gib might make.

"She's all right," said Mel softly. "What gives? And why me instead of the police doctor?"

Walt hadn't been hoping—hadn't been aware of any particular thought at all. He said dryly, "It's a long story, doc. Send the bill to me, personally."

"No charge," said Mel. He chuckled. "Did you know she was wearing a bathing suit under that dress?"

"I know," said Walt. "This is off the record, doc."

"O.K. Just tell me the whole story someday, will you? I tell you, she positively turned purple!"

"I'm afraid Johnson's resorting to pressure again."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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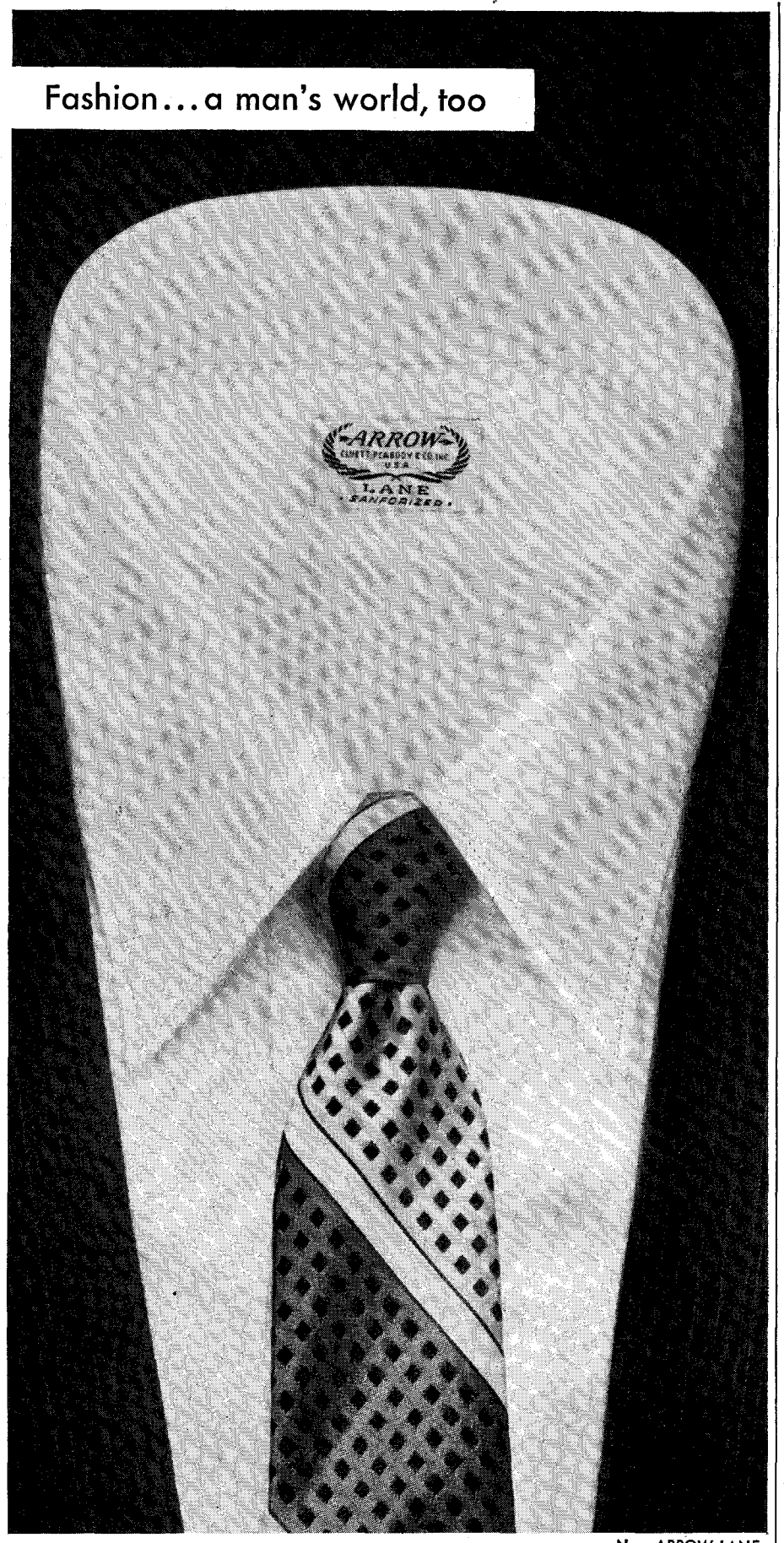

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Walt grinned wryly. "Thanks, doc. Next time I shoot somebody, I'll let you probe for the bullet. How will that be?"

"Gee, t'anks," said Mel.

He walked toward the stairway, and Walt turned back toward Gib, who came toward him and said eagerly, "See, what did he say? I told you. If he found anything it wasn't me." His voice faded under Walt's cold, relentless eye. Walt turned the doorknob. "Inside," he said.

She was again sitting in the chair, on the edge of it, her feet planted as if ready to leap up at the slightest alarm. She was staring at the opposite wall, and her face was a dark, shamed red. She did not look at either of them.

Walt said tonelessly to Gib, "Get dressed."

He turned and his elbow caught the camera. It toppled and fell into the light stand, which went down with it. One of the photo flood bulbs burst with a harsh report. Walt turned again and stepped on the camera, which crunched dismally under his heavy leather heel. He looked up at Gib's gasping, protesting sound.

"I'm clumsy," he said dryly. "Get dressed."

He waited impassively while Gib found his shoes, waited while he got his jacket.

"All right," said Walt then. "Here's the biggest break of your life. Take it. There's a bus out of the terminal about every twenty minutes. Catch one."

Gib stared. Then the idea sank in that a weight was lifting off him, and his smooth face began to fall into its familiar charming expression.

"Now, look," he said deprecatingly, smilingly protesting.

Walt said savagely, "Don't open your mouth. I told you to take the break, for what it's worth. I've got a name and a picture of you in my mind, and I don't forget. If I ever really want you, you can't go far enough or fast enough to get away from me. I'm not talking from behind a badge, and I mean every word I say. Don't let me find you—ever again."

He stepped over to the girl, and he was faintly surprised at the odd unsteadiness of his hand as he touched her on the elbow.

"Come on, Betty," he said.

She walked beside him like an automaton, looking straight ahead, stepping with careful precision in her high-heeled pumps, clutching the big handbag almost desperately with both hands. As he turned toward the corner, she turned with him, and when he stopped, she stopped, still silent, still staring straight ahead.

A minute went by, and he wondered if Ladd had got an all-cars call and he'd missed the horn signal, but a moment later, headlights came around the corner a block distant. Ladd brought the prowl car in to the curb, and Walt opened the door, tipped the seat back forward, and helped the girl climb into the narrow, shelflike rear seat. He got in and shut the door.

"This our girl?" asked Ladd.

"That's right," said Walt. He put an arm on the seat back and turned slightly toward her. "You want to talk about it now?" he said.

She sat on the narrow seat, feet close together, looking between them straight ahead out through the windshield. She said in a dry, almost whispering monotone, "He'd been asking me for a date for quite a while. He came in at Mack's place and talked to me sometimes. He told me I was too pretty to be behind that counter. He said he knew some people. Said he could get me a wonderful job. I didn't think much about it. But it made Walt mad—Walter Kojaks. He got mad and said if I went out with—him—he'd beat his ears off. We had a fight, and I got mad. And mom and I—had a fight. But I saw him—and he asked me again, and I said yes, I'd go with him and see these people. A model agency, he said."

Ladd Bower let out a long, sighing, tired breath and rolled his eyes expressively at Walt without turning his head.

"Oh," she said, "you probably think I'm a fool!"

Walt, remembering the warm and candid eyes, the sincerity of the boyish voice, said soberly, "Well, yes. But I expect he's fooled smarter people than you."

Betty said tiredly, "I don't know how I'll face mom."

"Well, she'll be pretty worried, I expect. So's Walt—young Kojaks."

There was an almost frightened urgency in her dry, papery voice, "Does he—does Walter know about this?"

"Well, he knows you're missing. And he had a hunch who you were with."

The girl's face, in the dimness of the moving car, was chalky white. "I want to see him," she said. "Please let me see him. He's working tonight, isn't he? I've got to make him understand, don't you see?"

"All right," said Walt. Ladd resignedly turned at the next corner.

They pulled up by the grease rack. Walt got out, tilted the seat back forward and let Betty out. "Five minutes," he said.

Young Kojaks wheeled inside the glass cubicle, as they came up. He stood stiffly, staring, as Betty got out and walked around the prowl car.

Ladd asked, "What'd you do with the character she was with?"

"Took his name and address, and floated him."

Ladd said resignedly, "I can just see myself now, tramping snow up to my knees, next Christmas Eve, down some dark alley, shaking doorknobs, back on rookie pay."

"Oh, hush your big mouth," said Walt. He could see them talking inside. He saw Betty pouring out the words he couldn't hear, saw the passionate pleading on her face, saw the stiffness that came on young Kojaks. He saw Betty sit down on the metal stool, looking up at young Kojaks, and then begin to cry. He saw Kojaks' arm go around her shoulders, leaning over her, soothing, comforting, taking a clean white handkerchief from his clean white uniform trousers and giving it to her. Then he turned and went to the telephone in the corner.

"Now what?" wondered Ladd audibly. Walt got out of the car.

Young Kojaks finished his call, hung up and turned back. He gave Betty a tight, thin smile, and gently touched her cheek with the back of his hand. Then he strode to the door and came out onto the lighted concrete to meet Walt. He looked big and young and tough and somehow confident.

"You taking Betty to jail?" he demanded.

"No," said Walt.

"Then I'm taking her home."

"Oh, you are," said Walt dryly.

"I am. She's not going to face her mother alone. Let her lay it on me. I've got a strong back."

"It's not your affair," said Walt. "And she's not going to gain a thing by lying to her mother."

"It is my business, and she's not lying. If I'd clobbered that creep when I first felt like it, maybe it wouldn't have happened. I've called the night relief man. Then I'm going to take Betty home."

Walt stood studying the man closely, carefully. There were two or three things wrong with the idea. There was one big thing right about it. He stood a long moment, probing with his eyes, weighing what he saw in young Kojaks.

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"All right," he said finally, soberly. "Good luck."

Just as soberly, young Kojaks said, "Thank you, sir."

Ladd Bower watched him carefully, judiciously, as he got back into the car. Ladd made no motion to start the car.

"Sarge," he said, "I don't want you to think I'm getting out of line. But would you mind just giving me a teensy-weensy hint as to just what the hell is going on around here?"

"Well," said Walt, picking up the clipboard, "it's a long story. So suppose you put it down as an old man's whim, sonny. And then you can drive this city-owned vehicle on patrol, the way you've been bleeping all night. Patrol, Officer Bower, patrol."

"Yessir," said Officer Ladd Bower resignedly.

Ladd swung the car into the department parking lot. Walt took the clipboard and got out.

He didn't let himself feel anything. He had the sequence of motion laid out and went through with it. He went on through to the duty desk and dropped the clipboard on the desk. He unbuckled the heavy belt, with its swinging, dangling holster. He thrust a finger through the trigger guard, pressed the concealed stud, and the clamshell holster snapped open. He thumbed the release on the big pistol, swung the cylinder out and ejected the live cartridges into his hand, snapped the cylinder closed, placed it and closed the holster. He unpinned his badge, removed his cap insigne, placed that little handful on the desk.

"Give me a receipt," he said to the desk man.

"Sure," said the desk man. He slid out a drawer and brought out a property sheet with a receipt already attached to it. "Handcuff keys," he said apologetically.

Walt grunted, got his key ring and unshipped the small key.

"O.K.," said the desk man. He signed and dated, stood up, the receipt in one hand, the other coming out. "Sorry to see you go, Walt. Been a long time."

"It has that," said Walt. He shook hands and took the receipt.

Almost as an afterthought, the sergeant said, "Oh, the chief wants to see you, Walt."

"All right," said Walt, not quite wondering. All right, maybe the chief had something to tell him. And maybe he had something to tell the chief.

The chief was a big man, portly, with a ready smile. He didn't smile now. He looked up, said, "Good morning, Millard. Sit down."

Walt sat down. The chief closed a folder, slid it aside and swung his chair a trifle. "It says here you've resigned," he said.

"That's right," said Walt.

"You quit because I turned down your transfer to Plain-clothes." It wasn't quite a question.

"That's right."

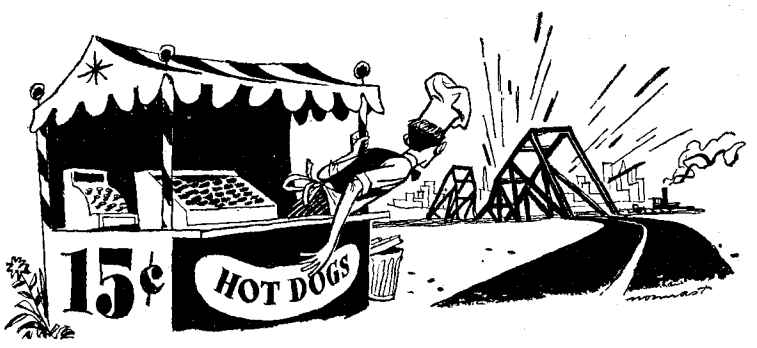
"So you set out to make monkeys out of the plain-clothes boys tonight."

It jarred Walt, but he kept his face impassive under the chief's shrewd watchful eyes.

"Not sure I follow you," he said noncommittally.

"They picked up your friend Fitzgerald down at the bus depot half an hour after you turned him loose."

Walt kept his face unmoving under that second jolt, but he tasted a wry bitterness. Probably he'd loused things for real now. But he waited expressionlessly.



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Pete's hot-dog concession on a popular resort island connected with a large city by a bridge was a real gold mine. Early one summer, just after he stocked it up, however, a huge freight barge rammed through the bridge and wrecked it. The barge also wrecked Pete's summer business, or so it seemed. He sued the barge owners.

"Their negligence in ramming the bridge makes it impossible for my usual customers to come buy my hot dogs," he argued, "so they should pay me for what I have lost."

"But we did not ram Pete's hot-dog stand," counsel for the barge owners replied. "While we owe the state for what it costs to fix its bridge, we owe Pete nothing. He'll just have to eat his unsold hot dogs for solace."

If you were the judge, would you pay Pete?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Pete lost. The court pointed out that the wrongdoer in such instances is responsible to the owner of the damaged property, but not to others whose businesses may depend upon the property.

Based upon a 1945 New Jersey decision.

WHY GROPE YOUR WAY LIKE THIS IN FOG?

Get a pair of G-E *All-Weather* Headlamps . . . see better in any weather

Uncontrolled upward light bounces off moisture particles, causes kick-back glare, blinds driver.

G-E filament shield controls upward light, reduces kick-back glare, makes seeing easier.

NEW General Electric *All-Weather* Headlamps are so revolutionary they make all ordinary headlamps inadequate.

With ordinary headlamps, upward light is uncontrolled. This light is reflected back into your eyes by millions of tiny moisture particles—that is why seeing at night in fog, rain, or snow is so difficult. New G-E *All-Weather* Headlamps have a special shield over the lower beam filament that blocks out uncontrolled upward light. Kick-back glare is reduced to a minimum . . . you can see the road ahead more clearly.

On clear nights, the upper beam filament which is purposely not shielded, puts light farther down the road. You can see curves, dips and obstacles in time to slow down.

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Replace your present headlamps with a pair of new G-E *All-Weather* Headlamps. They can be quickly installed and accurately aimed for a surprisingly modest cost. Ask for them by name: G-E *All-Weather* Headlamps.

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DEFICIENCIES ARE HARD TO DIAGNOSE until they reach the stage of disease. Your own symptoms may not be so definite. At first you may simply miss your old feeling of well-being. Or you may find yourself envying the pep and personality of your popular friends.

"NERVES" MAY BE A SYMPTOM. Nutritionists now blame deficiencies of B-complex vitamins for certain nervous upsets. If you're jumpy or on edge because you lack B_1 and B_2, you may feel results, and fast, with Rybutol.

ONE HIGH-POTENCY RYBUTOL GELUCAP a day supplies 15 times your minimum requirement of vitamin B_1 and 3 times your vitamin B_2.

YOU GET 11 VITAMINS, 9 MINERALS, including 100% of your daily requirement of vitamin C, 100% of your iodine, eight B-complex vitamins including folic acid and B_{12}; and iron, liver and yeast!

SO POTENT IS THIS RYBUTOL formula that it can be sold with this unprecedented guarantee (made by the Vitamin Corporation of America, who have constantly improved the famous Rybutol formula).

FEEL PEPPIER IN 7 DAYS, OR MONEY BACK! Only *you* can tell how you feel—and this guarantee makes *you* the judge. It applies to both forms of Rybutol: the easy-to-take Gelucaps, and a special Liquid Rybutol with fewer supplementary ingredients but a very high potency of iron—680% of the minimum daily requirement; plus 6 B-vitamins including B_{12} and high-potency B_1 and B_2.

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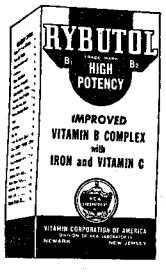

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The chief said almost admiringly, "They told me you were a tough cop."

Walt said nothing, watching him. The chief grimaced and pushed himself back in his chair. "Damn you hardheads," he said. "You think because you're a good cop you're the only cop on the force."

"No," said Walt, "I never thought that."

"Damn near," retorted the chief. "You've got me on your list, too, haven't you?"

Walt said nothing. The chief looked at him steadily, and then let out a long, gusty sigh. "I just finished the report from the team that was working the case. You didn't help them a damn bit. They had to talk to the girl and then wake up Doctor Shetland again to talk to him. You just made a hell of a lot more work for everybody and didn't really change a damn thing. By rights I hadn't ought to let you quit. I ought to fire you at high noon on the front steps to City Hall."

Walt eyed him a moment, then stood up. The chair legs scraped as his knees pushed it back.

"Sit down," said the chief.

Walt said, "I've already quit. I'm listening on my own time."

"Sit down, dammit," said the chief conversationally. "I can dump this in the wastebasket and file charges in five minutes. Sit down and listen."

Walt sat down slowly, stiffly, not relaxing, keeping his unemotional, unforgiving look on the chief's broad face.

The chief said, "Let's swing this deal around and have a look at it from my side, just for the record. All right, I'm the man with the gun, holding it to your head—you and every other cop on the force. I'm a trouble shooter. I was brought in here to straighten out a mess. I've got to pick up the whole department like a sack and shake all the rotten apples out. You're a good cop, you claim; fifteen years. All right, I'm a good cop, and I've got thirty-five years under my belt. From rookie pounding the toughest beat in one of the toughest towns you ever saw on up to the top desk. So I'm a tough cop too.

"Besides shaking out the bad apples, I've got to shake the best ones up on top. Not just good ones; the best ones. O.K.; here's your record. You've been busted and suspended and reprimanded so many times that on the face of it I ought to fire you like a shot. But the word comes to me you're a good cop; a tough cop. You'd pinch your own grandmother if she broke one on your beat."

Walt stared at him stonily, denying nothing, conceding nothing.

The chief went on, "So you're past the first test. You're not a bad apple. You're a cop. No friends, no favors. Right down the line, by the book. Only a book cop isn't always my notion of a good cop. My idea of a good cop is one who'd pinch his own grandmother not because it's in the book, but because it's absolutely necessary. And it's how he decides it's necessary that decides for me why he's a good cop. But all I see of you is that you're a tough cop by the book. Your record stinks. So when it's a choice between you and Joe Blow—why, Joe's a good cop, too, and his record doesn't stink, and he goes up."

"That's why I quit," said Walt.

The chief kept his wide-set eyes on him and nodded slowly. "I know," he said. "I see your side, even when you don't see mine. And it appears I did make a mistake." He reached into a drawer and slid a leather folder across the desk. He said quietly, "Somebody's got his ears open over at the D.A.'s office."

Walt picked up the folder and opened it. The gold badge inside was small and flat. Opposite it in the folder was a cutout slot for a card.

"The D.A. says that if you're quitting the Uniformed Division, he wants you on his special squad," said the chief. "I can't offer you anything like it."

Walt kept his face expressionless, but he could feel a pulse begin to pound in his throat. The D.A.'s special squad was strictly a blue-ribbon outfit. They reported through his office, and it had been the nucleus of that squad, through the D.A. and a special grand jury, which had lowered the boom on the late unlamented administration. It was a little like being slugged with a solid-gold sap. He looked into the chief's considering eyes.

Something hung in the air, a thing so nebulous as to defy any identification, but the sense of its presence was strong and real to Walt.

"Give me the rest of it," he said.

The chief seemed subtly to relax without moving a muscle. "That's all," he said. "If I tear up this resignation, you go back downstairs and pick up the same old sergeant's nickel-plated badge. I can't even give you a captaincy. The list is filled and there won't be an opening for another six months."

"And what then?"

"I wouldn't know. Maybe I won't be here then."

"Who will?"

The chief grinned suddenly. "Who's the best cop in the department—besides you?"

"Ben Watterson," said Walt instantly. Then his eyes narrowed. "He's going to be the next chief."

"I didn't say that."

"No. You didn't." He stared at the chief, probing at the bland shrewdness. The chief looked steadily back.

"I was on the last list too," said Walt.

The chief nodded. "With a strong recommendation from Ben. So I looked at the record. You got promoted when Ben was your precinct captain. The only tour you ever served without a black mark was under Ben. So maybe Ben's your patsy—on the record. I went around you. By the time I knew Ben, the list was filled and you were still just a good book cop. I'm not apologizing."

Walt considered, not taking his eyes off the chief's. Carefully he rang each coin of the stack against the marble block of experience. Mentally he weighed them against hard-won knowledge. And then he said slowly, "What changed your mind?"

"Why," said the chief, "there was a girl missing. I won't say you did it right, I won't say it was done wrong. But I know what you did. You went straight at it, like a dog to a bone, and you did it faster than the boys who know how. And when you got there, you didn't look in the book, for once. I don't say it was my way or the right way. It wasn't the book way. It was your way. That's what decided me. I'd like to be able to say, 'That's my kind of cop. I wish I had him with me now.'"

Walt stood up. He reached across, opened the file folder and lifted off his letter of resignation. He scanned it, and, not looking up, asked, "What happened to the kids?"

"Nothing. The plain-clothes team didn't get Fitzgerald into the picture till they got to a friend of the girl's who was out of town till midnight. Then they got a line on him and got to the apartment about thirty minutes behind you. Another team picked him up at the bus station. They double-checked and triple-checked, and I guess he's pretty well wrung out. He just caught a later bus, is all."

Walt carefully tore the letter across, doubled it and tore again.

"All right," he said.

The chief grinned. "Good," he said. Then he wiped the grin off and sat down. Broad, bolt upright and impersonal. "I'm damned," he growled, "if I know why I go to all this trouble. Get out of here, sergeant. I'm posting you for the graveyard shift. Go get your sleep."

"Yes, sir," said Walt. He turned away, and then back, and he said, "Oh, chief."

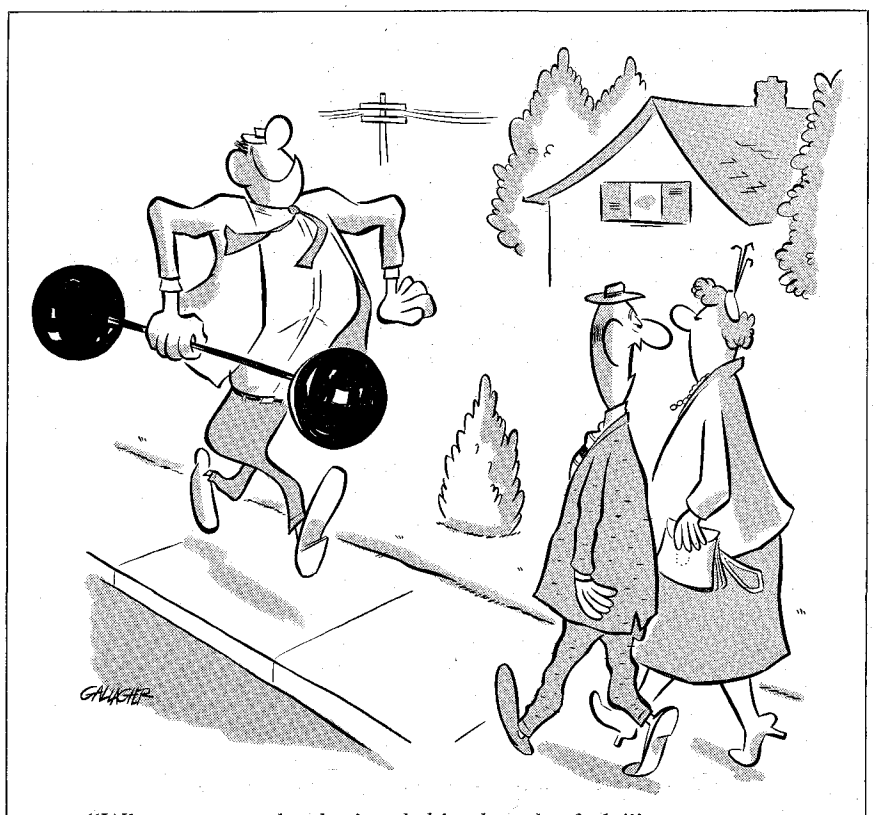
The chief looked up.

Walt grinned broadly. "If Ladd Bower draws any demerits over this—why, just put 'em on my tab, eh? I mean, a few more won't ——"

"Get out of here!" said the chief, but his broad lips twitched.

Walt saluted and left. Quite suddenly he was in a hurry to get home. Ellie would want to know. He whistled cheerfully as he went down the long, steep stairway.

THE END



"Whatever you do, don't ask him how he feels!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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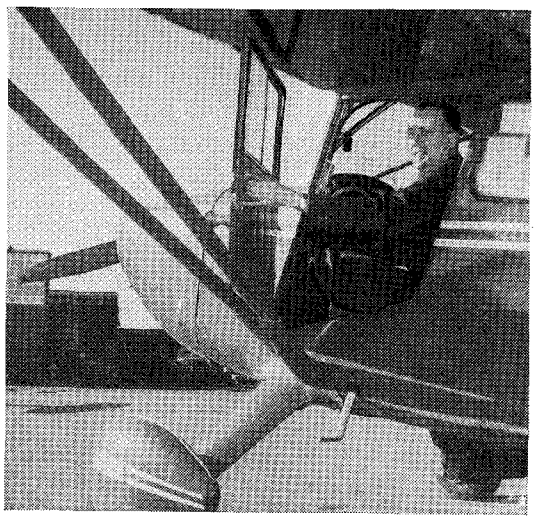
There's a little bit of Wausau in the new spirit of St. Louis

A WAUSAU STORY / by MARTIN L. DUGGAN, News Editor
St. Louis Globe-Democrat

"'Wausau'. It's an unusual name. It caught my eye in a magazine ad. The message asked: 'How come one of the world's most important insurance companies is located in Wausau, Wisconsin?'

"If you read that first Wausau story you discovered how a warm and refreshing way of doing business in that fishing and hunting country made business friends all over the country. And how Employers Mutuals of Wausau became known as 'good people to do business with.'

"Now, of course, the Wausau story goes across the country. A little bit of Wausau has found its way into the life of cities in all 48 states. It's a human interest news story that I'm reporting here as I found it in talks with Employers Mutuals' men and women and their policyholders in St. Louis. As an editor interested in my city's own welfare I'm happy to see a little bit of Wausau in the new spirit of St. Louis."



"How far can you go for a policyholder? I found that Robert Musser, St. Louis branch sales manager went (above) a considerable distance off the ground to give an Employers Mutuals policyholder some unusual service. When one of his policyholders, an electric power company, mentioned that they were having trouble inspecting some rather inaccessible rural power lines for liability hazards, Bob had the answer. Inspect the whole set-up by *air*. Because Bob happens to be a pilot, he offered to take up the company manager on the first flying inspection trip to show him how it could be done. They flew up and down the power lines spotting fire dangers and other liability hazards. I'd say this was going out of your way to give some mighty good personal service. But it's the Wausau way of doing business."

"'He was like a member of our own company,' Mr. J. E. Latta (right), told me in referring to Roy Wennemann (left), the Employers Mutuals' safety engineer. Roy worked with Mr. Latta's construction company during the building of the unique new 5½ million dollar Airport Terminal building at Lambert—St. Louis Municipal Airport. With soaring domes vaulting a great glass enclosed area, this building presented many new problems. Wennemann planned an accident prevention program right from the blue print stage. Safety kept pace with the new concept of design and construction. Said Mr. Latta: 'There's no doubt that the conscientious work of the Employers Mutuals' representative encouraged my men to be more careful. He sized up the dangers and suggested measures to prevent accidents.' Bob Helberg, St. Louis branch manager for Employers Mutuals said that it is this kind of foresighted accident prevention program that means lower cost to policyholders. This is characteristic of the Wausau way of doing business."

"Home for Christmas—the Wausau way. As a newspaper man I was interested in something that happened last Christmas time at the St. Louis railroad station. Employers Mutuals' Nurse Cora Snodell sees that paraplegic patient Aaron Simons gets home to his folks in Minneapolis for Christmas. Aaron was hurt on a job covered by an Employers Mutuals' workmen's compensation policy. He is receiving care at a rehabilitation hospital in St. Louis. But Employers Mutuals' interest in him goes far beyond providing him with the best physical care. I learned the Wausau way is to go *all the way* in giving unexcelled service on claims. Nurse Snodell in her morale building work with Aaron Simons is pretty typical of that Wausau attitude."

Employers Mutuals, with offices in 90 cities, writes all lines of fire and casualty insurance. We are one of the largest in the field of workmen's compensation. For further information see your nearest representative or call us in Wisconsin on our special line, Wausau 2-1112.

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"Good people to do business with"

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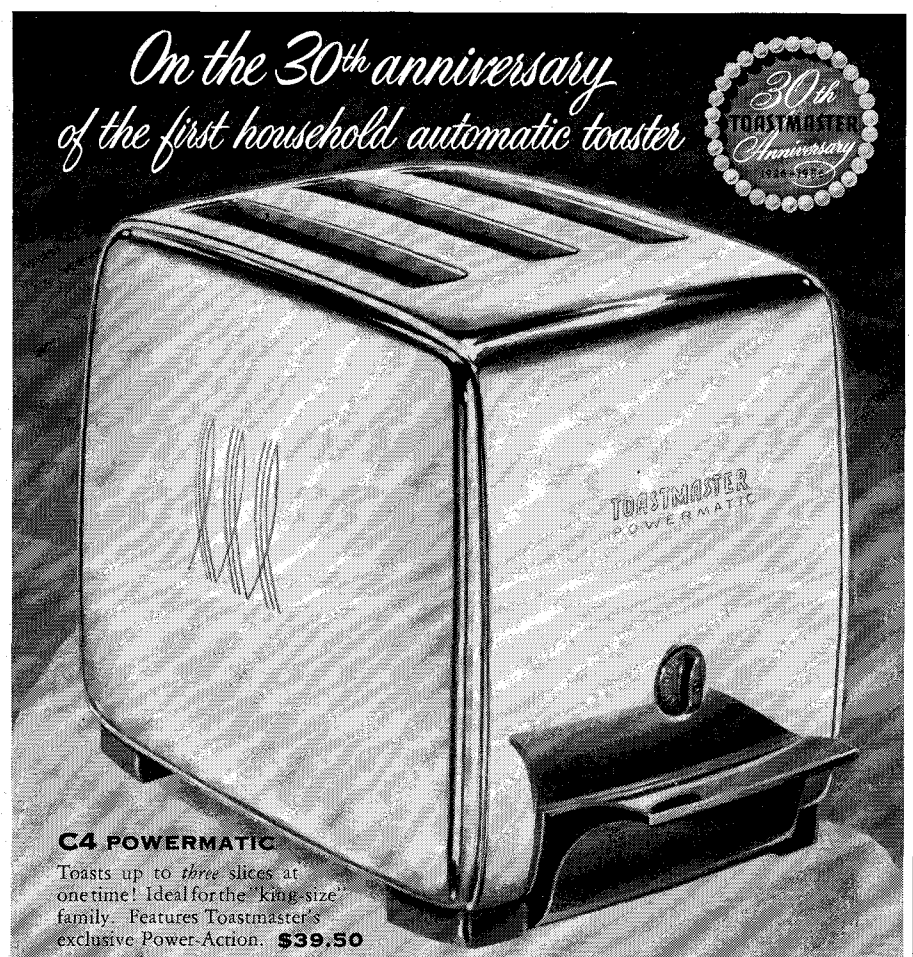

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Your choice of 5 models... $17.50 to $39.50

You must get more from Toastmaster. Because more people own Toastmaster Toasters than any other kind.

More experience. Way back in 1926, "Toastmaster"* introduced America's first automatic toaster for home use. It was the finest then. Just as the Toastmaster Toaster is the finest now.

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More models. Today, after 30 years and 12 million Toastmaster Toasters, you have your choice not of one model but of *five*. In one-, two-, and three-slice sizes that suit every personal or gift-giving need.

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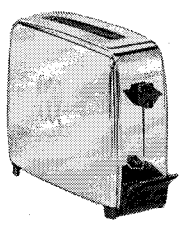
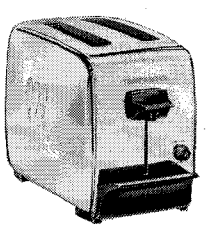
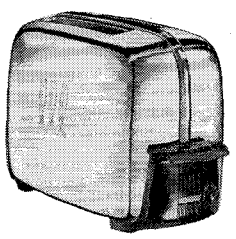


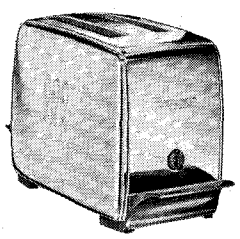
A6 AUTOMATIC—Just right for the small family or the person living alone. Stows away anywhere. Makes one perfect slice every time—light, dark, or in-between. **$17.50**



B18 AUTOMATIC—America's most compact 2-slice toaster. Up to 40% smaller, yet full-size in performance. Designed for modern, space-saving living. **$22.50**



B14 AUTOMATIC—This model has many millions of satisfied users. Extra-high toast pop-up. Push-button crumb tray. Large, cool handles for easy lifting. **$17.95**



B16 POWERMATIC—World's most distinctly different toaster. Power-Action lowers bread automatically, toasts it, and serves it up fast—*all by itself!* **$27.50**

All prices are manufacturer's recommended retail or Fair Trade prices.

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Honeymoon Hazard (Continued from Page 36)

One of these days, Clint thought, avoiding the startled milkman's reproachful eyes. *One of these days.*

Uncle Bob seemed to bear a charmed life at the wheel of his car, just as he did in the deals he always had going. He had retired from the presidency of his department store eight years ago, and in an unguarded moment had once admitted making more money since his "retirement" than in all the rest of his life. He had speculated in tungsten mines, war-surplus truck engines, Spanish olive oil, a run-down radio station and a couple of hotels, in the deals that Clint knew about. All had paid off handsomely.

Uncle Bob was an original, a problem to his business associates as he was to his family. "Man's got to keep busy," he had once told Clint, "and I'm a man who likes to steer his own deals." He had also said, several times, that he had never had an accident with an automobile.

Mr. Zachary was not really Clint's uncle. He was the grandfather of the girl Clint was going to marry next week, but he insisted that everybody call him Uncle Bob. It was sharp psychology, and typical of him. You could argue with a man you called "Mister," but when good old Uncle Bob took charge, everyone stood aside respectfully.

Nearing the driveway of his daughter's house, Uncle Bob took the inside lane and signaled a proper left turn, but Clint knew what was coming. It did. At the last minute, the old man veered right and then came around in a magnificently unsafe left turn that would have disgraced the driver of a four-horse hayrack. He vanished safely down the lane, however, and by the time Clint reached the house, the tall, white-haired old man was waiting for him beside the gray sedan.

It always enraged Clint, the way Uncle Bob neglected a fine car, but he liked and admired the old man. If only he would not try to run everybody's life!

"Hello, son. How's the real-estate game?" Uncle Bob said affectionately. "Tell them you're quitting yet?"

"No, sir," Clint said, feeling like a heel. "The gang at the office gave us a beautiful tray for a wedding gift. I couldn't very well quit on them after that."

"Of course you could! As soon as you and Pat get back from your honeymoon, you're coming in with us. It's a family store, Clint. You need it and it needs you."

The front door slammed, and Pat Fowler came running down the walk to them. Pat had her grandfather's blue eyes and clear, healthy skin. She also had quite a bit of the old man's deceptively yielding, steely will. Pat looked like a clinging vine, but she did not really cling. Pat gripped.

She came into the crook of Clint's arm and kissed him possessively. "Hi, cutie!" she said. To her grandfather she went on, "Uncle Bob, go tell mamma she needs you. Clint and I have to firm up our honeymoon plans before the awful, awful family gets here."

Uncle Bob looked at her sleek bare legs. "When I was your age, a decent girl would have died before appearing in shorts like that. When I think of all my generation missed ——"

"You're a lewd old man who never missed anything," said Pat, "but run along, darling, we've got to talk."

"No, you don't, baby. I've got a surprise for you."

The look the old man gave her, Clint thought, had in it the purest and most selfless love of which the human spirit is capable. Pat was more than the old man's favorite grandchild. She was his whole life. It was hard to call anyone as sharp as Uncle Bob Zachary a doting grandpa, but where Pat Fowler was concerned, he was pretty close to it.

"You kids can have the ranch," Uncle Bob went on. "I phoned Shugard last night and told him to open the lodge and catch up a pair of saddle horses and rig some trout rods. Mrs. Shugard will do your cooking. You'll have the lodge to yourselves for the whole two weeks!"

Pat gave Clint a quick, warning look, and Clint got an uneasy feeling. He wished there were some way to avoid clashing with the old boy, but between Uncle Bob and Pat, too many of his decisions had been made for him lately. They were both taking it for granted that he would come into the store, like the husbands of the two other girls, and maybe he would. On the other hand, maybe he wouldn't. And surely a man's own honeymoon was his to plan.

"But I thought Wolf and Sharon were going up to the ranch next week, Uncle Bob," he said.

"Oh, them?" Uncle Bob cried. "They can go any time! It doesn't matter when Wolf takes his vacation."

Sharon was one of Pat's older sisters. Her husband, Wolf Senn, was assistant treasurer at the store. Pat's other sister, Ardeth, was married to Neill O'Kennedy, who managed the men's-wear department. Pat's father had succeeded Uncle Bob as president. If it was not exactly a family department store, it was at least a department-store family.

"But Wolf's the fisherman," Clint said carefully. "By the time he gets up to the ranch, the trout season will be over."

"There'll be other trout seasons. You've never fished much, have you? Let Pat show you how! She's an artist with light tackle."

"Pat," said Clint, "seems to be showing me how to do just about everything lately."

He had not meant to say it, and he was glad that Uncle Bob did not notice. But Pat did. She said swiftly, "We can talk about it later, Uncle Bob. Now why don't you go away somewhere, like a good kid?"

Uncle Bob whistled cheerfully as he went up the drive. Clint squatted down, not meeting Pat's blue eyes, and sifted some gravel through his fingers.

He did not have long to wait. "Let's get it over with," Pat said. "You're burned up about something. What?"

"The usual," Clint said.

"The job?"

"Among other things."

Pat leaned against Uncle Bob's car and crossed her lovely white ankles. "Be reasonable!" she said. "Did you intend to sell real estate all your life?"

"No. And I might enjoy working for your family," Clint said. "It's just that I don't quite like having it handed to me like greetings from my draft board."

There was a brief silence. He knew Pat was trying hard to understand, but no one in this family could understand anyone not liking everything about it.

"I think I know, darling," she said at last, "and if Uncle Bob were a heel, I'd say your attitude was right. But he believes in giving someone a job and letting them strictly alone. You know that, don't you?"

"In a way, I suppose I do."

"Then, darling, what's the matter? Maybe this is just some of that last-minute bachelor indecision you read about—is that it? Maybe things have moved too fast for you. Maybe you don't really want to get married at all."

Neill and Ardeth and their three kids drove into the yard. Neill was a big, quiet

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man who had played pro football before his marriage. He seemed happy, and no doubt he was, but Clint always had an impression of wasted power when he saw Neill O'Kennedy. All his life somebody had been calling signals for the big fellow. Now he was taking them from Pat's smart, pretty, ambitious elder sister.

"Neill, doesn't it make you ill to see anyone as radiant as these two?"

"It isn't radiance. It's peeve," said Pat. "Clint and I are having a little spat."

Ardeth thought it was a joke, but Neill seemed to sense the truth. "Let's get the house apes out of sight, before they get wise to what happens to married people, sugar," he said.

He herded his children ahead of him toward the house. Ardeth lingered to talk to Pat about a cousin from Baltimore who was going to be at the wedding. Ardeth, the oldest of the three Fowler girls, was a born clanswoman, a tribal executive who kept track even to the fourth and fifth generations. This was what Pat would be like in a few years, and at the moment, Clint could not decide whether this was good or bad. He liked Ardeth very much, but ——

While the girls stood talking, Wolf and Sharon drove in. Wolf had a new red sports car, very foreign, very powerful, very smart and rakish-looking. It fitted him like a tailored coat, because Wolf looked like an émigré count. He, too, was foreign, powerful, smart and rakish-looking.

Clint liked Neill O'Kennedy, but he only hoped that Pat wouldn't insist on seeing too much of Wolf and Sharon after they were married. This was one reason he did not want to get between Wolf and his trout. A man was always fairer to people he disliked.

And Wolf was easy to dislike. Neill at least ran a department down at the store. Wolf was born to be somebody's adjutant. An efficient assistant treasurer now, he would, given time, rise to be assistant to some future president of the store. His special dilemma was that he could not tell who the future president was. He had noticed how fond Uncle Bob was of Clint. He was even very, very nice to Clint.

"We've got an idea," Wolf announced. "Why don't you kids take our car on your honeymoon? You've never even driven it, Clint, and talk about maneuver! Driving this is like riding a wet wildcat."

"It's also *très intime*," said Sharon, trying to smooth her hair. "Just you two and the wild, wild wind."

Pat looked at the car reverently. She was still kid enough to adore speed and style and rackety twin pipes. It occurred to Clint that Pat, without all this family money, would probably have married a motorcyclist by now. On her honeymoon she'd have ridden the rear saddle, clutching her guy for dear life and staring out through her goggles with the look of blind, concentrated rapture that those girls always wore as they came shooting at you out of nowhere on some narrow country road. Pat was the type, all nerve and excitement.

"Golly!" she breathed. "You mean it, honest?"

"Just be careful," said Sharon. "Make sure you're not in it when you roll it over the nearest cliff."

"Oh, Sharon, don't you like it?"

"If you enjoy being dragged on the seat of your pants at a hundred miles an hour, you'll love it. But if it's comfort you want, wear tight shoes and walk."

Pat looked ecstatically at Clint. "Gee, darling!"

Wolf looked at Clint. "She's your buggy, kid."

Clint looked at his own car, whose bright chrome trim suddenly looked like too much costume jewelry. It was a good car. It was almost paid for, and in it he had kissed Pat Fowler for the first time, before he knew about her damned money. Pat and Sharon had been at the box office of the Biltmore, trying to get seats for a Saturday matinee, and there were no seats left. Clint's girl had stood him up, and on impulse he had gone up to the two pretty girls to offer them his tickets. How could he know who they were? All girls were well dressed these days.

"Be my guests. They'll just go to waste if you don't. I wouldn't see this show now if they hired me."

"Oh, we can't!" said Pat. Her blue eyes met his with frankly curious interest. "It's awfully nice of you, but we couldn't possibly."

"Why not?" said Sharon. "He doesn't want to see the show, and we do. At least I do!"

But it was Sharon who, at the last minute, decided to pass up the show to shop for some pedal-pushers that didn't make her look like a toothpaste tube. Maybe she sensed something. After the show, Clint and Pat started out to look for a hamburger—just a hamburger. They ended up at a café that Clint couldn't afford, down at the beach. It was midnight before they remembered Sharon.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"One moment, sir!"

Here's how to get "major league" performance from your present TV set

Replace your old Picture Tube with an RCA Silverama Super-Aluminized Picture Tube

SHARP, BRILLIANT PICTURES NOW POSSIBLE FOR NEARLY EVERY MAKE OF TV SET

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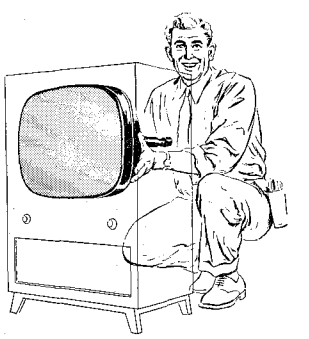

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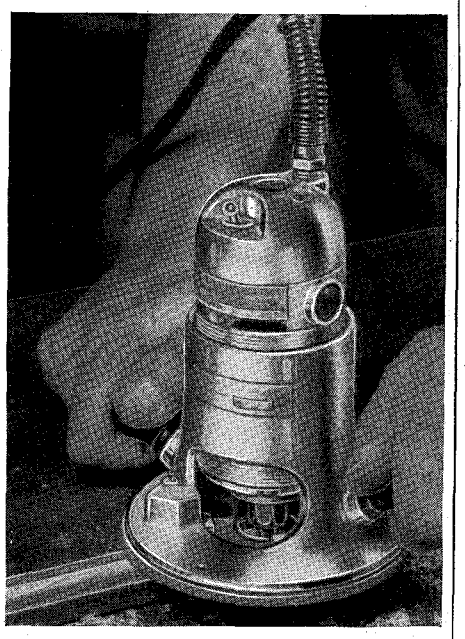
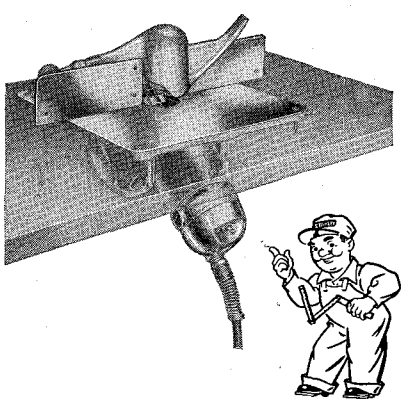
LOOK!
router at work



Those of you who have never used a router need only see one at work to be fascinated . . . need only try one to want it for your own shop.

The router shown here, cutting a decorative edge, is Stanley's No. H15. Its ¼ hp Stanley-built motor powers a wide variety of bits at a smooth cutting 27,000 rpm. For heavier duty we recommend the ½ hp Stanley H45 Router.

look again! it's a shaper



Now it's a shaper! The Stanley Router converts to a useful shaper when mounted on your work bench as above, using the special shaper adapter kit. Same router motor powers shaper. With H15 Router use Kit H127 . . . Kit H26 with H45.

Stanley Routers are on display at your favorite hardware store or building supply dealer's. He'll also have the full line of bits and cutters for Stanley Routers. Ask for a demonstration. For further details send for Catalog 400. Write Stanley Electric Tools, 714 Myrtle St., New Britain, Conn.

STANLEY

By then Pat had been kissed several times. Clint believed her when she said she didn't usually let guys kiss her on their first date.

"I dunno," she said earnestly, after their second date. "I just seem to have made up my mind. I don't have to think things out forever. You're going to find I'm a very decisive person."

She was. So was Ardeth. So was Sharon. The thought came to Clint that none of the three had married a rich man. What, if anything, did it mean? That the decisive Fowler women wanted men they could handle?

"That's generous, Wolf, but I'd better think it over," he said insincerely. "I've always been squeamish about driving somebody else's car."

It was not an honest answer. It was exactly the weasel diplomacy he'd expect from Wolf; and what made it worse was that he wanted very much to drive Wolf's car. To have that guided missile all to themselves for two whole weeks ——

They went up to the house, Pat very quiet, as though trying to figure out what was wrong. They went into the big living room, and Clint got next to Neill and began talking nice, safe baseball. It was not, however, a private conversation. There were never any small discussion groups in this family. Pat's mother thought that this year might be the Pirates' year. Ardeth liked the Cubs.

Uncle Bob liked winners. He had the Yanks. Wolf said quickly, "Let's face it; until somebody beats them, your Yankees are always the team to beat."

Clint listened, trying to analyze this bunch. Pat's father was quiet, easygoing, with a dry sense of humor. Pat's mother was like Uncle Bob, as her daughters were like her. That decisive trait came straight down the Zachary side of the family, along with the dough.

Well, it was a good trait, a good family. Clint kept himself sold on that until he caught Pat studying him, with a look that made her young face look oddly mature. She was sizing him up not the way a sweetheart would, but as a member of her family. She was asking herself if he fitted in so well, after all.

Ardeth and her mother were arguing over which was the best road for Clint and Pat to take to the ranch. Wolf, discovering thus obliquely that he was going to miss his trout season, took it very well. Wolf always took these little disappointments well.

"I'd go right up through Visalia," he advised. "Personally, I like to stick to the main roads."

Uncle Bob looked up. "Clint, let's go down to a filling station and get a road map. I'll show you my short cut. It takes you through some splendid back country."

"Take my car," said Wolf. "It'll give you a chance to get used to the way it handles."

Clint looked down at the floor. So! Everything was all decided, was it? They would honeymoon at the ranch, after all. They would drive Wolf's car. They would even take the exact road Uncle Bob had marked out for them.

"Well, if it's all the same to you ——" he started to say.

"I'll go with you," Pat cut in quickly. "Three can ride in it if they squeeze."

The queer thing was how much Clint loved her then, and how close he felt to her. For her sake, he took the car keys from Wolf. The intimate family chatter, the family warmth and closeness, closed in after them like the surf, as he and Uncle Bob and Pat went out the door.

Uncle Bob chattered gaily, going down to the cars. He was a happy old man when he had them all around him, especially when they were all doing just what he thought they should be doing. He paused for a moment, smiling, with his hand on Wolf's long, low red car.

"It's pretty formidable at this range, isn't it?" he said. "What'll it do?"

"They say a hundred and thirty," Clint answered.

"Suppose I drive, Clint? I'd like to try it."

Clint felt a chill as he remembered Uncle Bob's driving. "Well, I ——" he said uncertainly.

"I'll sit on Clint's lap, then," Pat said quickly. Her eyes beseeched Clint. *Please*, they asked, *please*.

They got in, and Clint showed Uncle Bob how to shift the gears. The old man smiled at the roar of exhaust as he backed out and headed for the street.

"Handles nice," he shouted, "but how do you keep your hair on?"

Clint did not answer. He was too busy holding on as they swooped out into the street. Dazedly he watched the speedometer creep up to fifty, fifty-five, sixty.

He felt Pat shiver. "Uncle Bob," she said gently.

It was a mistake. Uncle Bob looked around to say, "What, baby?"

Pat screamed. Uncle Bob pulled over to his side of the street just in time to avoid a woman backing out of her drive. The low-slung car gripped the pavement firmly. It did not sway or skid, but it frightened the tact clear out of Clint.

"Uncle Bob," he said, "stop this car!"

Uncle Bob was having fun. "What?" he shouted, squinting down the road like a boy playing space-ships.

Pat squeaked in her throat as Clint reached for the ignition key. The car lost momentum and Uncle Bob brought it unhandily to the curb. He turned to face Clint, his thin face pink, his bright eyes brighter than ever.

"What," he said, "was the idea of that?"

Clint opened the door and shifted Pat's weight on his lap. There was nothing for her to do but get out.

Clint got out after her and said, "Uncle Bob, I suppose it would be more courteous just to keep my mouth shut, but with me, safety comes before courtesy. We're going to walk."

He loved Pat more than ever, for the way she stayed out of it. She was mad, but she kept still. As for Clint, he felt good. This was the painful but relieved sensation a man got when a throbbing infection at last was drained. He got no particular pleasure out of quarreling with Uncle Bob, but it had to be done.

"Do you presume to criticize my driving?" Uncle Bob said, through tightly narrowed lips.

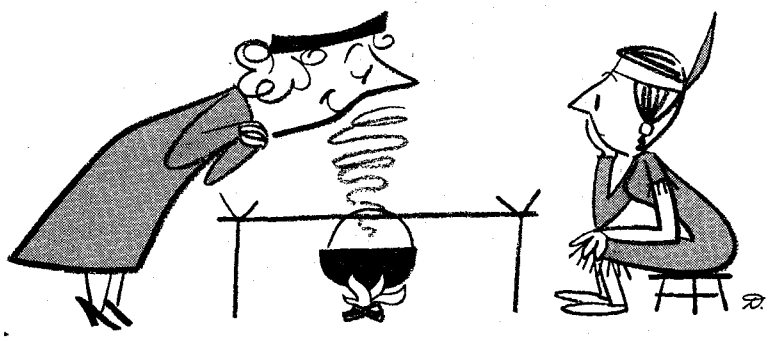
"I do," said Clint. "You're probably the worst driver in the world. You're so bad that people sense it when they see you coming. That's why you have never cracked up—people get out of your way. In your own car, you've got a fifty-fifty chance of surviving the inevitable, when it comes. You own a big, heavy car that will probably kill some innocent stranger instead, but in these sports cars you get only one accident—the last one. If you feel this is your lucky day, go ahead. But count us out."

"Us?" Pat cried. "I'm not afraid!"

Neither of them paid any attention to her. Uncle Bob snapped, "Exactly what's wrong with my driving?"

Clint put a foot up on the red car and stood at ease to tell him. He mentioned the old man's practice of rushing blindly through blind intersections. He criticized his habit of jumping boulevard stops with only a cursory touch of the brakes. He said what he thought about squirming from lane to lane, and about Uncle Bob's way of passing another car, cutting in sharply before he had clearance. Above all, he registered his opinion of those hayrack left turns.

Uncle Bob quivered, but he listened. There were a few other things Clint wanted to mention—that compulsory honeymoon at the ranch, the job in the store, the way the Fowler girls' husbands became wholly (*Continued on Page 76*)



The Perfect Squelch

Mrs. Metcall, a human question mark, took her sight-seeing seriously. So when she visited the cabin of an Indian village, she soon had the young Indian girl who was in charge bewildered by her endless queries.

Having poked into everything and asked in detail just how, why and when Indians did everything, she came to the open fire, where a pot was hung. Peering in, Mrs. Metcall asked what was in it. The Indian girl patiently explained that it was soup for her own lunch, which started Mrs. Metcall off on another series of questions on Indian eating habits and cooking methods. "And do Indians make their soup like we do?" she finally asked.

"I guess so," the Indian girl said, weary but polite, "I poured it out of a can."

Wilma Fobes

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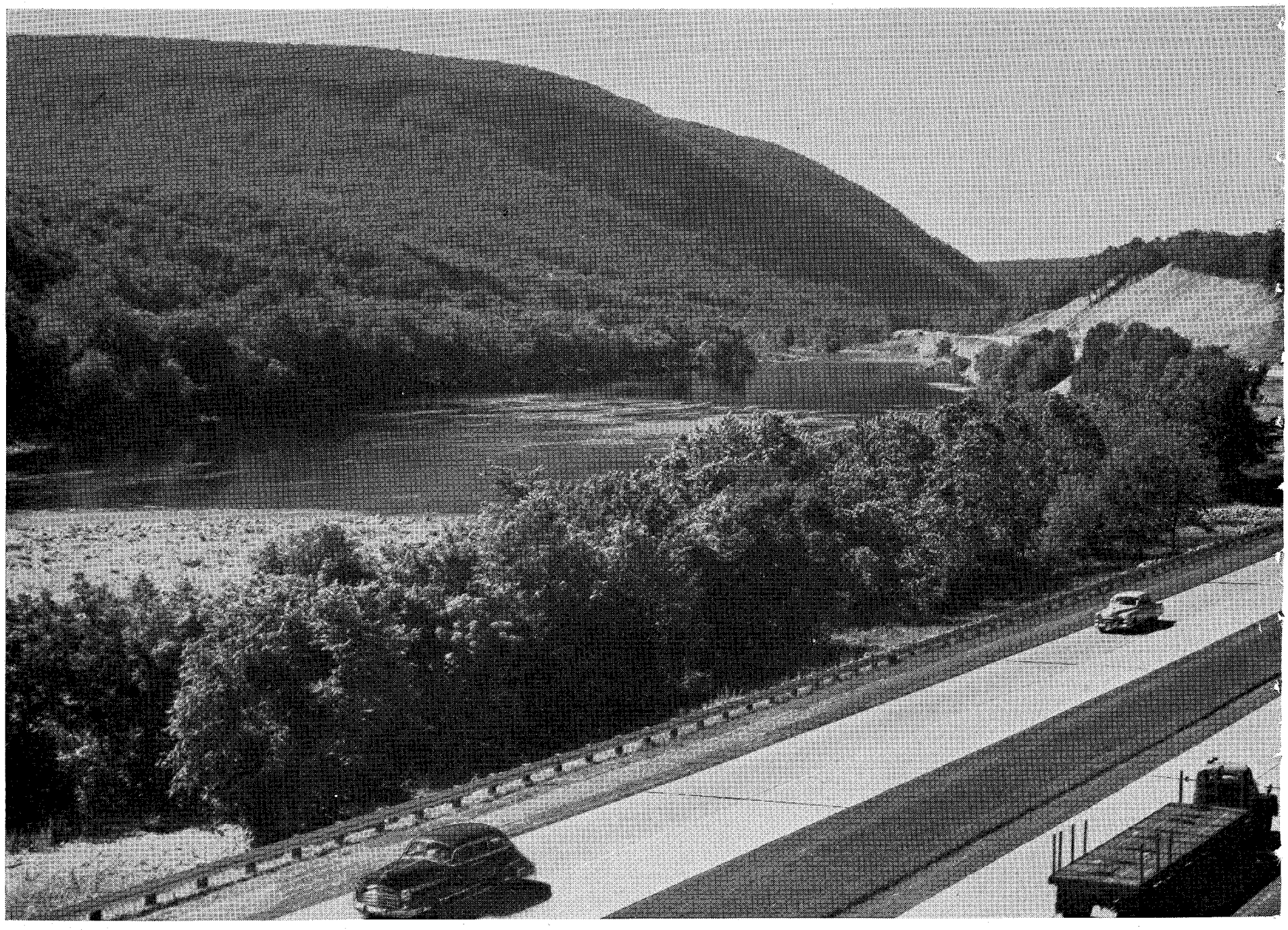


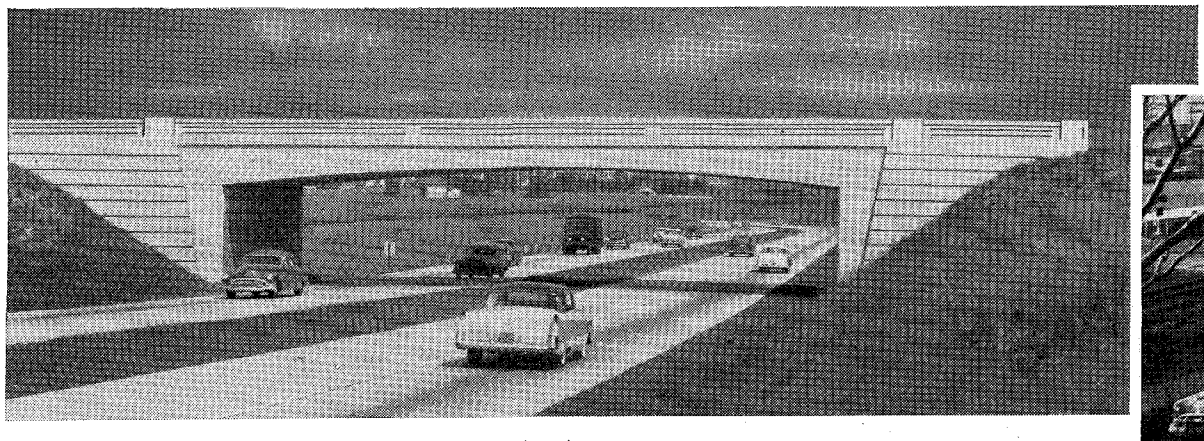
How Engineers Eliminate Highway Hazards in Building Your Safe New Roads

America has outgrown its highways. Today there are nearly 65 million vehicles jammed onto a road system designed for only a fraction of that number.

Back in the '20s and '30s no one could possibly have foreseen the tremendous increases in weights, volumes and speeds of the traffic that was to come in the '40s and '50s. These increases are responsible for making yesterday's good roads congested and hazardous for the ever-increasing traffic volume of today.

The photos on these pages show how old road inadequacies are eliminated by highway engineers when they design modern roads. In examining these pictures remember that many concrete roads built in the '20s—and earlier—are still on the job. Although inadequate for today's needs, they still serve as a tribute to engineering foresight and the durability of the pavement.

Today a new generation of highway engineers faces the task of designing and building the nation's roads for today's and



Highway intersections at grade level (right) make for delay, congestion and collision. Modern grade separations such as shown above eliminate these dangerous and often deadly cross-traffic hazards.

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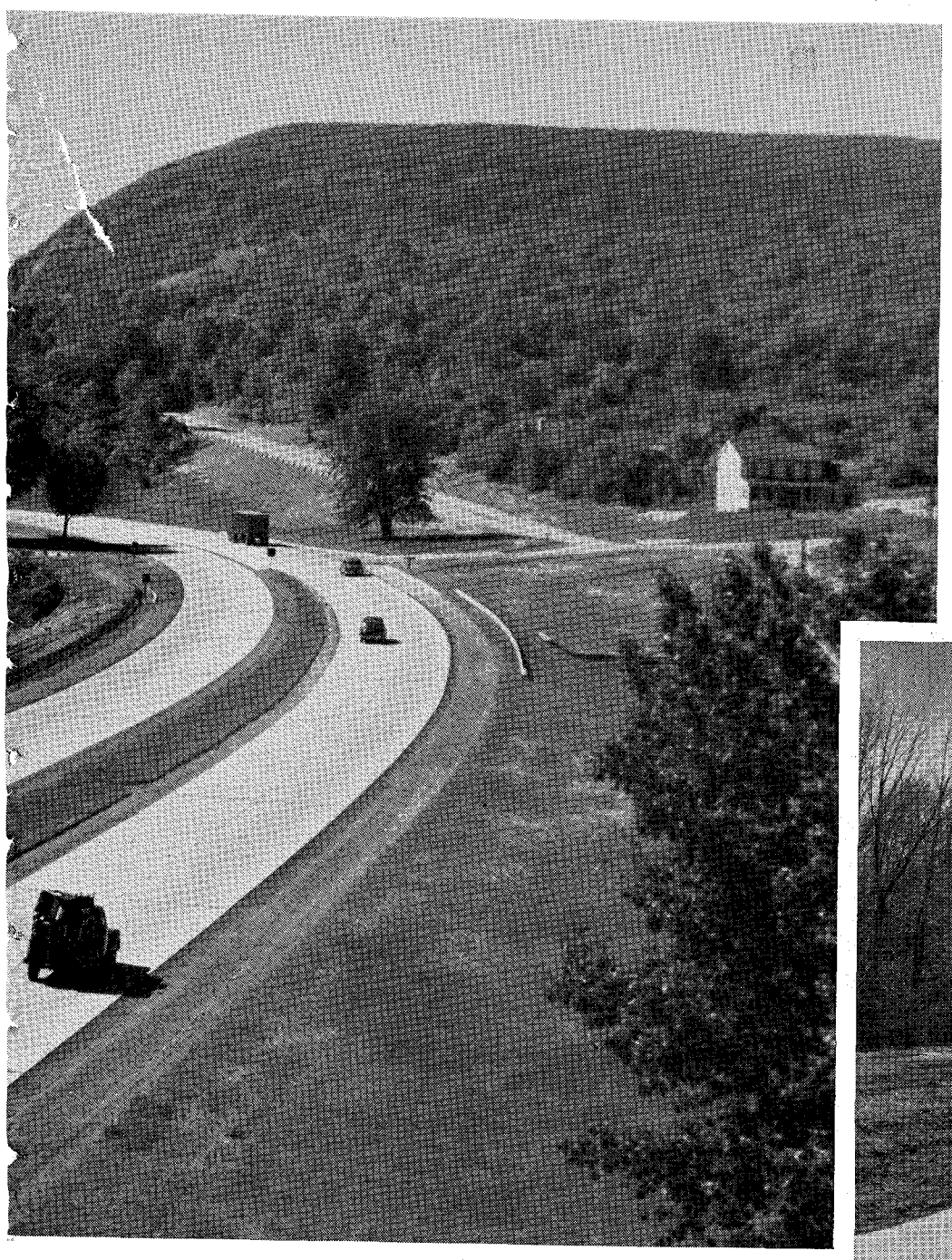

Concrete
SERVES
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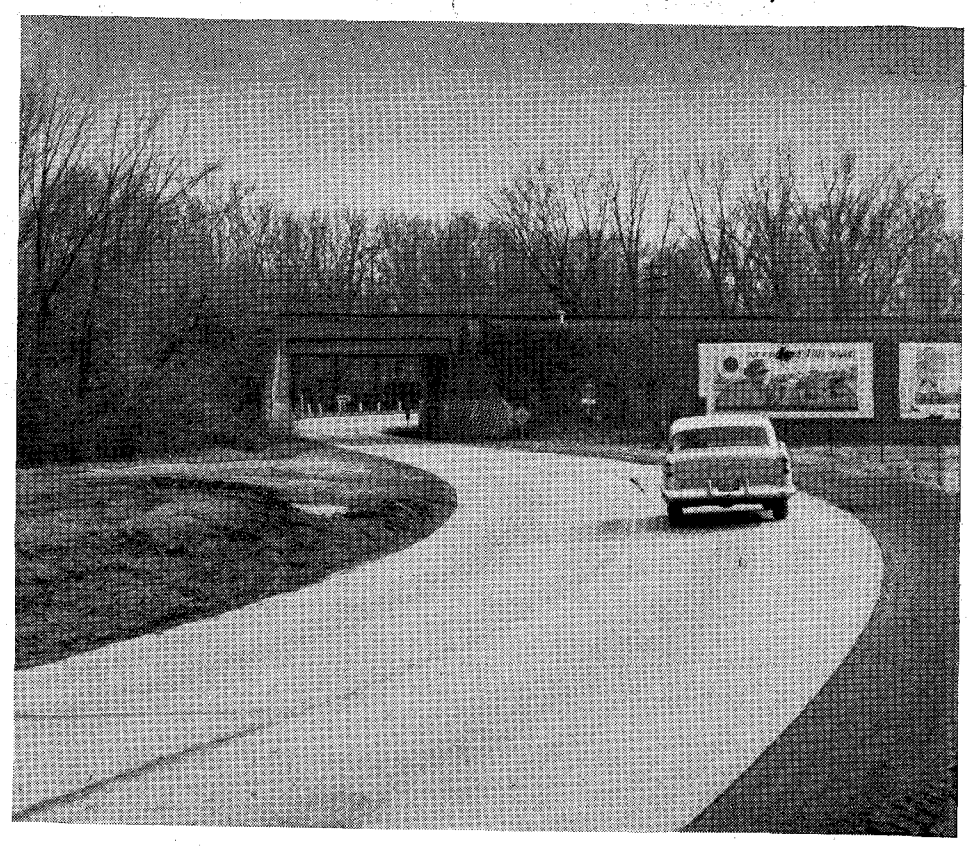
Sharp, blind turns and "S" curves are killers. Engineers eliminate such hazards by designing modern roads like the one at the left. This fine, new highway has broad, sweeping curves that the driver can negotiate safely.



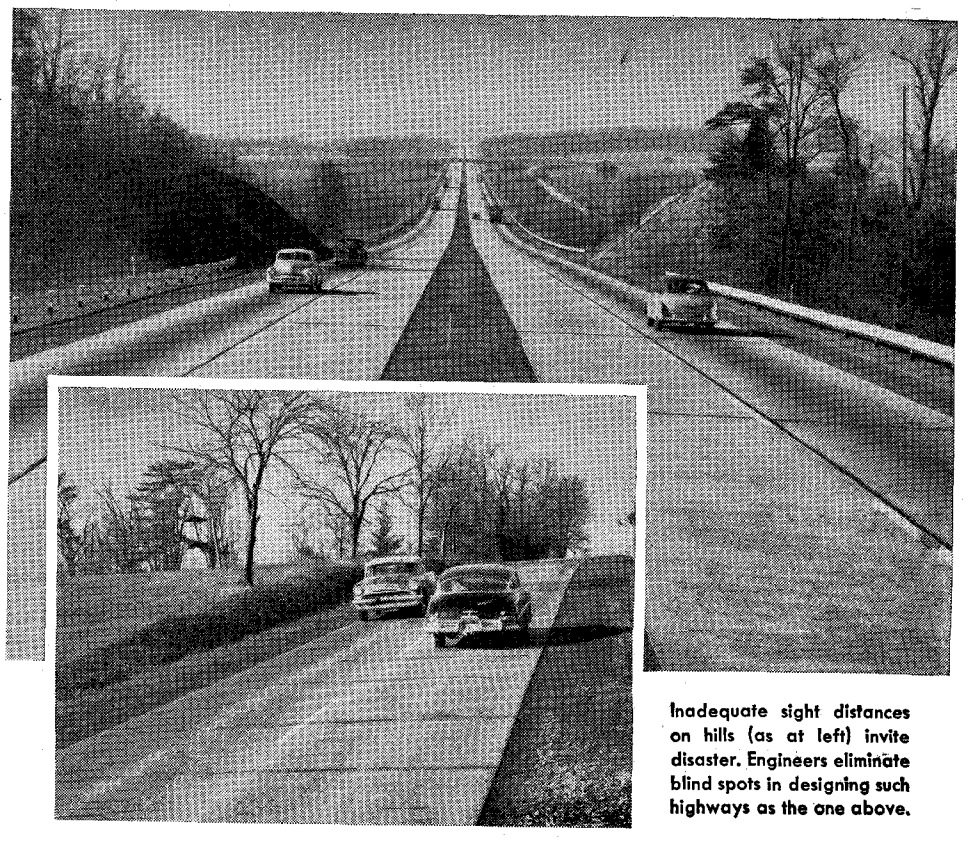
tomorrow's traffic. Behind the men who are tackling this problem are years of scientific research, planning and engineering analysis—and the teamwork of engineers and scientists in industry, government and colleges. This cooperation has produced the skills and knowledge to build today's safe, durable concrete roads. It will make tomorrow's roads even better.

In the next 10 to 15 years billions of dollars will be invested in the nationwide highway improvement program now being formulated. Needing attention first is the 40,000-mile National System of Interstate Highways. These roads connect 182 of the 199 cities of more than 50,000 population.

The National System of Interstate Highways comprises about 1 per cent of the nation's road mileage yet carries 20 per cent of all the rural traffic. These roads are America's lifelines, for over them flow the goods and services that are essential to the national welfare and defense.

Concrete is the logical pavement for roads that must carry not only today's traffic, but the increased traffic projected through 1975 and longer. That's because of concrete's record of durability, long life, safety and low-annual-cost economy. And no other paving material equals concrete in skid resistance and high light reflectance—wet or dry, night or day. You're safer on concrete because you can see better, stop quicker.

Write today for illustrated booklet, "*Concrete Expressways.*" It's free but is distributed only in the U.S. and Canada.



Inadequate sight distances on hills (as at left) invite disaster. Engineers eliminate blind spots in designing such highways as the one above.

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(*Continued from Page 72*) owned family subsidiaries, among other things. But by the look of fury on Pat's face, this was suddenly all academic. If there was one thing he did not now have to worry about, it was his honeymoon. There would be no honeymoon.

"Is that all?" said Uncle Bob.

"It's all I can think of offhand," Clint said.

Uncle Bob smiled an icy smile. "Very well, sir. Have a nice walk, you two."

Pat made one small, indecisive motion as Uncle Bob drove away, but that was all. She put her hands on her trim hips and turned angrily on Clint.

"Of all the nerve! Why, Uncle Bob was driving a car before you were born!"

"Yes, and he drives like it too. Honey, I just didn't want you to get all smashed up, don't you see?"

She did not. He felt cold all over as he imagined that red car tying into a bridge railing with Pat in it, even if he was just saving her for some other guy.

"I don't need a guardian, any more than Uncle Bob does! I can take care of myself!" Pat cried.

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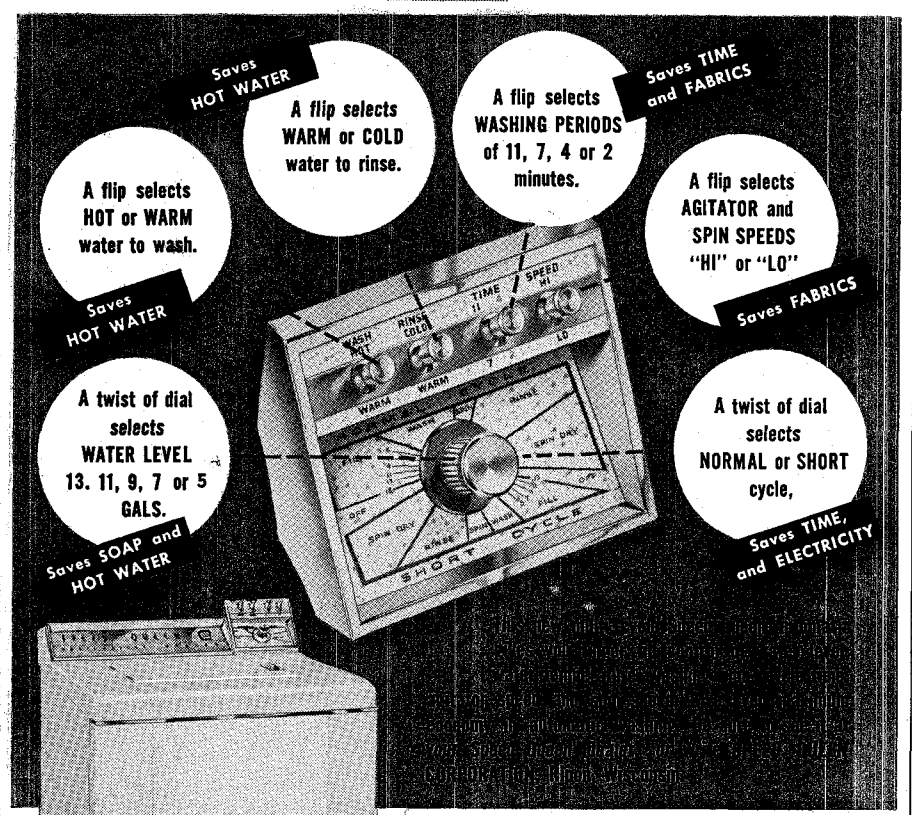
Saves HOT WATER
A flip selects WARM or COLD water to rinse.
A flip selects WASHING PERIODS of 11, 7, 4 or 2 minutes.
Saves TIME and FABRICS
A flip selects HOT or WARM water to wash.
A flip selects AGITATOR and SPIN SPEEDS "HI" or "LO"
Saves HOT WATER
Saves FABRICS
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Clint clenched his teeth. "As long as we're on the subject, I may as well say that I don't think much of your driving either, honey. You must have learned from Uncle Bob. You seem to have learned a lot from Uncle Bob. I can take a lot, Pat, but I've just about had it."

Afterward he wondered what she would have said had they not heard that telltale shriek of tires up the street. It was a shrill grinding that lasted only a hundredth of a second, but Pat was facing in that direction. Her scream came instantaneously.

Clint turned. Uncle Bob had started to make another of those hayrack left turns. He had signaled properly, had gone into the center lane. Then he made that old-fashioned swing to the right, as though to give himself lots and lots of room. It was the same left turn that he made a dozen times a day.

But this was a strange car, and coming from the other direction was a big black sedan with another old man at the wheel. The aged driver of the sedan saw the aged man in the red sports car. He slammed on his brakes without signaling. Probably he closed his aged eyes too.

The sedan went into a skid—not a bad one, just enough to throw it across the center line slightly. It must have looked as big as a ten-story building to Uncle Bob, sitting in that low-slung sports car. He took his hands off the wheel and covered his face with his arms, stiffening his whole body.

The red car jumped as one foot came down hard on the accelerator and the other slid off the clutch. Clint began running, seeing the red car leap into the black sedan and then hurtle limpingly up the street, with one bent front wheel. It mounted the curb, bent the other front wheel against a tree, crashed head-on into a board fence and then, slowly, turned over on its side.

Uncle Bob toppled out gently. He was on his feet before Clint could get to him. His frail body shook as he brandished his fist at the black sedan.

"You crazy fool!" he screeched. "Didn't you see me signal, you blamed old idiot?"

The other old man opened his eyes. "Yeah! From the wrong lane!" he piped. "What do you think you're driving—a horse and buggy?"

Uncle Bob tried to answer, but the breath would not come. He turned white. His eyes closed, and he slumped against the car just as Pat came running.

"His heart!" Pat screamed. "Clint, do something!"

Clint put his arm around Uncle Bob and helped him over to the curb, where he could sit down with his feet in the gutter. The old man felt very thin and light and fragile to the touch.

"He's all right, Pat. It's just the usual reaction," he said. "It happens to everybody."

Uncle Bob looked up. "What does?"

"Everybody caves in after an auto crash, but just sit still and you'll soon be all right."

Uncle Bob did not look like a wealthy, domineering old tyrant then, with his hair tousled and his body shaking and that upturned red car behind him. He looked like any frightened near-victim of any traffic accident. People who look like Uncle Bob are to be found sitting on the curbs of America at any time of day or night, shaking the way Uncle Bob shook and wishing the same thing that Uncle Bob wished—that they could go back just a few seconds and do one thing differently. Just a second or two, but it's almost always too late.

"I never had an accident before," came the old man's quavering whisper. "I—I did something wrong, didn't I? It was my fault, wasn't it?"

"You just take it easy," said Clint.

"But this is how it feels, isn't it? This is how you kill people, isn't it? I've seen people sitting around upset cars and I never knew—I had no idea—but this is how they feel, isn't it?"

Someone had called the police. A traffic car came howling out of nowhere, filling the quiet neighborhood boulevard with the senseless drama whose theme is always the same two words—too late, too late, too late. They sent Uncle Bob back to the house in the police car, while Clint waited for the tow truck that would drag in Wolf's shattered scarlet plaything. Pat waited with him.

There was not much Clint could say. He could not help wondering how much of this would have happened if he had not made Uncle Bob mad and got him rattled. On the other hand, a good scare ——

"Pat," he said, "you'll want to have this settled, the same as I do. And I may as well tell you that we're not going to the ranch on our honeymoon—if there is to be a honeymoon."

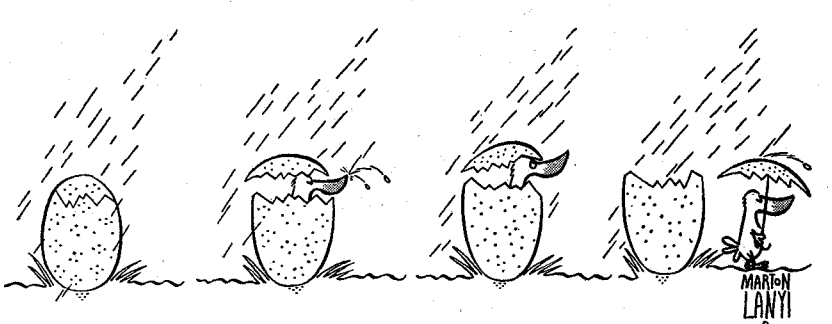
Pat was a spirited kid, and no one had ever baited her this way before. But she did not blow up. She looked over at the wrecked car and said, with the beginnings of a smile, "Not in Wolf's car, that's for sure. Where are we going, then—or do I have a right to know?"

Clint could tell a challenge when he saw one. He said, "You name it. Anywhere you like, just so it's not the ranch. One more thing, honey—I may or may not go to work in the store when I get back. It—it depends on how I feel then."

The girl had spirit—real spirit, not just stubborn will. She had the kind of nerve it takes to back down when you know you're wrong.

"Most things," she said, staring up at him with earnest blue eyes that neither commanded nor supplicated, "we should talk over and decide between us. But where a man works—that's strictly up to him, and I don't want to interfere. That's what I think, and —— Oh, Clint, what if we had been in it with Uncle Bob? What if you had been k-k-killed?"

She swayed toward him. The tow truck was coming and even people who had gone into the house were running out to see the last dwindling bit of drama, but Clint kissed her as he knew she needed to be kissed. *After all*, he thought, *aren't we practically married?* THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Photograph by Titchen

To make the Good Earth better !

Good, fertile soil is perhaps the greatest of all natural resources—source of food, support of life.

But each crop takes from the earth, nitrogen, phosphorus and other elements vital to plant and animal life. Unless these are replaced, the soil becomes exhausted and farmed out. Fortunately, man has learned how to put essential elements back into the earth in the form of chemical fertilizers. Through chemistry and scientific soil management, even good earth can be improved and kept fruitful and productive *indefinitely!*

As a leading producer of chemicals, American Cyanamid Company provides fertilizers, insecticides, weedkillers and a wide range of other aids to agriculture—to help the farmer keep his soil forever fertile...to help him grow better crops more easily...to insure that the good earth will provide abundantly for coming generations.

This is one of the basic ways that Cyanamid, through chemistry, helps to make fuller and more efficient use of man's natural resources.

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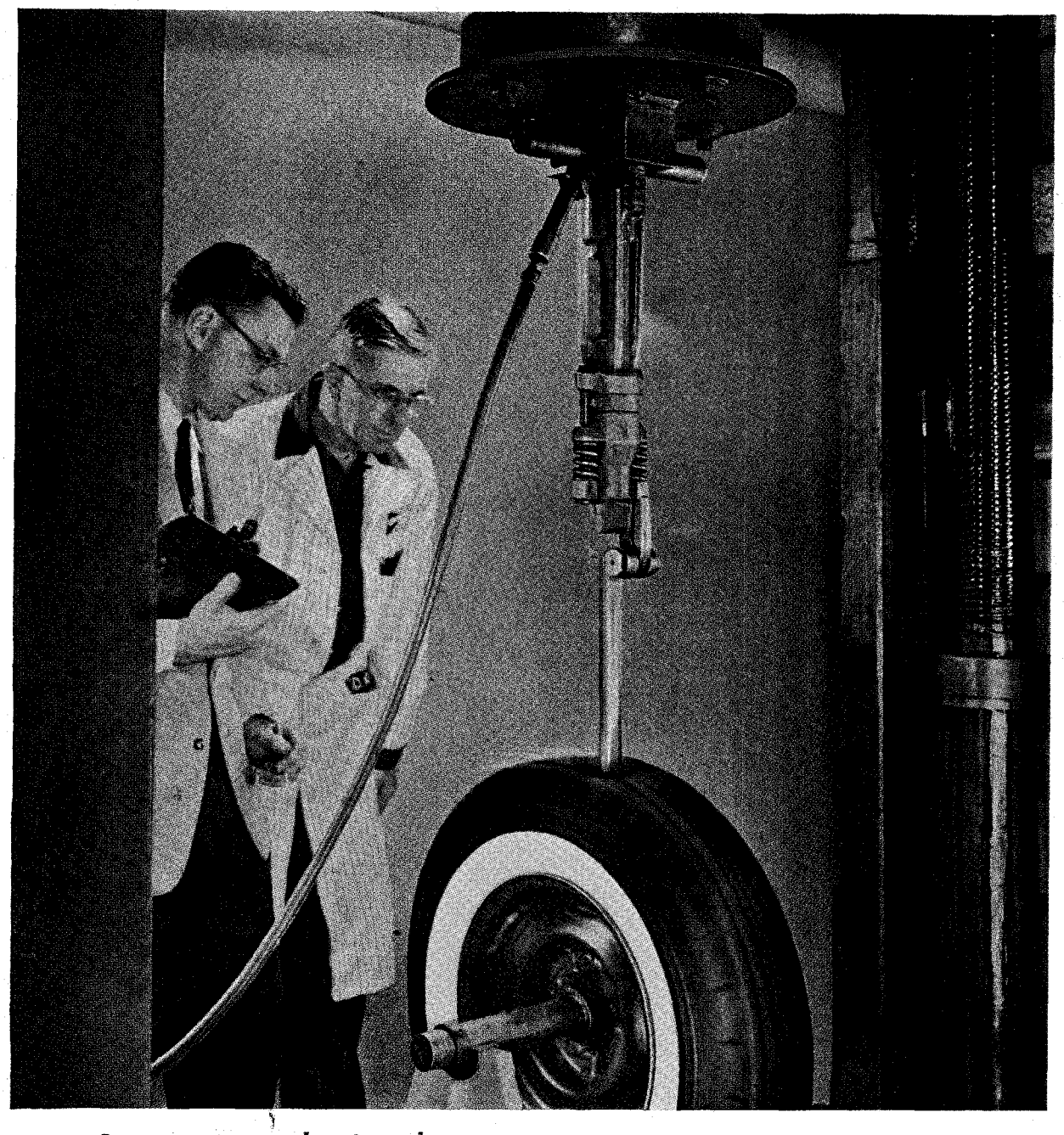
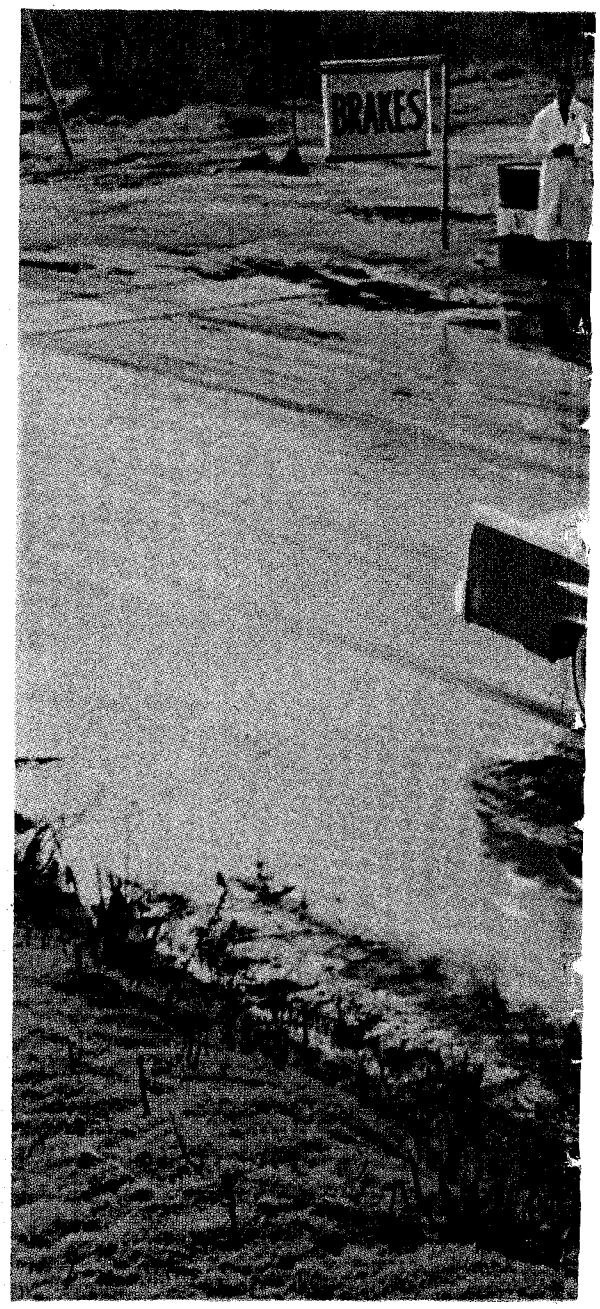
NEW 3-T NYLON TUBEL

stopped this car 38 feet quicker





Stronger on the inside . . .

A mounted jackhammer—the same kind that's used to break through concrete—pounded Goodyear's new 3-T Nylon Custom Super-Cushion tire for 34 hours, delivering over two million brutal blows.

And yet, after all this terrific torture, *we couldn't find a single broken cord!* Amazingly tough and resilient, triple-tempered 3-T Nylon Cord gives you the miracle strength you need for extra protection against sudden, dangerous blowouts.

Safer on the outside . . .

You need extra stopping power on today's busy, crowded highways—and you get it in the new 3-T Nylon Custom Super-Cushion by Goodyear. Just look at the picture above.

In this spine-tingling test we slicked a sec-

Goodyear's new 3-T Nylon Custom Tubeless Super-Cushion is standard equipment on some of America's finest new cars. And this beautiful new tire will fit the wheels of your car.

So put safety *first* this year. Take to the road on a set of new 3-T Nylon Custom Tubeless Super-Cushions by Goodyear.

This safety-built 3-T Nylon tire costs only

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

3-T NYLON CUSTOM TUBELESS SUPER-CUSHION by G

There's a Goodyear dealer near you. See him for better tire values . . . better tire care . . . convenient credit terms.

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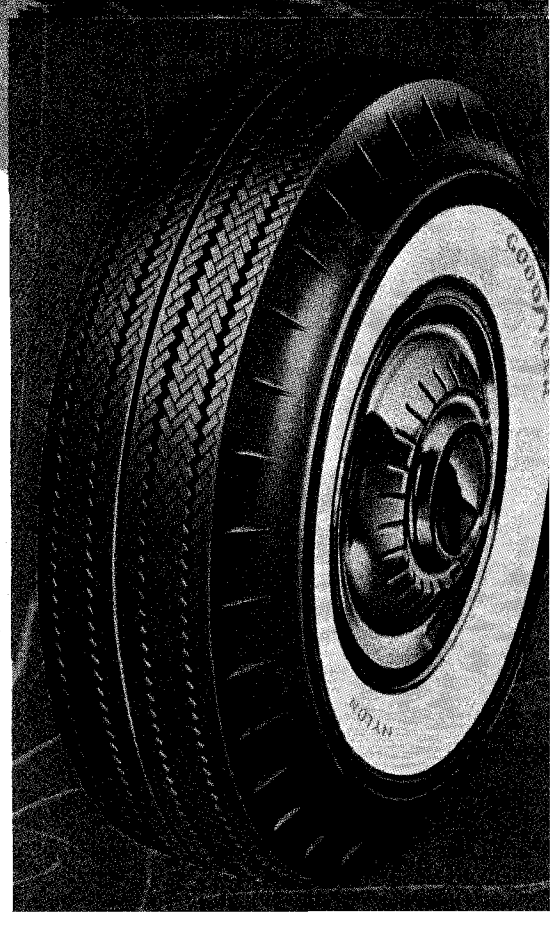

tion of road with oil—then had two cars hit this slippery stretch at 50 miles an hour and brake at the same instant. The grey car, riding on new tubeless tires with ordinary-type treads, slipped and fish-tailed dangerously. The red car, on new Nylon Custom Tubeless Super-Cushions with Twin-Grip tread, came to a safe, straightline stop 38 feet quicker.

Think of the extra margin of safety you can have for your car—then see your Goodyear dealer. He'll help you do all your driving in safety—and in style!

---

a few dollars more than a standard tubeless tire, and your nearby Goodyear dealer will buy all the unused mileage in your present tires. Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.

This new Twin-Grip tread design is also available in a tube-type 3-T Nylon Custom Super-Cushion.

GOODYEAR

Super-Cushion, T. M., The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

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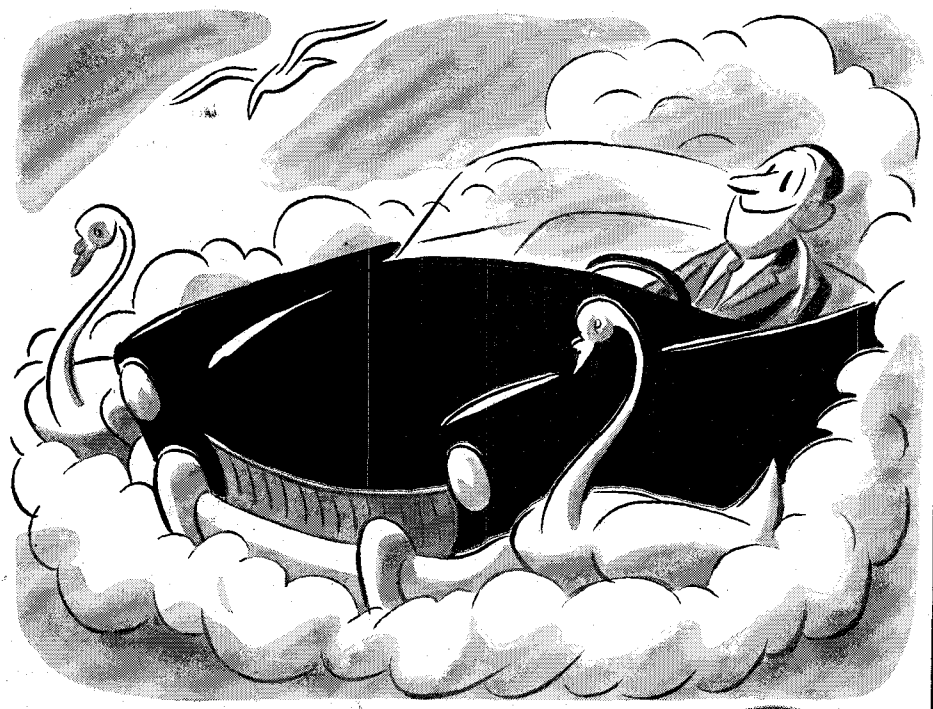
If your car feels like this...

Instead of like this...



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lasts longer with Marfak — because *Marfak* is the famous chassis lubricant that stays on the job longer. It clings closely to vital points of wear and friction...won't wash out, jar out or squeeze out...gives you 1,000 or more miles of carefree, *cushiony* driving. And remember—you always get *Marfak* when you get your car lubricated by your Texaco Dealer. See him today. He's *the best friend your car has ever had.*

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Texaco Products are also distributed in Canada and Latin America.

TUNE IN: TEXACO STAR THEATER starring JIMMY DURANTE on TV Saturday nights, NBC.

The Race We are Losing to Russia

(Continued from Page 25)

In this oddly schoolboyish manner, the masters of the Kremlin were applauding the defeat of the United States in an unseen but deadly serious race. The race started in 1946, when the Soviets made their original "Chinese copy" of a strayed American B-29 that force-landed in Siberia during the culminating assault of Japan.

In this race, the Soviets first overcame the tremendous American lead. In the vital category of intercontinental jet bombers, they then completed their Bison prototype in half the time we took to complete the prototype of our comparable B-52. They are now producing three times as many Bisons per month considerably sooner than we shall reach our much lower goal of seventeen B-52's per month. No wonder, then, that Khrushchev jumped for joy.

Yet this triumph over us, in a field in which we used to think the American lead was secure for eternity, was really far less important than the other and much larger triumph which those Bisons and Badgers also symbolized. In the most vivid and visible way, the big planes were symbols of the triumphant transformation of the Soviet Union into a modern military-industrial great power.

This immense growth of Soviet military-industrial power is the subject of the present report. It is an urgent subject because, in naked power terms, the once poor and backward Soviet economy is now demonstrably overtaking the fabulously rich economy of the United States. But before we can begin to make sense about this complex subject, we must deal with a paradox that has bedeviled almost all Western thinking about the Soviet Union. Another American observer stated the paradox earthily but neatly on that sunny afternoon at Tushino.

"How the devil can the Soviets be making these Bisons," the American asked, "when they can't even make a decent flush toilet? Dammit, if I ever found such a thing in this benighted country, I'd want to put it in a glass case, like a Cellini cup."

Like the Bisons, in truth, Russia's seldom-flushing toilets are also symbols. They stand—at least in the eyes of plumbing-conscious Americans—for the drabness and discomfort of daily life in Russia. They imply the persistent lowness of the general standard of living. But this lowness of the Russian living standard is a thrice-told tale, which can be easily summed up in two short sentences. The year 1955 was the best year the Russian people have enjoyed in more than a quarter of a century. Yet in this best year the real value of food, goods and services received by the average Russian was certainly less than a fifth of the value of food, goods and services received by the average American.

For this very reason, because the Russian people are still so enormously poorer than the free peoples of the West, almost all of us tend to believe that the Soviet Union must be basically weaker than the West. For this very reason, even the American and British intelligence experts have been regularly taken by surprise by every Soviet military-industrial success from the Soviet A-bomb onwards.

But in fact, the Soviet Union is strong precisely because the Russian people are poor.

There is the ugly heart of the matter, which makes the simultaneous presence of Bisons and absence of workable flush toilets not only logical but even inevitable. In order to see why this really is the heart of the matter, it is only necessary to picture the Soviet Union as a mammoth industrial corporation. If you think about it, the Russian state really quite closely resembles a gigantic, wholly self-contained vertical trust. The trust is engaged in every kind of primary and secondary production. It even grows the food to stock its workers' commissaries. But its end products are Bisons, Badgers and other implements of national power, just as Buicks and Chevrolets are the end products of all the manifold activities of General Motors.

The management of the Soviet Union, Inc., is both able and ruthless. The labor force is huge, and its stern discipline makes strikes unthinkable. The raw-material resources are very great indeed. The industrial plant is also very large. But the management is unshakably determined to expand and develop the industrial plant still further, until the Soviet Union towers over every competitor. And the vast Soviet program of industrial expansion and development is being carried on under forced draft, with no dangerous borrowing or stock selling to raise new working capital, which might give outsiders a voice in the management.

Any corporation in this situation has one easy way to finance its expansion program. It can cut its operating overhead to the bone, holding down wages, skimping on workers' housing, even charging double prices in the workers' commissaries in order to take a second bite out of the annual wage bill. By these means, although the workers will suffer, the corporation can finance its own expansion from its own resources. Up to a certain (*Continued on Page 82*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Really? And I was just coming over to your house."

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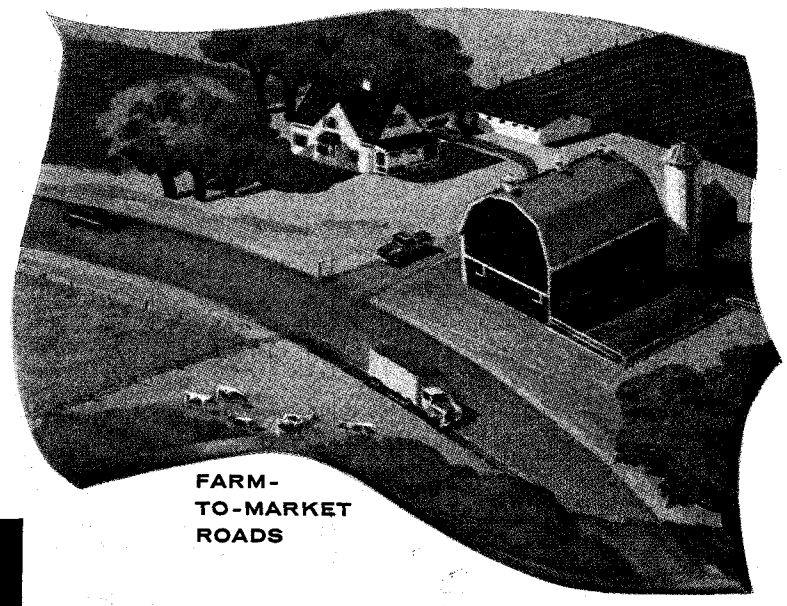


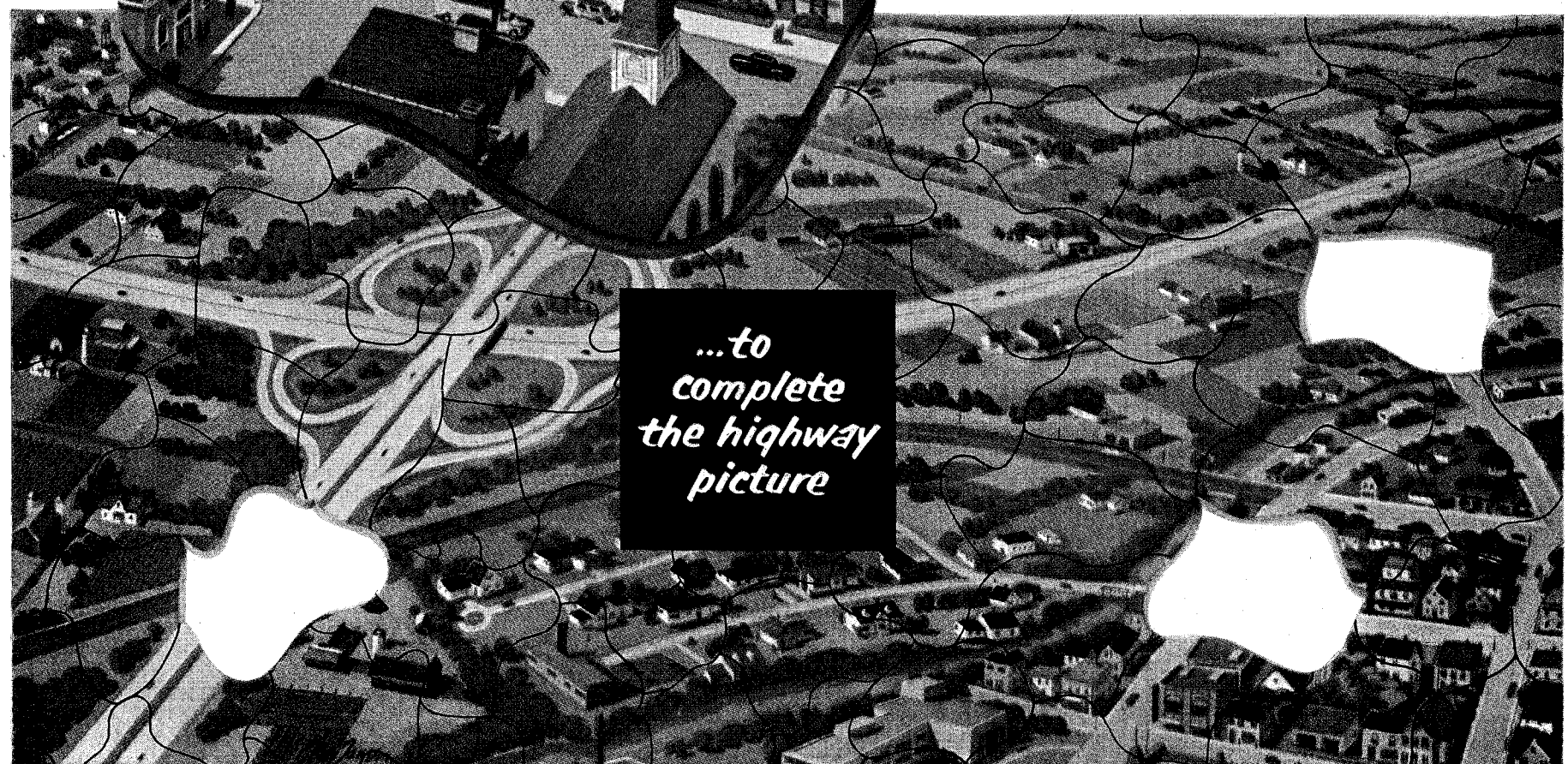
It takes ALL the pieces

Our national highway system is made up of many different pieces . . . farm-to-market roads, county and state highways, city streets, expressways, and the key interstate network.

Each of us is probably more interested in one or two particular parts of this system than the others. But to serve all of us well . . . to meet our changing needs in commerce, pleasure and national defense, our road system must be complete and balanced as well as modern.

It takes *all* the pieces to make the highway picture we want and need, and it takes *all* the people to put them together. *Your state and federal representatives and your public officials need your support. Tell them how you feel about a better road program — now!*

ALLIS-CHALMERS, MILWAUKEE 1, WISCONSIN



EVERY ROAD-BUILDING JOB YOU SEE IS A PROMISE OF BETTER LIVING AND BETTER MOTORING TO COME

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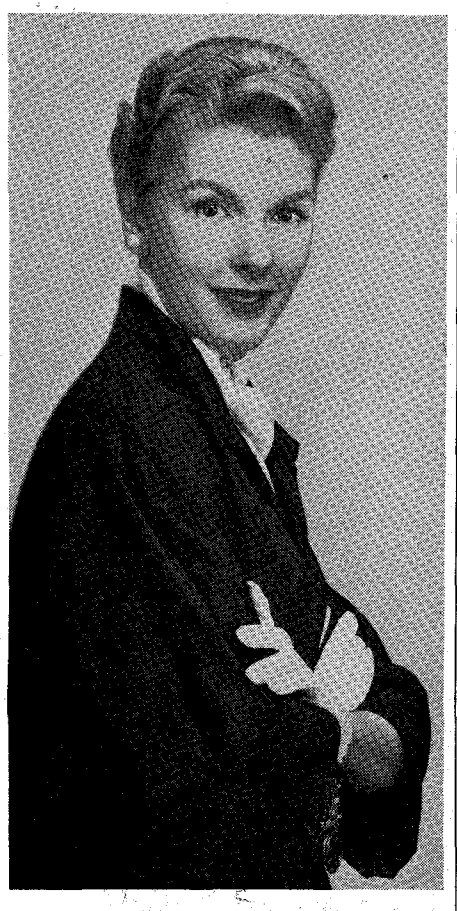
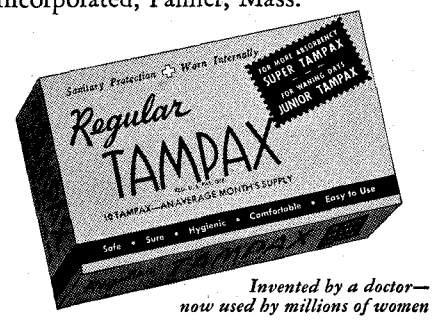


confidence

Confidence is a state of mind; it grows from that wonderful inward feeling that you are at your very best. Confidence can be badly shaken by doubt and discomfort. Quite a few women find themselves ill-at-ease—lacking confidence—during certain days of the month. That's because the external pads they wear are a constant and irritating reminder; they're so everlastingly *present*. Internal sanitary protection, in contrast, is both invisible and unfelt when in place.

No wonder the women who wear Tampax feel more confident. It *never* calls itself to your attention. Not by odor—not by being difficult to dispose of—not even by making you wonder how you can carry extras with you. In every way, Tampax makes you feel there's scarcely a difference in days of the month.

Tampax is as easy to buy as it is to use. Drug and notion counters *everywhere* carry your choice of 3 absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Economy-size packages are available, too; one gives you an average 4-months' supply. Look for Tampax Vendor in restrooms throughout the United States. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

TAMPAX INCORPORATED
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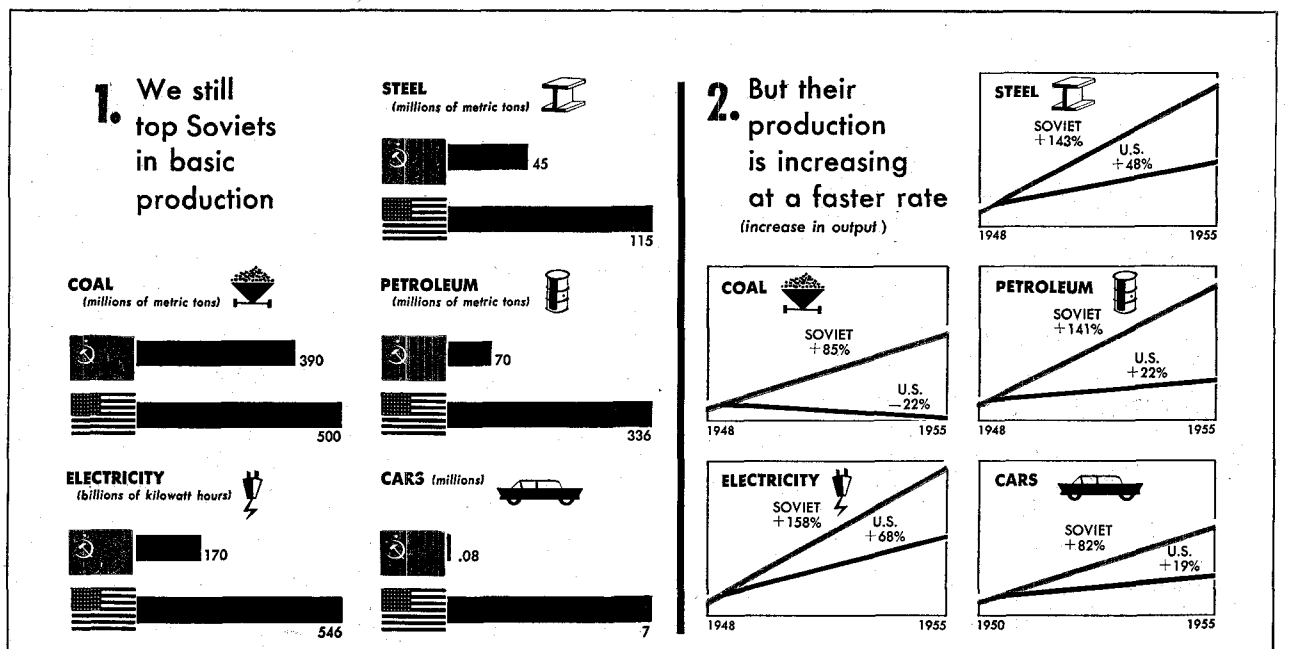
Please send me in plain wrapper a trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Absorbency is checked below.

( ) REGULAR ( ) SUPER ( ) JUNIOR

Name_____
(Please print)

Address_____

City_____ State_____



"The once-backward Soviet economy is now demonstrably overtaking the fabulously rich economy of the U.S. . . ."

(*Continued from Page 80*) point, indeed, the more the workers are made to suffer, the more resources will be released for investment in expansion.

That is almost exactly what has been happening in the Soviet Union for more than a quarter of a century. By 1928, the post-revolutionary recovery had restored the Russian standard of life to a still low but quite bearable level. In that year, Stalin launched the first Five Year Plan. Thereafter the living standard in the Soviet Union dropped by one half.

In order to enforce acceptance of this plunge into misery, the Soviet state quite literally had to declare war on the Russian people. If you think about it, that was the true, underlying meaning of the fearful blood baths of the 1930's. The human cost ran into millions of lives. The economic waste was considerable. But the state won the war. Despite the incidental waste, the program of industrial expansion and development embodied in the early Five Year Plans went forward without serious check until 1941. Since the defeat of Germany, the Soviet expansion program has again gone forward, in the same manner, but on a much greater scale, until the present time.

If a cannon manufacturer found the money to double his cannon foundries by halving his workers' wages, you might deplore the means used, but you would not dispute the fact that his cannon production had risen by 100 per cent. By the same token, if you are studying the growth of Soviet power rather than the trend of Soviet morals, you have to start with a clear recognition of Joseph Stalin's most original contribution to modern statecraft. This was Stalin's discovery that the wretchedness of the people could be converted into the strength of the state.

To be sure, the Russian people are by no means as wretched today as they were in the mid-1930's or in the bleak years just after the second World War. The hard times of postwar reconstruction are over. The Soviet masses now have enough coarse food to eat, enough clothes to keep them warm in winter and decent in summer, and fully as much housing space per capita as the prisoners in the less progressive American jails. The Soviet classes—the upper 10,000,000 of bureaucrats, military officers, industrial managers, scientists, intellectuals, Stakhanovites and the like—are now rather well off by their own standards. They are even receiving a novel flow of such bourgeois comforts as washing machines, refrigerators and, for the real upper crust, new automobiles.

Within limits, of course, improving the lot of the people is a paying proposition for the Soviet rulers. They get the hardest sort of work out of their labor force by a remorseless carrot-and-stick technique; and the technique is obviously more effective when carrots are reasonably available. Politically, too, it is an obvious gain to make the people relatively contented, as they now seem to be, provided this can be done with what is left over after meeting the needs of the state. Soviet national income and industrial production have now risen very greatly. Thus the Soviet rulers have even been able to promise the industrial workers that their weekly hours of toil may later be reduced from forty-eight hours to forty-two hours.

Yet the recent improvement in the lot of the people is essentially marginal. It does not involve any real deviation from the grand principle established by Stalin, which is the principle that the well-being of the people always comes second, and the increase of the state's power always comes first. Only eighteen months ago, Malenkov was condemned as a heretic because he urged higher priorities for consumers' goods. The victory of Khrushchev over Malenkov was also a conspicuous reaffirmation of Stalin's grand principle.

And this grand principle was once again reaffirmed, this time in the form of a humble confession of error by Malenkov, at the recent Party Congress.

The experts quarrel furiously about the way this grand principle is applied in practice, but the best expert opinion seems to be that the Gosplan, the Soviet planning board, is now using a rather simple rule of thumb. Under this rule of thumb the total annual production of the Soviet Union—what the economists call the gross national product—is split three ways. The first 25 per cent of available resources goes for capital improvements, which chiefly means strengthening the industrial base. The second 25 per cent is directly invested in military power, meaning all the items covered by our defense, atomic energy and military-aid appropriation. The people, the consumers, then get the half of their own labor's product that is left over.

By keeping the living standard low, therefore, the Soviet rulers achieve rates of investment in defense and capital improvement that are phenomenally higher than the comparable investment rates in the West.

And these high investment rates are in turn the prime causes of the phenomenally rapid growth of Soviet military-industrial power.

This growth is best measured in terms of the four basic industrial commodities, which are the four cornerstones of the whole structure. Since 1928, Soviet steel production has multiplied ten times, from 4,500,000 metric tons to 45,000,000. Soviet coal production has multiplied more than ten times, from 36,000,000 tons to 390,000,000. Soviet petroleum production has multiplied six times, from 12,000,000 tons to 70,000,000. And Soviet electric-power production has multiplied thirty-four times, from 5,000,000,000 kilowatt hours to 170,000,000,000.

Soviet steel output, for instance, therefore greatly exceeds the combined steel output of the two leading industrial nations of the old world, Britain and West Germany. There is little room for further argument about the brute mass of the Soviet economy.

The question remains, whether the Soviets have what we like to call the know-how to use their steel, as well as the steel itself. The true answer to this question is suggested by a recent experience of former Sen. William Benton's when he visited a Moscow bookstore. The place was overrun by a howling mob of teen-agers; and these Russian fifteen- and sixteen-year-olds were excitedly buying, not comic books or Westerns, but solid, heavy texts of physics, engineering and chemistry.

The truth is that the Soviet state, once again behaving like a gigantic corporation, has carefully set up an industrial-training program to go hand in hand with its industrial-expansion program. When the Five Year Plans began, capable technical men were such rarities in Russia that the most vital projects had to be confided to foreigners, like the American engineer, Hugh Cooper, who built the famous Dnepropetrovsk hydroelectric plant. But starting in the early 1930's, the whole machine of Soviet education, which is the largest in the world, was single-mindedly adapted to a maximum output of engineers, scientists and other know-how possessors.

Today, Soviet scientific education is demonstrably (*Continued on Page 84*)

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Got a garden? Treat it to a Wheeling Green Thumb, the best-looking Sprinkling Can there is. In sizes for every member of your family.

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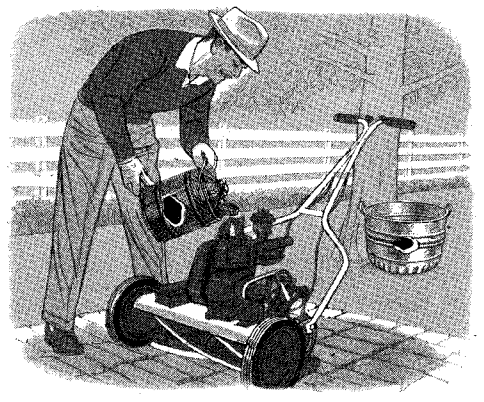

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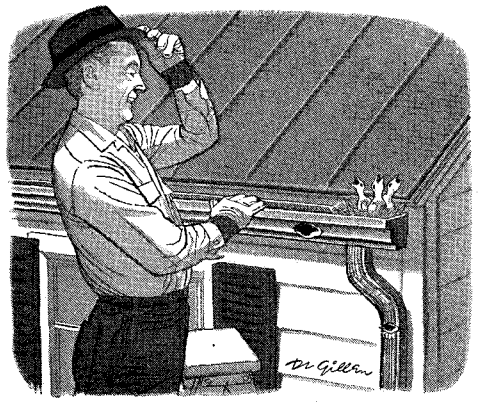

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Long-Lasting Drainage Lines with Wheeling Galvanized Corrugated Culverts. Pure iron or copper steel. Delivered where and when you want them.

Put Rubbish in its Place . . . a Wheeling Expanded Metal Rubbish Basket. Note how the handy Wheeling Utility Basket and Pail help out, too.

Wheeling helps you spruce up for Spring!

What family wouldn't welcome these handy spring helpers? Like the big red label says, they're all made by Wheeling, the same company famous for *Channeldrain Roofing*, the strongest farm roofing made . . . and *LaBelle Cut Nails*, the best nail you can use . . . and SOFTITE, the tightest-coated galvanized sheet available, and *Expanded Metal*, the open-diamond steel mesh . . . and many, many more. And for your convenience, all are immediately available. Strategically-located Wheeling warehouses see to that. See your Wheeling dealer and see how many ways Wheeling can help *you*. Wheeling Corrugating Company, Wheeling, W. Va.

MADE TO LAST BY WHEELING

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(*Continued from Page 82*) more rigorous than American scientific education. The work load of the students is at least 40 per cent heavier. Judging by last year's Soviet equivalent of a college-entrance examination in physics, Russian boys know about as much physics by the end of their last year in high school as the physics majors at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology have learned by the end of their sophomore year. Besides insisting on this higher standard, the Soviets are also graduating three times more engineers and scientists from their universities than we are now graduating from our universities. Americans should perhaps prepare themselves to hear Russians saying, before too long, that "the United States just doesn't have the know-how."

At any rate, the theory that the Soviets "don't have the know-how," and have therefore relied on spies and German scientists to build their Badgers and Bisons, A-bombs and H-bombs and the rest, is pure, self-deceiving, complacent nonsense. Foreigners, including spies, have probably contributed rather less to the Soviet military-industrial successes of the last eight years than the brilliant foreign scientists who fled from Adolf Hitler contributed to our own Manhattan District Project. Furthermore, the spy-and-German-scientist theory wholly blurs and covers up the most important meaning of the very ominous military-industrial successes that the Soviets have now achieved. These successes mean, in fact, that the Soviet industrial complex is not only brutally massive but also technologically rich. For you simply cannot build A-bombs or H-bombs, Bisons or Badgers without a great array of the most technically advanced supporting industries, such as electronics, and without full mastery of all the most difficult specialized techniques, such as high-temperature metallurgy.

In some cases, indeed, we now know that Soviet technology is actually ahead of our own. For instance, the brilliantly bold Bison engine, which has twice the power of the B-52 engine, showed that Soviet jet-engine design had about two years' lead on United States jet-engine design when the Bison first took the air. And this kind of evidence has been confirmed and amplified by the eyewitness evidence of the technical missions that were exchanged during the brief, delusive reign of the famous spirit of Geneva.

One of these was a mission of Western European steelmasters led by the executive director of the British Iron and Steel Board, Sir Robert Shone. Sir Robert found the Soviet steel plants highly productive and extremely modern; "no instrument one could think of was missing." The larger, fully integrated Soviet plants were more efficient, in terms of output-per-worker, than three quarters of the steel plants in Britain, and could be "broadly compared" to the "top end" of the British steel industry. The British steel industry had been scornful of the Soviet offer to build a steel plant for India. But Sir Robert glumly concluded that if the Soviets chose to compete with Britain in exporting steel products, they could meet their orders, undercut British export prices and make a nice old capitalistic profit, too, because of the cheapness of the hard-working Soviet labor force.

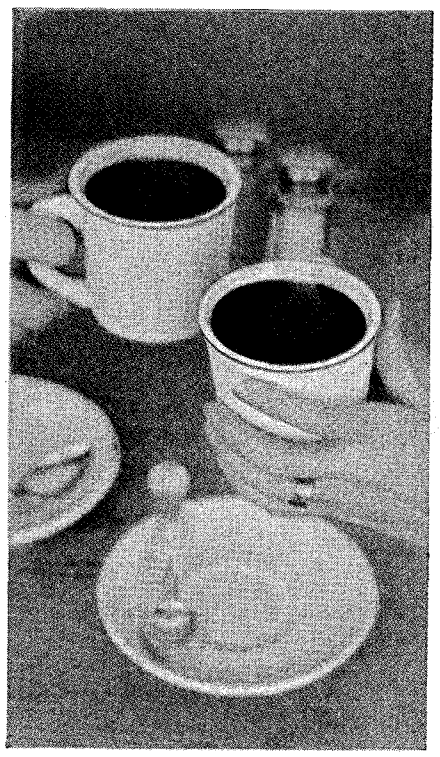
Still more interesting was the report of the American automation mission, which went to the Soviet Union to inspect Russian applications of the most *avant-garde* of all production methods. The mission was composed of hardheaded American engineers, such as Nevin L. Bean, top technical man in the Ford Motor Company's automatic-transmission plant, who could never have been fooled by papier-mâché production lines. They saw what they asked to see, and their request list of factories to be visited was as fully representative as the American intelligence could make it.

Bean returned from his journey much impressed by Soviet work on computers; much impressed, too, by the quality of Soviet machine tools, and with the suspicion that the Soviet machine-tool output actually exceeded ours. (The suspicion was a proof of Bean's good judgment, incidentally, for the official American estimate of Soviet output for 1955 is 105,000 machine-tool units, as against 88,000 in this country.) One of the initial Soviet experiments with automation, a ball-bearing production line, struck Bean as just a little better than anything of the same sort in America.

Naturally, Bean saw some things to criticize in Soviet industrial practice. The transformation is not yet complete. Much work that we would do with machines, particularly heavy hauling, is still done by unskilled hand labor. Many Soviet factories make a wastefully high proportion of their own components, including even such things as screws, in order to avoid production slowdowns caused by temporary shortages. For just these reasons, no doubt, the new Five Year Plan places the heaviest emphasis on thorough industrial rationalization, and includes a strikingly ambitious program of widespread industrial automation.

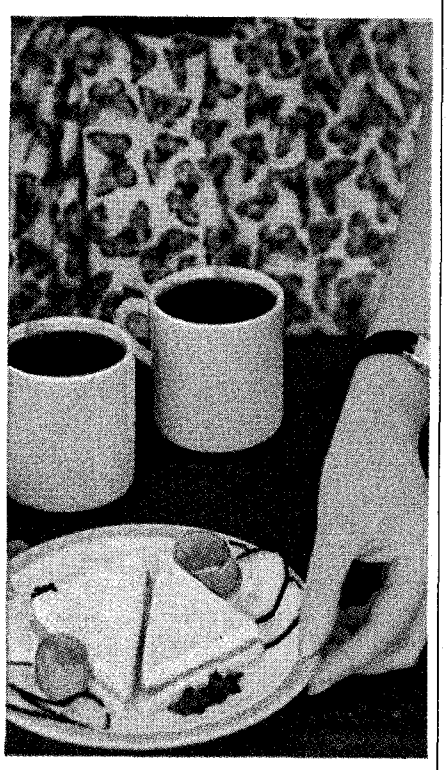
Bean saw no reason why the automation program should not be realized; and he rendered the final verdict that "the Soviets are now coming up into a very high technical era (which it is) pretty frightening to think about."

It's a good day with Coffee!



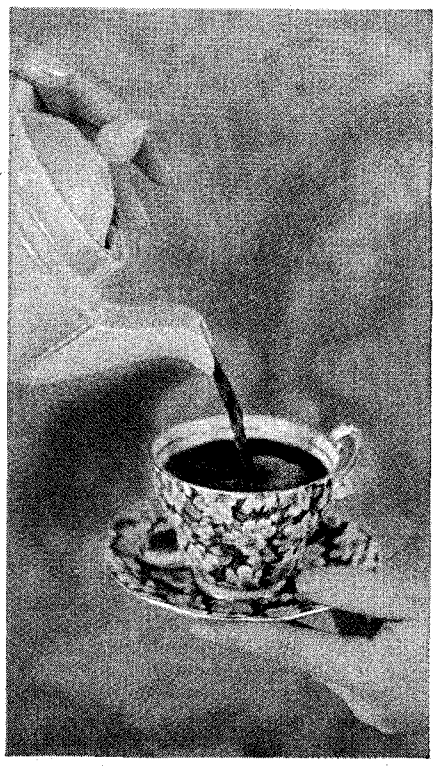
Good morning! Start the day with the wake-up aroma of good, hot coffee—then enjoy the coffee itself (*extra*-strong, the way folks like it for breakfast).

Good neighbor. It's the friendly thing to do — having a mid-morning "Coffee-break" with your neighbor. (Your husband's probably having coffee at work.)



Good eating. Good coffee makes even the simplest lunch taste better. Coffee seems to go just right with *everything* — and every time, too.

Good feeling. What a relief to be off your feet a few minutes during the mid-afternoon. Your "Coffee-break" perks you up so pleasantly!



Good evening. Perfect finish to supper — *coffee* made the way the experts do: 1 Standard Coffee Measure to each 6 ounces of clear, cold water. Delicious!

Good idea! Treat guests to simple Caffè Cappuccino: add steaming milk to strong coffee (half and half). Dust cinnamon over the top. Superb!

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There is nothing so satisfying as a cup of good coffee

PAN-AMERICAN COFFEE BUREAU, 120 Wall Street, New York 5, N. Y.

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Bean's verdict squarely raises the ultimate question that this report is intended to answer. How much, in sum, should we in America be frightened by the growth of Soviet military-industrial power which has now been summarily described?

Judging by surface appearances, there is no reason to be frightened. Despite the progress already achieved, the Soviet economy is still far behind the giant economy of the United States. American steel output, for example, reached 117,000,000 tons in 1955, whereas the Soviets, with an output of 45,000,000 tons, were still producing steel at our rate of thirty-eight years ago. Over-all, America's gross national product, which, of course, includes the produce of our farms and other non-industrial items, has now reached the fantastic level of $387,000,000,000; and this American product for 1955 was about three times larger than the Soviet national product in the same year.

But these comforting statistics do not take account of the uncomfortable operation of the Soviet grand principle, that the well-being of the people always comes second and the increase of the state's power always comes first. By keeping down the living standard and investing the proceeds in capital improvement, the Soviet rulers are not only building a great industrial empire. They are also closing the gap between the Soviet Union and the United States, as they long ago closed the equally wide gaps between the Soviet Union and Britain and between the Soviet Union and Germany. To see how fast the last remaining gap is closing, consider the record of the past eight years.

This is the period to look at, because this is the period when the grim Soviet economy really hit its stride of growth. Before 1948, the Soviets were building a solid base for their industrial expansion. They were learning the pitfalls and exploring the possibilities of their complex planning process. They were fighting a devastating war from 1941 to 1945. They were busy with postwar reconstruction from 1945 through 1947.

Thereafter, from 1948 through 1955, Soviet steel output rose by no less than 143 per cent, as against a rise of 48 per cent in America. Soviet petroleum output rose by 141 per cent, as against a 22 per cent rise here. Soviet electric power output rose by 158 per cent, as against a 68 per cent rise here. And Soviet coal output rose by 85 per cent, as against an actual decline of 22 per cent in American coal output. As you might expect, these astonishingly steep increases in Soviet production of the basic commodities were reflected in a steep increase in general industrial production. According to an official American estimate, Soviet industrial production of all types rose by 70 per cent in the 1950–'55 Five Year Plan period. In the same period, total industrial production in the United States rose by only 25 per cent.

You do not have to be much of a mathematician to see that the gap between the two countries must close pretty soon in the industrial sector, even if the rate of growth of Soviet industrial production slows down a bit in the years to come. In agriculture and also in housing and all the other things that contribute to the people's well-being, Soviet production has grown very slowly, if at all. Because of this lopsidedness, free-world economists argue bitterly about what the total growth rate of the Soviet economy really is.

But the kind of thing being grown unhappily matters a lot more than the exact rate of growth. A gyrfalcon, for example, may grow much faster or only a little faster than a bird of paradise. Yet it is considerably more significant that while the bird of paradise mainly grows plumes, the gyrfalcon mainly grows a steely beak and steely talons. Even in the industrial sector, one finds this kind of difference between Soviet and American economic growth. This is plainly seen if you take a Man-from-Mars look at the industry which is now the balance wheel of our economy and the pride of our nation.

In 1955 America produced just under 8,000,000 automobiles. In the modern age, mass-produced automobiles have wholly reshaped the pattern of American life, radically changing where we live and how we live, where we work and how we get there, and how and where we spend our leisure time. Because of all these changes, we cannot even get to work any longer without mass-produced automobiles. Great numbers of automobiles are now a necessity to us, and thus they are now an element of national power.

But suppose mass-produced automobiles had never become an American necessity. Suppose, in fact, that automobiles had never been permitted to reshape our social pattern. We should then be getting on quite adequately, using the various means of public transportation or even our own legs. Our lives would then be poorer in many different ways. But although it may sound heresy to say so, the sum of American national power would not be appreciably smaller.

For just this reason, the Soviet motor industry is still a puny dwarf, which produced only about 350,000 trucks and 80,000 automobiles last year. In the Soviet Union the railroads and waterways do all the long hauling. The truck output is just sufficient to meet the need for local hauling, plus the needs of the armed forces. The Soviet masses must choose between walking or jamming themselves, like human sardines, into horribly overcrowded trolleys and buses, or trains and river boats for longer journeys. Only the most privileged of the privileged ever know the liberation of the individual that is conferred by owning your own car.

But in the Soviet Union, meanwhile, the manufacture of automobiles does not absorb 20 per cent of the annual steel output, plus huge quantities of rubber, glass, light metals and plastics, plus a large share of the most skilled manpower. Automobiles on the road do not burn up over a third of the annual output of petroleum products. The improvement of automobile plants does not demand an annual capital outlay of nearly $1,000,000,000. The Supreme Soviet is not now considering whether to spend another $50,000,000,000 to relieve the congestion of their highways. Indeed, the Soviet transport pattern is so Spartanly planned around the railroads and waterways that the Soviets manage very well without anything Americans would think worthy of the name of highway. And all the incalculable resources that are saved in all these different ways, the Soviet rulers invest in a stronger and stronger heavy industrial base and a stronger and stronger military superstructure.

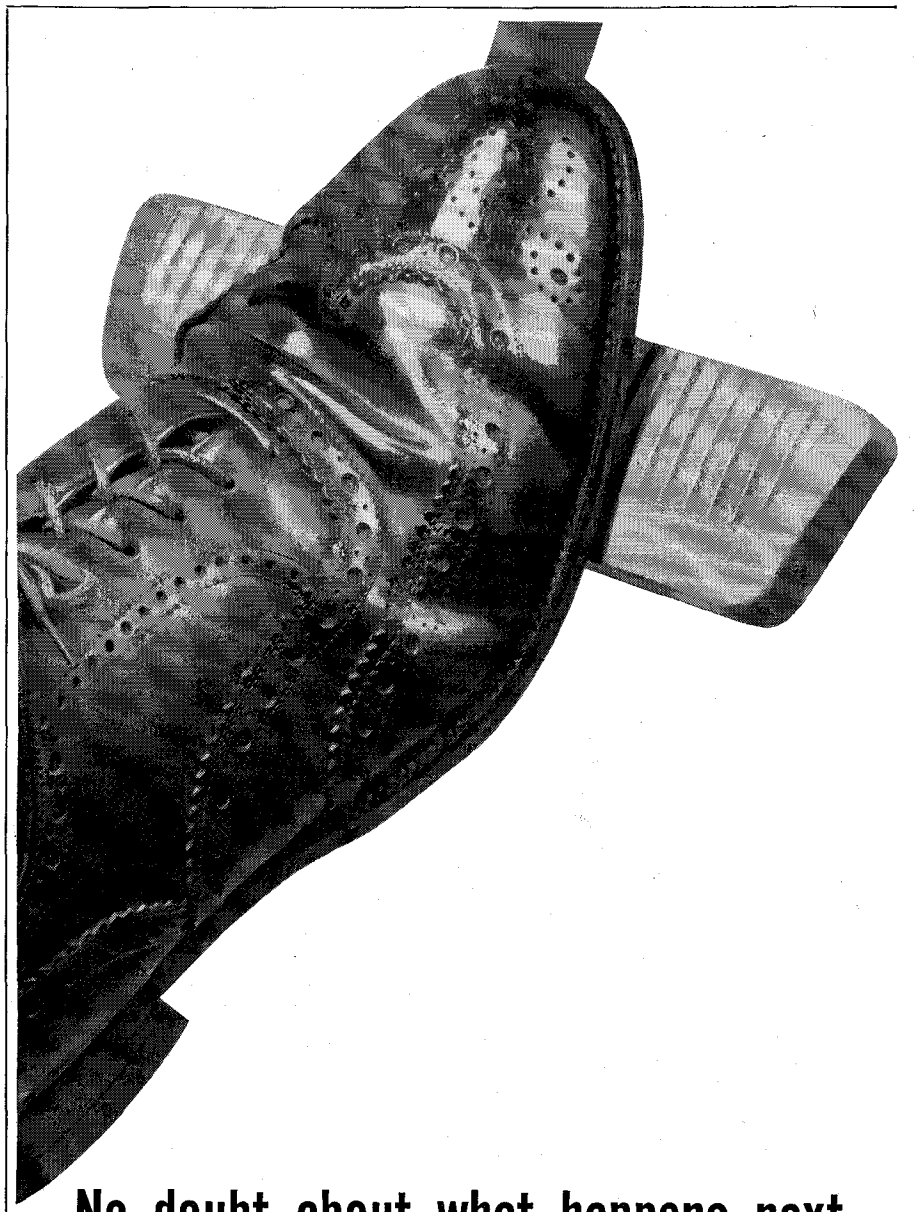
The case of the American automobile industry must, of course, be multiplied many times over by all the other burgeoning industries that serve the American consumer. After this multiplication, you must also add the billions of dollars' worth of resources that we pour out each year to improve our housing and to enrich our agriculture. All these types of investment mainly increase our comfort and well-being.

In peacetime, these comfort-increasing investments consume at least three fifths of America's annual capital outlay, and we put only two fifths of our capital outlay into heavy (*Continued on Page 87*)

Modern Farm Boy

By Velma West Sykes

He looks about ten,
Certainly not more than
twelve years,
As he guides the steel
monster
Over the level fields,
A boy doing a man's work
With mechanical ease.
He glances up at the sky
Where a flight of metal birds
Moves in close formation.
The boy rests his machine
And watches, dreaming
Of the time he, too, can
take wing.



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(*Continued from Page 85*) and military industry and basic transport, which directly increase our national power. In contrast, the Soviet rulers channel about four fifths of their capital outlay into the power-increasing investments, and they then meagerly share out the remaining fifth to give their people more food, better houses and more and better things to use and enjoy. Thus the Soviet grand principle, that the people's well-being comes second and the increase of state power comes first, operates at all times and in every sphere.

In summary, this principle has had two different kinds of economic effect in the last five years. On the one hand, as we have seen, Soviet industrial productivity has grown very much faster than American industrial productivity in this period. On the other hand, Soviet industry has almost exclusively grown in ways that increase national power, whereas our industry has mainly grown in ways that increase our comfort and well-being. Thus, the Soviets are passing us in the military-industrial power race, as is proved by the extraordinary change that has been taking place in the character of their armed forces.

In certain respects, of course, the Soviet armed forces have always enjoyed a marked superiority over the American armed forces. Entirely because of the difference of living standards, their uniformed power has always cost immeasurably less, GI for GI, than our manpower—the current ratio is probably one to ten. Partly because of the same difference in living standards, they have always got nearly three times as many fighting units out of a given number of men in uniform, making three divisions out of 72,000 men, for instance, whereas we get hardly more than one division out of the same number. Their divisions are smaller, but they achieve a firepower equivalent to ours. And their armed forces have always been substantially larger than ours, although here the ratio has lately been reduced a little, to 3,500,000 men under arms in the Soviet Union as against 3,000,000 under arms in the United States.

In the last five years, however, the Soviets have not only retained their long-standing military superiorities. They have also managed to seize the lead in just those areas where we used to hold the balance true by our stronger industry and superior technology.

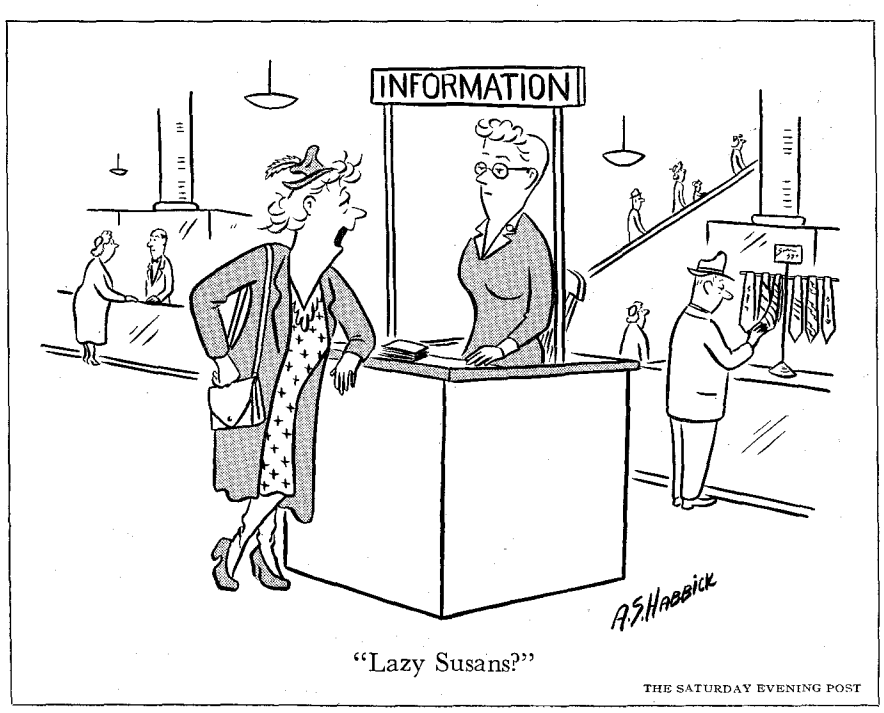
The Red Army, for example, was radically reorganized and entirely re-equipped after World War Two. But a considerable part of this investment is now being junked, and the army itself is also being reduced, because of a program to "nuclearize" about sixty Soviet infantry divisions. In the United States, meanwhile, we have only eighteen divisions; most of them still have their World War Two weapons; and we are rearming only five of them for nuclear war. In the same fashion, the Soviets provided their tactical air force, home-defense force and satellite air forces with no less than 15,000 MIG-15's between 1949 and 1954. But all this vast investment is now condemned to the junk pile, and the MIG-15's are being rapidly replaced with the vastly better Farmer dayfighters and Flashlight nightfighters. In the United States, meanwhile, we have produced only about 2800 F-86's, and none of our more advanced fighters has yet reached the stage of serious quantity production.

In general, then, the Soviet armed forces are not only bigger than ours; they are also beginning to be much better armed. In particular, moreover, the Soviets have made their greatest progress in the vital area of air-atomic power. As already shown, they are now on a par with us in quality and well ahead of us in production of medium- and long-range jet bombers and both categories of fighters. In nuclear weapons, our stocks are still greater than theirs, but their stockpile is rapidly reaching decisive proportions.

In addition, the striking power of the American Strategic Air Command is almost wholly dependent on overseas bases. These foreign bases are not controlled by us politically, and they are soon to be hopelessly exposed strategically to the Soviets' new 1500-mile ballistic missile. In contrast, the Soviets are now building formidable long-range air-atomic striking power that is wholly self-contained, and entirely free of the crippling dependency that afflicts our SAC.

Over all, therefore, the military balance of power is now tilting rather rapidly in favor of the Soviets. This change in the military balance directly results from the change in the economic balance that has been our main theme. And these two changes add up to an enormous shift in the general world balance of power.

This great shift in the power balance is being rendered all the more important, too, by another unseen yet menacing process. Until 1945, in brief, auto factories and even face-cream factories were great potential military assets. In both the first and the second world wars, the free nations won in the end, after suffering horrifying initial losses, by mobilizing for war long after the war began; and conversion of peaceful industry to war purposes played a major role in this delayed mobilization. But in the age of the new weapons, this kind of delayed and time-consuming conversion and mobilization obviously cannot be relied on. The best military theorists hold that reserve power, which has always been the specialty of the free nations, is now depreciating in value at the rate of 10 per cent per annum compounded; whereas force-in-being, the fully equipped, combat-ready force that is the Soviet specialty, has been gaining in value at the same rapid rate. This great change that is being worked by the character of the new weapons, of course, confers a rather luridly immediate significance on the state of the balance of power *as of now*. We cannot console ourselves, any longer, by thinking about how strong we might become after two years of undisturbed mobilization. We have to think about how strong we are today, in the face of the impressive military-industrial achievement of the Soviets.



"Lazy Susans?"

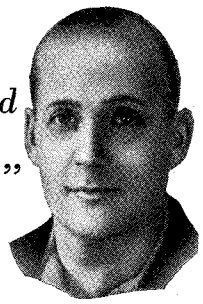
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Morally, the Soviet achievement is hideous, for it cannot be too often emphasized that the world balance of power is now turning against us mainly because the aim of the free societies is individual liberty and individual well-being, whereas naked power is the Soviet aim. Practically, however, the Soviet achievement is a hard fact that has to be faced.

The time for gloating over imaginary Soviet weaknesses is now long past. We should not be complacent, either, about the real weaknesses from which the Soviet system undoubtedly suffers, such as the grave weakness in agriculture. Soviet industrial progress is already permitting the masters of the Kremlin to barter capital goods and arms against the food and fiber surpluses of such underdeveloped countries as Burma and Egypt, earning thereby a handsome political dividend. By the end of the next Five Year Plan period, such exchanges are rather likely to play a conspicuous and perhaps a very dangerous part in the broad pattern of world trade. And if food shortage still causes trouble for the masters of the Kremlin, there are always the police. They have used the police before, and they will not hesitate to use them again, to still the unpatriotic murmurs of those who dare to put the people's well-being first instead of second.

In truth, we should stop looking at their problems, and we should start looking at our own problems. Our primary problem, in the last analysis, is simply the tilt in the world balance of power that is now going on. It is not a problem to be taken lightly, since the power balance is the mainspring of history and the arbiter of survival.

But this problem of ours need not plunge us into despair, either, since the resources of the United States and the free world are still vastly greater than the resources of the Soviet empire. The question is not whether we have enough resources, but whether we are capable of a right use of our resources. Doing a good deal more about national defense, doing a great deal more about education, doing a little, perhaps, to make our investment pattern somewhat less luxurious—these are the requirements of survival. They demand, to be sure, somewhat more self-denial than we have recently practiced, but surely the cause of freedom in the world is worth just a little self-denial. If we practice a little self-denial, we can competitively coexist with the Soviets until kingdom come, or rather until the very slow but very sure triumph of fundamental moral forces finally causes the iron Soviet system to crack at some point which we cannot today foresee or to change in some way which we cannot today forecast. THE END



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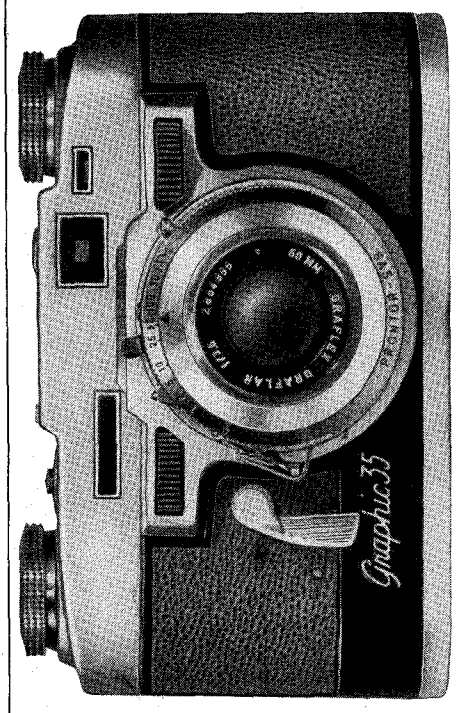

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The Umpire Was a Rookie (Continued from Page 43)

Carlson pitch. He had never, in fact, been inside a major-league park before this day.

He nodded and took the tall man's hand and felt all the pressure that was at the same time warm and crushing.

The third man, short and thick through the waist, bowlegged and bald, waddled over to Needy. "If you mister me," he said, "I'll fall down dead. All I ever hear is insults. I'm Jankowicz."

"Needy," he said again, clearing his throat, and he stood there, wondering whether he would ever match up to them or even come close.

They eyed him with a frank curiosity. He was the new man in the league, called up just yesterday to replace Jake Mandell, the umpire who had broken his leg getting off a plane at Idlewild, flying in from an exhibition in Cleveland. The doctors said Mandell would be staring up at the ceiling for nearly two months.

Wiley, the league president, had wired the three top minor-league heads for their recommendations. They all had different choices, but Needy's league president had called the commissioner of all baseball on his private phone and talked for a half hour. The commissioner spoke to Wiley. Wiley picked Needy.

So the three other umpires stood a few yards off and watched Needy. And Needy felt the perspiration trickle down his ribs.

McQuinn broke the silence finally. He said, "I suppose you've boned up on the ground rules?"

Needy nodded. "Your league has pretty much the same rules we had back in the Association. That makes it easier."

McQuinn nodded his great head. "It does," he said, "but this is a tough park."

Needy frowned. He had shown his new league badge to the park attendant earlier that day and walked all over Robin Field, studying the angles and the shadows, the high fence in right field where balls sometimes stuck in the chicken wire, the sharp corner in left where the play got out of sight unless the third-base umpire was swift in getting back. Needy was not to umpire at third, and he guessed that was why. He was to be at second base, where the plays were often tough and dusty and bruising, but where they fell into a pattern: double play, hit-and-run, steal, force-out, pick-off.

In a way, Needy was glad he was going to be at second. It might force a quick showdown. Tad Roush was the Robin manager. He also was the Robin shortstop. Needy knew Roush firsthand. The two had tangled in the Association five years ago.

Then Carlson broke in. "Not the playing field, son," he said, and Needy smiled thinly. They must have been within five years of the same age. "He means the park. The fans."

And Needy understood. The fans were different here, so Needy had heard, men and women who had become a legend, just as their borough on the wrong side of the muddy river had become a legend. They were fans who came early and started howling long before the first pitch—and Needy could hear them even now through the thick white-tile walls—fifty-two thousand of them, the most vociferous, partisan fans in the world.

Jankowicz said, "They're tough out here, all right." He shook his head and grinned. "I've had my share of beer in my day, but I hate to have it thrown at me."

"With soft tomatoes as a side dish," McQuinn added.

"I've been through it," Needy said quietly.

"Good," McQuinn said. "When you've been through it, you either go one way or the other. You must have gone the right way, boy, or you wouldn't be here today. They don't take chickens or lilies in this league. Now, the other league ——" He snorted in contempt.

The other two laughed. Needy knew how each big league thought it was the only league. But Needy wasn't laughing. McQuinn didn't know the real trouble. Needy had seen fans litter the field with vile epithets and pulpy fruit. It had never bothered him much. The real trouble was himself and Roush. McQuinn didn't know about that. Needy doubted that anybody knew about it or remembered. Maybe Roush hadn't remembered. After all, it was an unimportant game, five years back, and Roush had gone a long way since then.

A bell rang softly in the dressing room and the three other men seemed to stiffen a bit, their smiles fading. "Come on," McQuinn said, taking Needy's arm; "let's go meet them." And the four umpires moved swiftly through the door and onto the gravel path, through the exit door next to the Robins' dugout.

They stepped to the plate while the fans called down their stereotyped insults, and Needy grinned. They weren't so tough. And then a raucous voice from the stands yelled, "All right, McQuinn, don't call 'em like you did when the Phils were in last time, you blind bum!" And a snicker filtered from the stands.

Needy stiffened. Lord, he thought, they remembered from one season to the next. They were riding McQuinn for a call he'd made no more recently than last September, at least seven months ago.

Needy stood at the plate, watching the opposing pitchers wheel in their last practice throws, while the ground crew motored its rollers over the moist, sweet-smelling infield dirt, and from the stands came a rising murmur as the new season rushed up.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Ten or twenty years from now we'll look back at all this and laugh."

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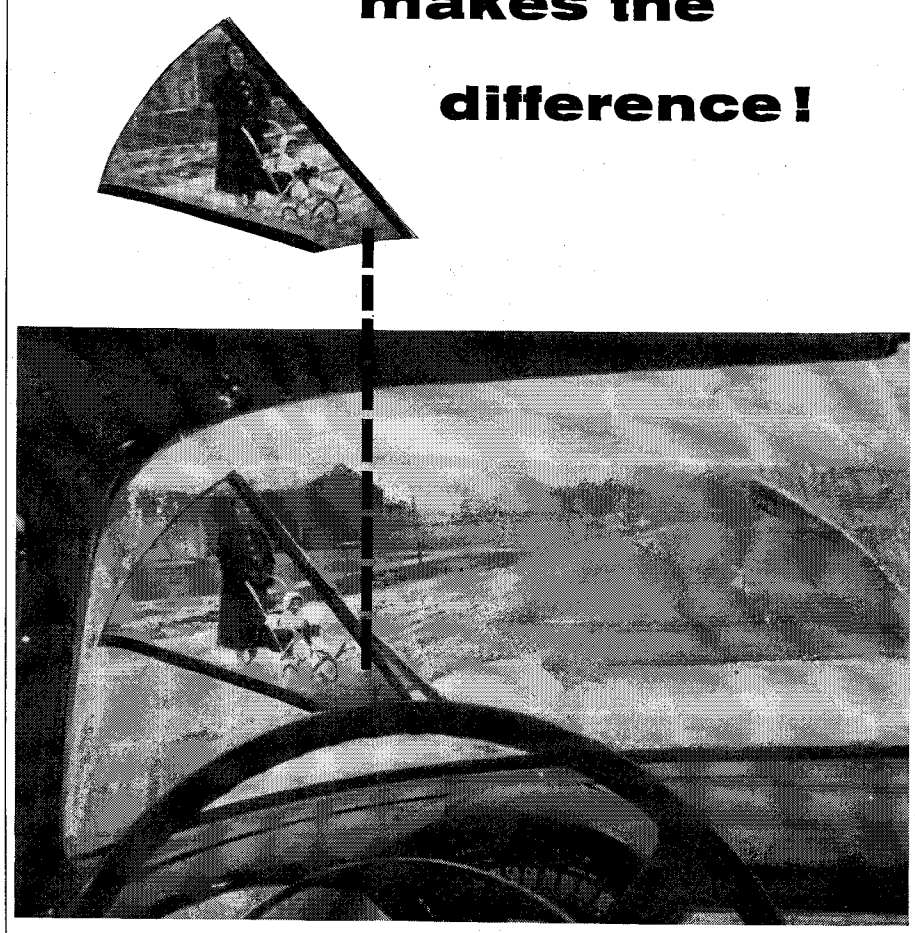

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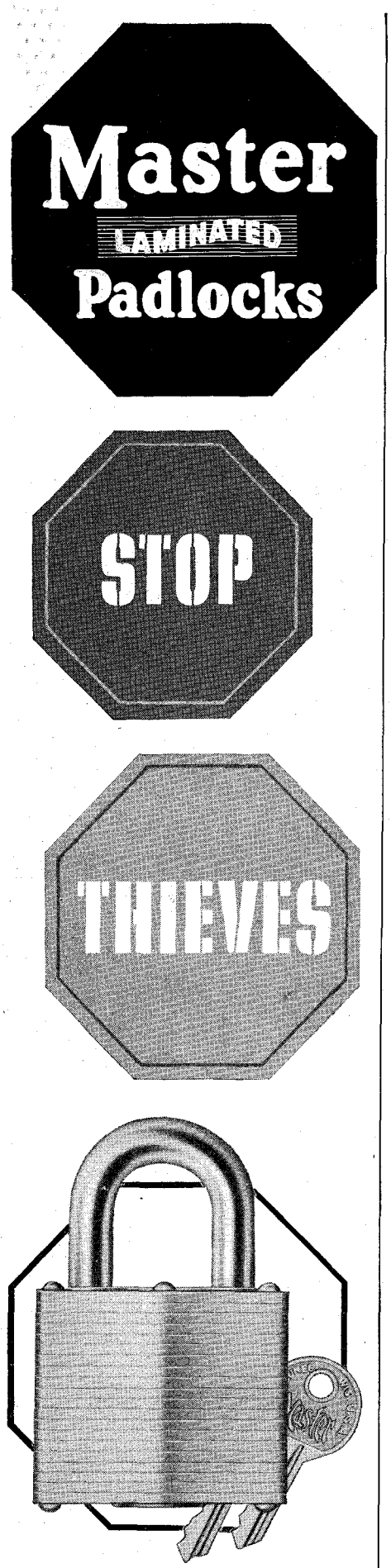

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And Roush came out of the Robin dugout, a prancing man with toed-in step, head down, a sheet of paper in his hand. The fans saw him and began to roar, and Roush waved his free hand without looking up. From the Titan dugout came Chub Fowler, the line-up in his hand, too, and Needy heard Roush shoot a word at Fowler. The Titan manager's face flushed hot and angry. Roush, Needy knew then, hadn't changed.

Needy moved away from the cluster at the plate, so that Roush would have to see him. He wanted that part over quickly. But Roush, head down, pushed by as though he knew he had the center of the stage. He was a showboat, Needy knew, and then, in his grudging heart, he added, *but a hell of a ballplayer.*

Roush stopped and nodded curtly to McQuinn and Carlson and Jankowicz. "Good afternoon, you blind bats," he said softly. Then he turned to Needy. He put his hands on his hips and said, "Hello, choke-up."

Needy felt his throat tighten and he knew the flush was rising to his temples.

McQuinn pushed past Jankowicz, coming chest to chest with Roush. "Cut it," he said quietly, but there was a bristling quality to his voice. "Cut it, I say. I won't stand for your language."

Roush didn't budge a half inch. His voice was as low as McQuinn's, but rasping and hard. "Listen," he said, "when you bums yell play ball, I'll watch my tongue. But right now you're just guests in this house, and my boss owns this house. Until that first pitch comes in, this game is in the hands of the club owners. Not you." He whirled on Needy again, and the venom lay in his throat. "Choke-up Needy, the yellowest umpire ever to call 'em wrong. Too chicken to call 'em as he sees 'em." Then he spun away and stalked off.

McQuinn roared this time. "Roush! Come here!" And Roush turned, wide-eyed. "The ground rules," McQuinn said.

Roush waved his hands. "Whatever you say, Mac. We won't need any rules today." And he minced to the dugout.

McQuinn turned to Chub Fowler. He said, "I'm sorry, Chub. The smiling little skipper is off to his usual start."

Fowler growled and handed McQuinn his line-up. "Maybe we'll rub some of it off," he said, and he ambled to the visiting dugout.

Needy watched Fowler, and then he looked at McQuinn, and he froze. The big umpire was staring at him with icy blue eyes. "You're a major-league umpire, Needy," he said. "Act like one."

Needy nodded and tried to say something, but his voice failed him, and then McQuinn waved the three of them to their bases before he bent to the plate, whisk broom in his gnarled hand.

The field was empty except for the four umpires, and then the Robins poured from the dugout, Roush leading them, and the fifty-two thousand fans got up and roared. They stayed standing as the PA system crackled and the announcer said, "Ladies and gentlemen, our national anthem."

But Needy barely heard it. He turned to center field to watch the flag go up into the blue sky, and he remembered. . . .

It hadn't been an important game, though Needy knew now how important it really was. And, more than that, how important they all are, the 10–2 games between a first-place team and a cellar team, and a 2–1 affair between two clubs battling for the lead. To an umpire, they're all the same. Needy knew it now.

It was the end of September, and Roush's club had already clinched the Association flag. They were playing at home, three days before the season would end, most of the regulars resting, but Roush still in there. Roush's team was losing 6–1, though Roush had started one double play and pivoted like a flying ghost on two others, and now, in the bottom of the ninth, with two out, he had hit the ball to the center-field wall for a triple.

It was a hot day, Needy remembered, fearfully hot, and it had been a hot month, a hot summer. Needy was behind the plate, weighted down with mask and protector. Somebody had once said an umpire takes hell, but that the hours couldn't be beat. That was before night ball, Needy thought, and hot days like this.

So he leaned in behind the catcher, the ball-and-strike indicator telling him it was two out, one out away from the dressing room and a quick beer, and the pitcher missed twice with curve balls, as Roush pranced down the line from third base.

Nobody was watching very closely, most of the fans having gone home in the seventh inning when Roush's pitcher was hammered for four runs. Not that there had been many to begin with. Maybe twelve hundred, Needy thought. No more than five hundred still remained.

So, when Roush started down the line and seemed to stumble, Needy hoped he'd come in all the way, for he'd surely be out, and the game would be over. The pitcher hadn't started his motion, but Roush had had a bad start. Then the batter suddenly put his hand to his eyes and stepped out of the box. Four or five times that day, swirling spirals of dust had attacked home plate, and Needy had been forced to call "Time," each time a batter stepped out.

But somehow, as his hand went up and he started to say "Time," he saw Roush continue down the line, and he saw the pitcher quickly throw to the plate. The catcher took the toss, blocked off Roush and put the tag on the runner.

There was a feeble cheer from the stands, and five hundred people slowly began to walk across the field to the exit gates. Roush got up and looked at Needy. He jabbed the edge of his hand against his own throat. "You choke-up rat," he said, "why didn't you call time?"

Needy hadn't said anything, but he knew Roush was right. He had quit on his assignment. It wasn't important whether Roush stole home or not; it was only important that Needy call it as he saw it. And he had seen the batter step out before the pitcher went into action toward the plate. He knew it and Roush knew it, and maybe the batter knew it, but he hadn't seemed to care.

Roush cared. It was baseball, and baseball was life and blood to him. Needy knew he, too, should have cared. He should have called time even then, with the five hundred fans scattered all over the diamond, paper falling to the grass, the bags being ripped up by the groundkeepers. He should have waved his hands and roared until he had controlled them, and then resumed play.

But he hadn't. He had just walked past Roush, trying to reason that it hadn't mattered, that the ball game wouldn't have changed, that the team standings wouldn't have changed. He tried to forget it. . . .

And standing here at second base in Robin Field, the flag flapping against the blue sky, he knew he had never forgotten it.

Nor had Roush. The ball came spinning out from behind the plate, and Roush had it, tossing it to his second baseman, and then turning to Needy.

"Choke-up," he whispered to the umpire. "Chicken minor-leaguer."

Needy knew he didn't have to take it. The game was still not in the umpires' hands, but he was a human being being abused. There wasn't much he could do. But he could answer Roush, fire a hot word at the shortstop to let him know he was alive and fighting back.

Instead he moved behind the bag and slightly to the left of second base, as the first Titan moved in and McQuinn bellowed, "Play ball!" And just as quickly, Roush seemed to forget all about Needy, close to the bag. He bent slightly, his body swaying, his arms hanging, knees slightly hinged, and Needy watched his mouth move and a flow of words waft to the pitcher's mound. The game began.

Needy had heard it said that a major-league baseball game is unlike any minor-league game, no matter the quality of play. Now he believed it. A cloak hung over the field, a shimmering wave of electricity that coursed through the action, crackled in the air with every pitch, rose and fell with hits and outs. And behind the cloak was the booming that whooshed from the stands, like a heavy hand or the ocean rolling in. It was lightning and thunder, Needy thought, the sizzling atmosphere on (*Continued on Page 92*)

"It's possible we won't have to go far for lunch today."
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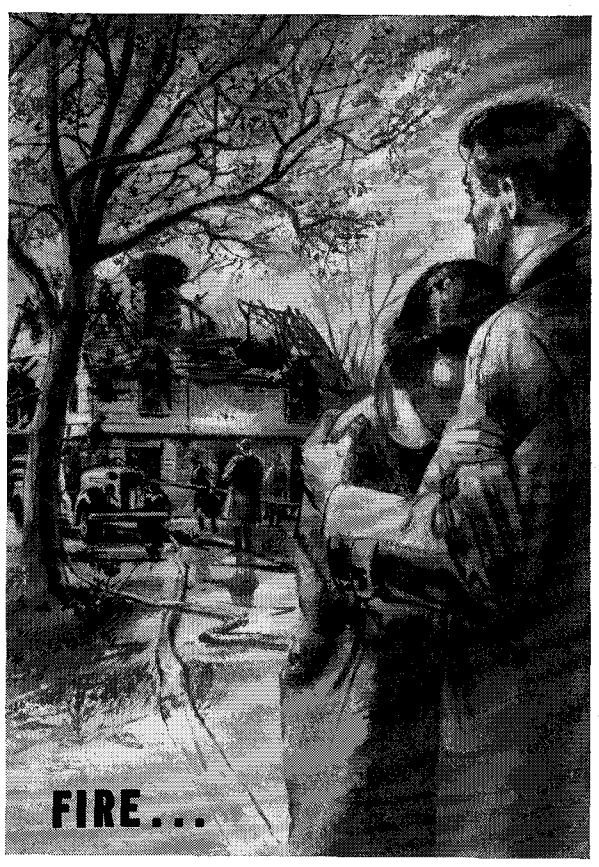

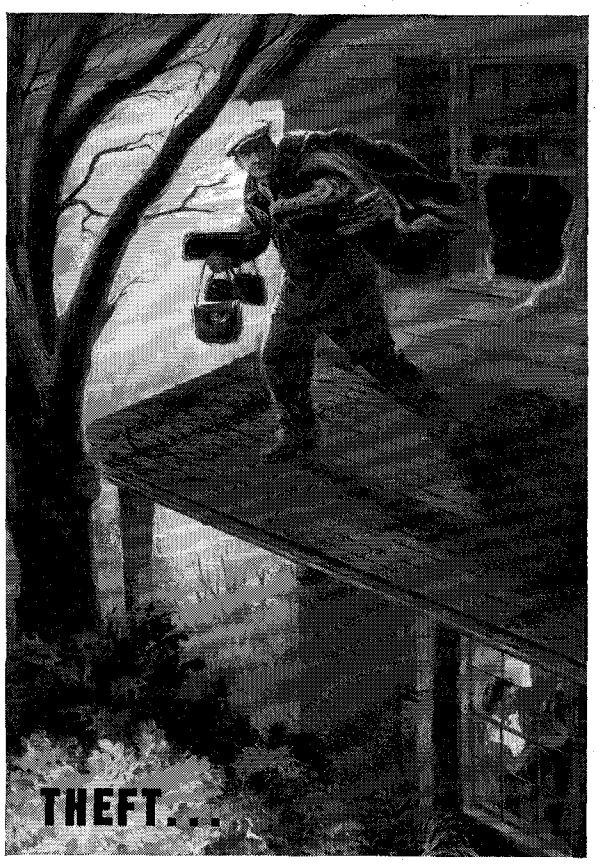

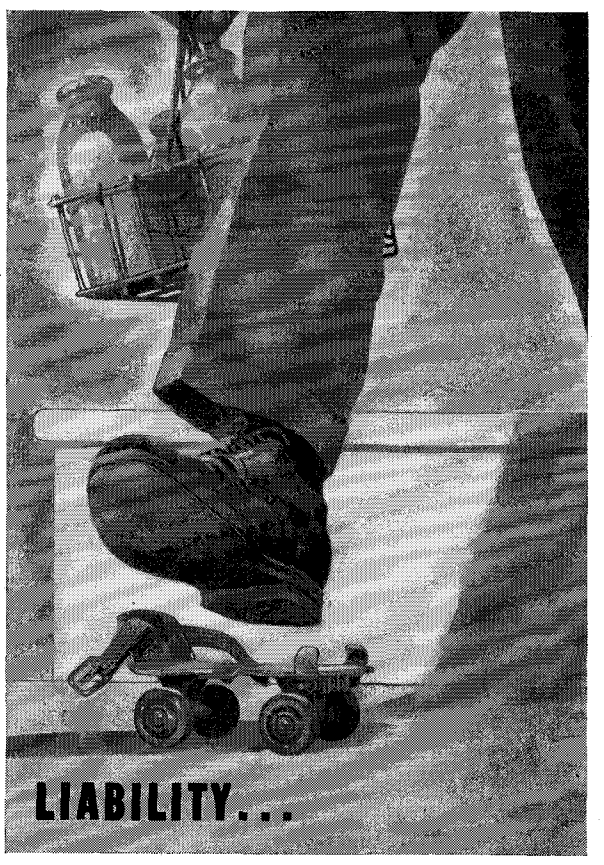

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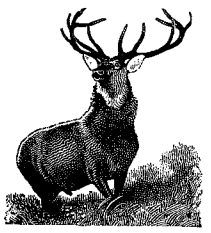

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(*Continued from Page 90*) the diamond and the roaring from the stands.

The Titans scored first. In the fourth inning, the Titan batter, a man named Jewell who batted left-handed and choked up on his stick three inches, pulled a line drive down the first-base line past Rogers, the Robin first baseman, and into the corner where the Robin bull-pen crew sat beneath a sun canopy.

The Robin right fielder raced to the line and into foul territory, took the rolling ball with his gloved hand, whirled and threw into second base. It was a fine throw, but Jewell hooked to the center of the diamond and grabbed off the inside edge of the bag. Needy bent to the play, head through the low cloud of dust, and he spread-eagled his hands.

Instantly Roush was at him, feet stamping, voice raised in indignant clamor, but Needy stood firm and when Roush wouldn't quit, he turned his back and walked away. It was not a serious beef, Needy knew, because Roush knew as well as he that Jewell had beaten the throw. So Roush growled and kicked dirt and went back to his position, and Needy grinned. Roush had played it four-square, fighting a close call against his team, but watching his tongue. Maybe, Needy thought, the Robin manager was going to let bygones be bygones.

The next hitter was Thomas, another left-hander, and though the Robin pitcher threw on the outside, Thomas still dragged his bunt down the first-base line, moving Jewell to third.

And Mayo, the Titans' No. 4 hitter, the league's home-run king and stolen-base leader, hit to the edge of the center-field wall, where Earl Rider had just enough room to make the catch. Jewell sauntered home and the Titans led, 1–0.

It stayed that way into the seventh, a 1–0 game that was taking longer to play than any 1–0 game Needy had ever seen. The pitchers violated the twenty-second rule on nearly every pitch, and Needy knew how foolish the rule was.

When Mayo came up, there was always a short conference, and even after it ended, the Robin pitcher would lean in for a full thirty seconds, his eyes boring a path to the plate, trying to find that groove past Mayo's lunging bat. And Earl Rider had the Titan pitcher in the same grip, the long look, the signals shaken off again and again, catcher Festrun calling time and insisting on a pitch while the fans muttered and buzzed and called down their timeless hue.

In the seventh, Roush came up with one out. He slashed two bats at the grass, talking as he minced forward, and then he threw one behind him, and dug himself in.

The Titan pitcher threw, a quick white blur, and Roush was flat on his back. The mutter from the stands grew thick and ugly. But Roush was up, wiping himself off, snarling an obscenity that McQuinn behind the plate pretended he didn't hear. And Roush drilled the next pitch past the Titan pitcher's left ear and into center field.

At first base, Roush pointed his finger at the pitcher, and the Titan came down from the mound two steps to hurl a word at the Robin manager. McQuinn then hustled forward, waving his arms. And time dragged, while the sun faded, dipping to the lip of the stands over first base, lengthening the shadows.

Roush led off from first and taunted the pitcher with three quick steps down the line, drew a throw, and then started his lead again. On the second pitch, he went.

Festrun came out of his crouch with the ball in his clenched fist and he threw, true and swiftly, to the second baseman covering the bag. Needy drifted over, eyes searching, and Roush came in, one leg high. The tag was made and Needy started to go up with his right hand, but then the ball came squirting out of the glove, rolling toward the shortstop. Needy broke off his call and dropped his hands down low, yelling, "Safe, safe!"

The second baseman rolled to his feet and called "Time!" and held up his dripping red wrist.

The Titan doctor came out and cleaned the dirt from the spike wound, and then started to lead the infielder away. But the Titan insisted he could play, and the doctor shrugged, slapped on a piece of plaster and walked away, shaking his head.

Then the second baseman turned to Needy and said, "He kicked me, you know."

Needy nodded. "I guess he did, son. Nothing I can do about it. Kick him back

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"Before we begin, young man, let's have it clearly understood that I was getting sick before you were even born."

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next time," and Roush laughed out loud.

It was part of the game Needy didn't like, but there was nothing anybody ever did to remedy it. It was the way the game was played. There were rules about interference and roughness, but the line could seldom be drawn. So the umpire ignored the contact and watched the bases.

Now Roush led away, and the Titan pitcher threw four times to big Rogers, wasting one, and Rogers swung and missed three times.

The Titan pitcher then took off his glove and wiped his hand with a towel that he directed from the dugout, while Earl Rider took his bent-over stance, waving a big brown bat. And on the first pitch, Needy heard the pitcher groan with the delivery. It was what Casey Stengel liked to call a dead fish, a fast ball, down the pipe, waist high, thrown to Rider's strength.

The ball disappeared over the right-field wall, clearing it by about forty feet, and the Robins led, 2–1.

They stayed that way through the eighth, and Needy looked at his watch and saw that two and a half hours had gone by as they came into the ninth. The public-address announcer made his usual statement about fans' not being allowed on the playing field until all players had reached the dugouts, and the fans made a derisive sound.

It was then Needy realized that the game was nearly over, that Roush was not riding him any more than he was the other umpires. Needy felt suddenly that the problem had somehow resolved itself. He gave a short little laugh, and Roush, twelve feet away, looked at him cold-eyed, his mouth mocking and twisted. Needy felt the afternoon chill, and he knew he was wrong. It wasn't resolved. It wouldn't be until he and Roush had tangled again.

The first man in the ninth was a pinch hitter for the Titan pitcher, a red-faced man with a plug of tobacco in his cheek and the grinning self-confidence of a man who believed no pitcher on earth could get him out. He was Joads, who couldn't catch fly balls and couldn't throw, so he didn't play regularly, but who hit close to .350 in his two hundred at bats each season.

The Robin pitcher tried to curve Joads, but the ball hung on the inside corner, and Joads stroked it off the wall, where the right fielder made a swift recovery and Joads lumbered into first, the grin still splitting his wide red face. Then he lumbered off again, for a pinch runner, and Roush spoke sharply with his pitcher.

Finally Roush called his catcher, a man named Camps, to the hill and they talked until McQuinn pushed his way to the mound.

Needy heard the big umpire say, "What's it to be, Roush? You sticking with him or you calling in the reliefer?"

Roush said, "I dunno. That's a real tough one."

McQuinn flushed and towered over Roush. "Don't con me," he said. "Make up your mind. I won't stand for any stalling."

Roush said, "Who's stalling? I'm trying to think. Get your beef off me, and I'll be able to figure it out."

McQuinn said quietly, "I'll give you fifteen seconds, Roush."

Roush stared at the sky and squinted, and Needy could see the Robin manager's lips moving. Needy tried to hide his grin. Roush was actually counting off the seconds.

Then he stopped and said, "I got it. It's the reliefer." He waved to the bull pen with his right hand, and the right-handed knuckleball thrower strolled in, carrying his jacket, and began to warm up.

Needy watched from behind second, marveling that Camps could catch such a thing as the reliefer threw. Every one was a knuckler, writhing in mid-air like a drunken butterfly. Then McQuinn held up his hand for the game to pick up where it had stopped, a Titan on first, nobody out, the ninth inning, and the Robins leading, 2–1.

The knuckler got Lark, the Titan lead-off hitter, to go for a chest-high floater, and the Titan hit it straight up in the air. The ball disappeared in Camps' mitt, and there was one out.

But Jewell, who hadn't been stopped all afternoon, singled to right field and the Titan runner fled past Needy into third.

The thunder was two-edged now, the Titan fans who had braved the river and crossed into enemy territory, and the Robins, upset and grumbling as the lead teetered.

Roush raised his hands and yelled "Time!" and turned to the bull pen. He wanted a left-hander to pitch to Thomas.

The sun fell over the edge of the stands, and the field lay in shadow, but lightning still hovered over the players' heads. Needy felt himself waiting with the fans now, impartial (*Continued on Page 95*)

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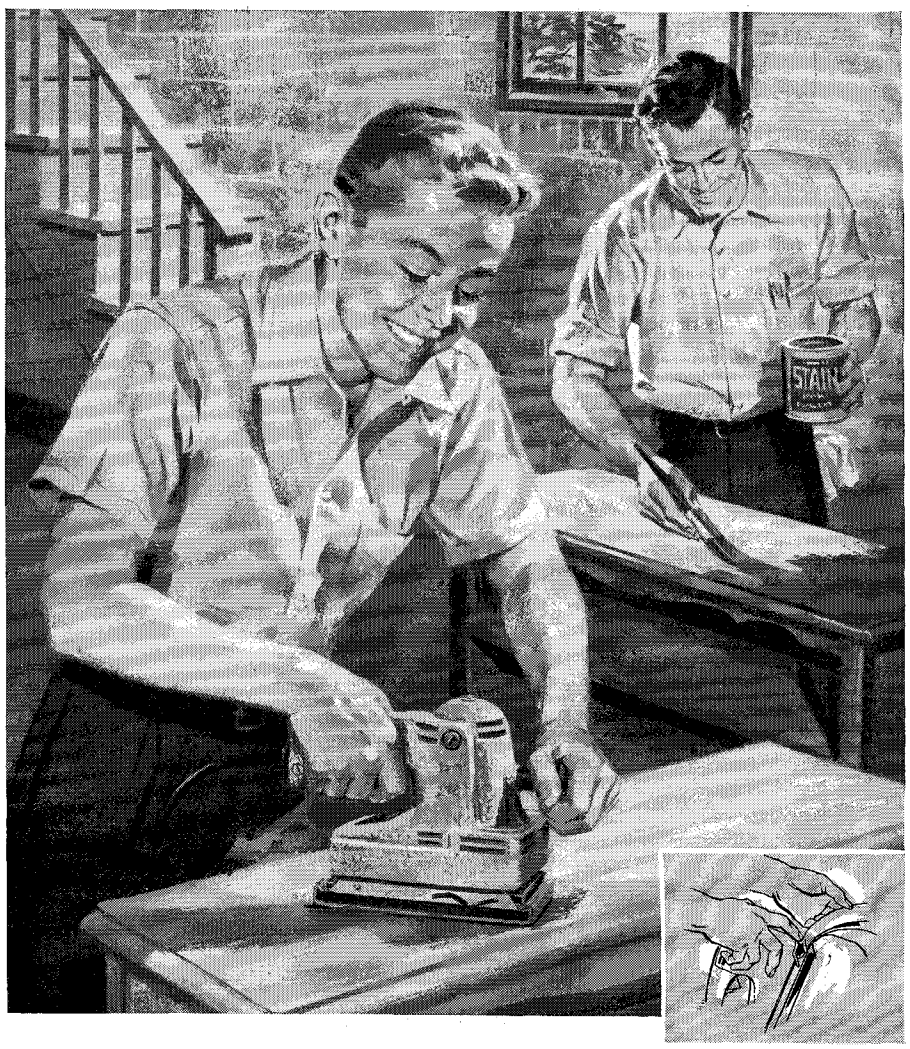

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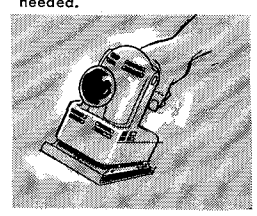

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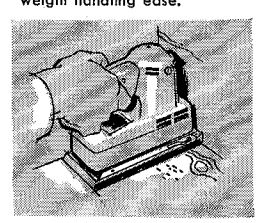

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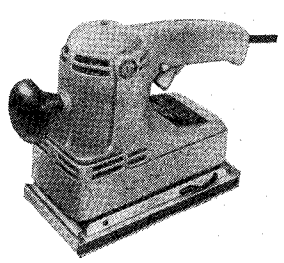

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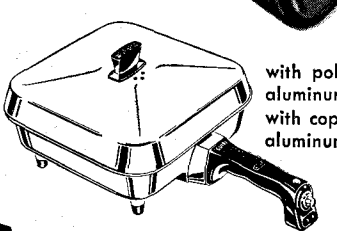

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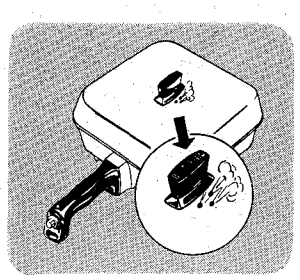

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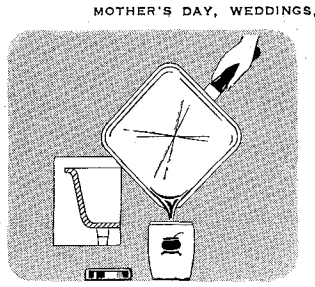

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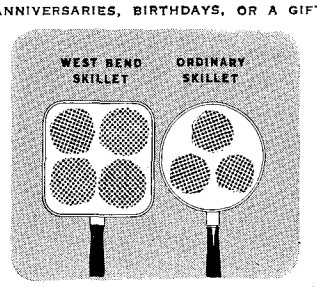

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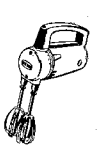

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(*Continued from Page 93*) as ever concerning the game's outcome, yet intensely interested.

He watched the left-hander, a stocky hurky-jerky man named Lombardo, pitch curve balls to Thomas, but they were breaking too much and too soon, and on six pitches the bases were loaded.

Again Roush stopped the game, and a third time he signaled to the bullpen. The hitter was Mayo, the big, fleet Titan who could do everything so well. And when time was in again, Needy saw that Roush had his team playing halfway. Roush wanted to cut off the tying run at the plate, but he wasn't all the way in. The double play could still be made, though Needy knew that Mayo was as fast a man getting down the line as anybody in baseball.

The new pitcher eyed the bases, Thomas coming off first. The other Titan runners drifted away, and Roush kept darting toward second, feinting Jewell back to the bag. Roush's mouth was still moving, the words flowing to the mound, and Needy felt them hang like drones in the air.

"Come on, boy," Roush was saying. "Come on, boy; nobody hits." Then the reliefer took a deep breath and threw hard to Mayo.

It was a fast ball, Needy thought, on the inside, and Mayo started to lunge. Then the pitch broke. It had not been a fast ball at all, but a curve, thrown hard and loose, fooling the big Titan.

But Mayo somehow got a piece of it, hitting it on a high bounce past the mound, headed for the hole between second base and Roush. Needy moved in toward the bag from behind, seeing Thomas hurtling down the line, Mayo bulleting his way toward first, and Roush gliding over, surefooted, a swift ghost on the brown dirt.

The thought crossed Needy's mind that Thomas would be an easy force, once Roush came up with the ball, but the winging Mayo would be a different story. Then Needy banished the thought; his problem lay at second, not first.

Roush reached to his left with his gloved hand while on the dead run eight feet from second base, and then he plucked the ball out with his right hand, leveled his arm back and threw like a rifle to first, a split second before his foot hit second base, kicking dust high into the air.

It was then that Needy's ankle buckled under him and he fell, sprawling heavily while the picture of Roush making his throw before he touched second became frozen-fixed in his mind. Needy never knew that big Rogers, at first, stretched into the diamond while Mayo leaped for the bag. Nor did Needy hear the ball spank into the first baseman's glove, umpire Carlson booming, "He's out!" All Needy heard was the thunder pounding out from the stands as he rolled to his feet to make his call.

But nobody was watching him, the players fleeing to the dugouts, and fifty-two thousand people starting to pour onto the field. Even Roush was gone. Only Thomas was near, sitting on second base, staring up at Needy, openmouthed.

For Needy stood stock-still, arms spread-eagled, yelling, "Safe, safe, safe!" He knew why Thomas couldn't believe the call. Roush had him beaten by five full steps. But Roush had taken the chance that Needy wouldn't have the guts to make the insane call he was now making. Roush had thrown the ball before his foot touched second, and the force play had never been made.

Needy knew it, and he knew why it had happened. He'd have bet his life on it. Roush had seen what he had seen. The shortstop knew that Mayo, moving like a whippet down the first-base line, would beat the throw unless he got rid of the ball right away. The tying run was thundering homeward.

It was McQuinn who finally noticed Needy, still standing at second, arms held out and low, time-honored sign of a man being called safe.

The big ump charged to second base and said, "What's the matter, man? Are you crazy?"

Needy looked at his chief. The park cops were in a tight cordon at the foul lines, keeping the fans from trampling the young infield grass, but they couldn't keep them from roaming all over the outfield. It was a swirling, still-roaring throng, most of them happy, all of them knowing they had seen a fine game, and glad to be on their way home.

"I'm sorry, Mac, but the man is safe."

McQuinn looked at him peculiarly and said, "Roush touched the bag. I saw the dust rise up."

Needy shook his head stubbornly. He thought, *What am I getting into?* The field was strewn with debris. It was like that day five years ago, except a thousand times worse. He said, "He touched the bag after he got rid of the ball. Thomas is safe."

McQuinn started to rub his jaw and then he began to grin, and finally he started to laugh out loud, a bellowing laugh that brought tears to his eyes. "I swear," he said, "if you weren't standing here, I wouldn't believe it. Now what do we do?"

Needy said, "We get the game going again."

McQuinn turned and yelled, "Carl, Janko, come here! This crazy pup's starting a rhubarb and we'll have to back him up!" The two umpires raced to second and scratched their heads as McQuinn filled them in.

Thomas suddenly got up from his perch on second base and said, "Excuse me, but if I'm safe, is time still in?" He was ready to keep running.

McQuinn roared, "Hell, no! I call time right now!"

Thomas began to yell to the near-empty Titan dugout. "Hey, I'm safe, I'm safe!"

Needy said, "And your club is leading, three-two."

McQuinn howled, "Now, what the devil does that mean?"

Carlson grinned. "I get him, chief. He means the men on second and third. They both scored. As a matter of fact," he said, winking at McQuinn, "I noticed Jewell touch home plate in case you didn't. The lad's right. The Titans are ahead, three-two."

"And probably piling out of their uniforms this minute," Jankowicz said. "What happens now?"

Needy said, "You boys wouldn't want me to change my decision, would you? Because," he said, "I won't, you know."

A handful of Titans began to drift onto the field. The word began to spread through the filing throng, and Needy heard the first ominous mutter.

Somebody said, "Whaddya mean, the game's not over? Sure it is."

"No," somebody else said, fifteen feet from second. "That new jerk of an umpire says Thomas ain't out. They ought to mobilize the bum."

McQuinn turned to Needy. "All right, bum, take it from here."

Needy said, "It's very simple. The rules don't cover it, but you're in charge. Make an announcement over the PA that the game isn't over, that you'll give everybody—fans and players—a half hour to get back in their seats and to their positions, and that the game will continue."

Carlson said, "We could have 'em play it off some other time."

Jankowicz grinned. "No," he said. "That's too easy. I like the lad's idea. . . . Go on, Mac, make the announcement."

"Not me," McQuinn said. "Don't pass the buck to me. Let the lad do it."

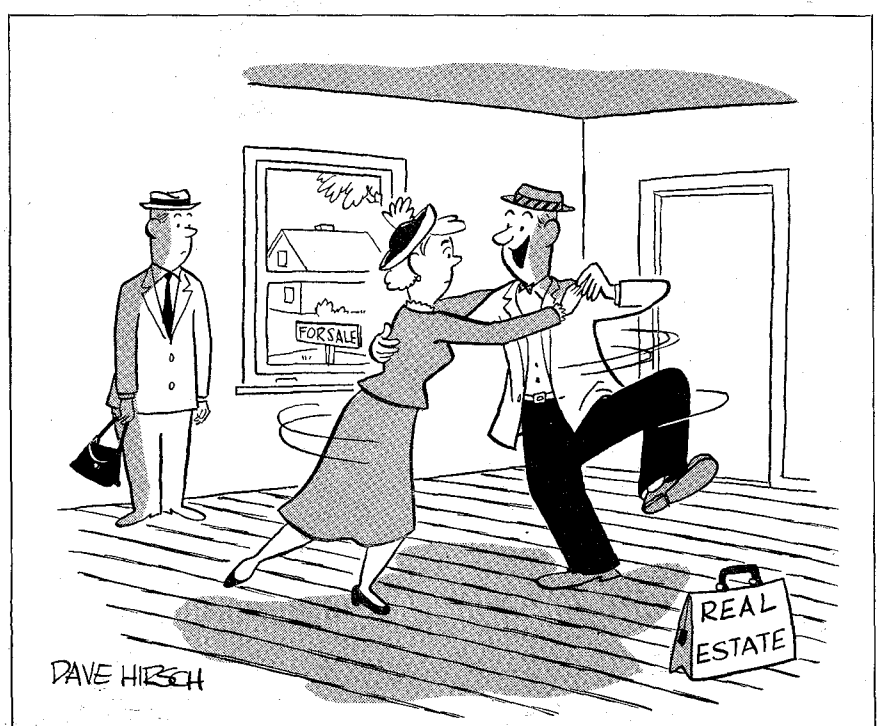
Jankowicz said, "Go to it, boy. I must say you've got guts. Are they going to love you here!"

Needy shook his head. He knew it didn't matter. Love him or hate him, it didn't matter. Respect him. That was all. He started to walk to the Robin dugout to ask where the PA mike was. It would have been very easy to make the out call, he knew. But he had never even thought of it.

And thirty minutes later, before a crowd gone blood-mad as it heaped abuse on Needy, Tad Roush led his ball club back onto the field.

The shortstop took his post, raised two fingers in the air and called, "Two out, men, two out! We'll get it back!"

Then Roush turned, before his pitcher threw, and said to Needy, "Welcome to the big leagues, you blind bat." He was grinning. Needy ignored him, to watch the ball game. THE END



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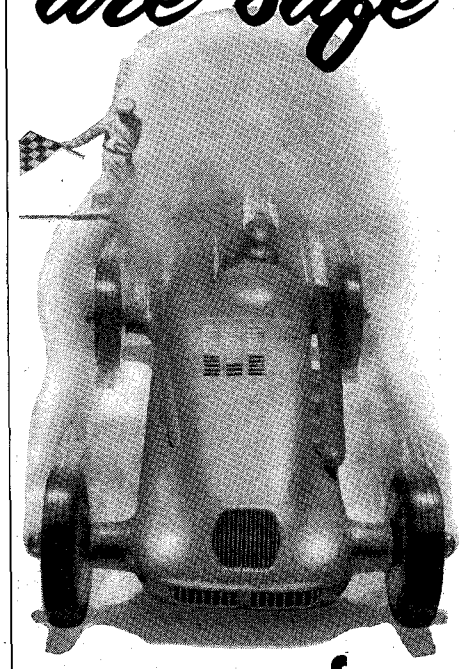

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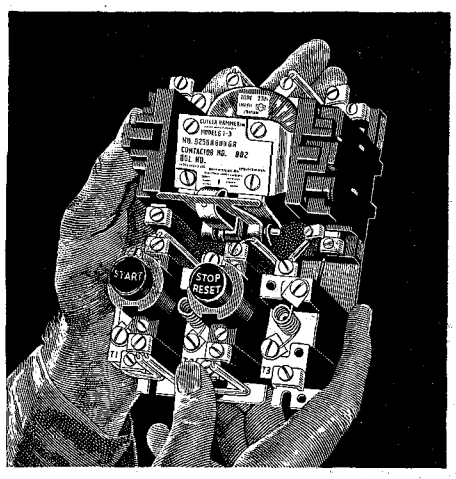
WHAT'S NEW IN MOTOR CONTROL?



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Beware of the Artful Forger!

(Continued from Page 45)

forty-two years ago, he was a repertory performer who played in everything from *East Lynne* to *Julius Caesar*, in many of the vaudeville and stock-company houses of the Middle West and the South.

"You might say I have been specializing in bad actors ever since," Mr. Adlam observed, as I urged him to tell me about his life and times.

Forgers regard themselves as highly specialized craftsmen rather than criminals, deserving all the money they can fleece from an unwary society, and are inclined to look down on robbers and the like as riffraff, George Adlam noted. Which may explain why they seem to think of prison as merely an unfortunate interruption in the practice of their art, and the first day out as an excellent time to return to their professional duties. In fact, a trusty on a prison farm down South recently refused to wait that long. He had received a four-dollar check from the warden for doing some extra chore, so he raised the check to forty dollars, cashed it and used the money to finance his escape.

However smart they may think they are, Mr. Adlam continued, forgers usually make some silly little mistake that leads to their undoing. In Indiana, for example, a dishonest former employee stole the check-writing machine, the payroll-department typewriter and several hundred payroll checks from a nationally prominent concern. Within a short time, thus equipped, he had cashed somewhere between $15,000 and $20,000 worth of forged checks. He made no bones about identifying himself, since he made all the checks payable to his real name; they were easier to cash that way for he didn't have to forge identification papers, but used his own. By the time Mr. Adlam was on his trail, he had fleeced several hundred merchants and was on his way for parts unknown.

In picking up the trail of the bad checks, however, Mr. Adlam discovered that one of them had been cashed at the telephone company to pay a telephone bill for a woman's apartment, not the forger's. Furthermore, the bill was more than thirty-five dollars for one month's service.

Telephone-company records disclosed that the bill was so large because a series of calls had been made from the woman's apartment to a number in Miami. The FBI was waiting at the address of the Miami number when the forger, whose name was Edward L. Boardman, arrived there some time later with his girl friend.

What had happened was this: Boardman's girl friend, unaware that he was a wanted man, had agreed to go on a trip with him, but wanted to make certain her credit would be in order when she returned to her home city. So she gave the forger enough cash to pay the telephone bill—and an electric-light bill as well. Boardman, however, couldn't see the sense in using good cash when he still had some perfectly good bad checks in his pocket, so he cashed one phony payroll check at the light company and one at the phone company—the latter bit of stupidity, of course, leading Mr. Adlam and the FBI directly to his Miami hideout. Had he paid the bills with cash, as he was supposed to, he might still be at large.

"Can you imagine that dumb cluck doing that?" Mr. Adlam inquired.

Boardman served a jail term and immediately got into bad-check trouble again upon his release. This time police surrounded him in a wooded area of Central Indiana and he killed himself as they were closing in.

What really saddens Mr. Adlam, however, is the carelessness of employers about checking the background of new employees, especially those with any access whatever to the payroll department. There was, for example, the case of a bright young man who gave his name as Don C. Brewster when a prominent Salt Lake City contracting firm hired him several years ago. Brewster was efficient, ambitious and equipped with such a winning personality that soon the boss was taking him along on fishing trips. Soon, also, Brewster was placed in charge of issuing all the firm's general-disbursement checks. He did his job well. Nobody could possibly find any fault with him, except for the fact that he was quietly writing substantial checks payable to himself, destroying the canceled checks when they came back from the bank after he had cashed them, and recording these transactions as payments to the firm's suppliers.

Brewster was more than $12,000 ahead of the game when the firm's rapid expansion resulted in a decision to incorporate, which in turn meant an audit. At this point, Brewster announced that he had gone to St. Louis to attend his mother's funeral—by a letter mailed from a town fifty miles west of Salt Lake City. This seemed such an odd way to go to St. Louis from Salt Lake that an investigation was started. Police found that Brewster and his wife had stripped their apartment, washed every inch of it, including the walls as high as a man could reach, to remove all fingerprints, and had taken the precaution of "borrowing" the print and negative of the only photograph of Brewster in existence—a candid snapshot which a friend had taken at a picnic. He was traced as far as Las Vegas, where he sold his car. Then he vanished.

Mr. Adlam, investigating the Brewster case because Todd equipment was involved, was appalled to discover that neither the contracting firm nor the bonding company which was underwriting Brewster's honesty on the job had up to this point made any verification of the previous-employment references Brewster had given when he was hired. The references turned out to be as fraudulent as the checks Brewster had been writing for his own benefit.

In Brewster's records, however, Mr. Adlam discovered that he occasionally spelled "check," one of his favorite words, "cheque." This suggested Canadian or British origin and, sure enough, Canadian police had quite a record on Don C. Brewster, alias Yvan Mario Jobin—apparently his original French-Canadian name—alias Norman Johnson, Mario Normand, Gauvin, Jolin and Pollock. He was wanted for forgery at the time in Montreal, Ottawa, British Columbia and Los Angeles, as well as Salt Lake City, and he has since been coveted by the police of a few other cities, but, said Mr. Adlam wistfully: "Several years have gone by, the fliers keep going out on him, but the bright young man is still at large."

The Boardman and Brewster cases are examples of "inside" jobs involving employees who turned out not to be quite what they seemed. Another example in George Adlam's memory book is the gray-haired, little old maiden lady in Brooklyn whose small charities were numerous, whose church-attendance record was impeccable, whose style of living was extremely modest and whose dowdy, Victorian-style clothing contributed markedly to the impression that she was the soul of rectitude. Her employer was outraged when Mr. Adlam suggested that she was the only one who could possibly be responsible for payroll shortages totaling at least $13,000, since she had full control of all the records. Yet it eventually was proved beyond doubt that she had not only (*Continued on Page 100*)

The Perfect Squelch

Soon after moving from New York City to a small Midwestern town, Mrs. Polton was asked by a friendly neighbor to be her guest at a club luncheon. Afterward, as they drove home, Mrs. Polton proceeded, gently and sweetly, to rip apart the whole affair.

The club members, she suggested to her hostess, were rather naïve, weren't they? The food might have been just a tiny bit better prepared—that creamed chicken, well, really! The program hadn't been exactly exciting, had it? The hall was definitely stuffy, and the speaker—frankly, the speaker had been pretty poor.

At the end of this summation, her hostess smiled. "Well," she said dryly, "I think that covers everything except the guest."

Margaret Jensen

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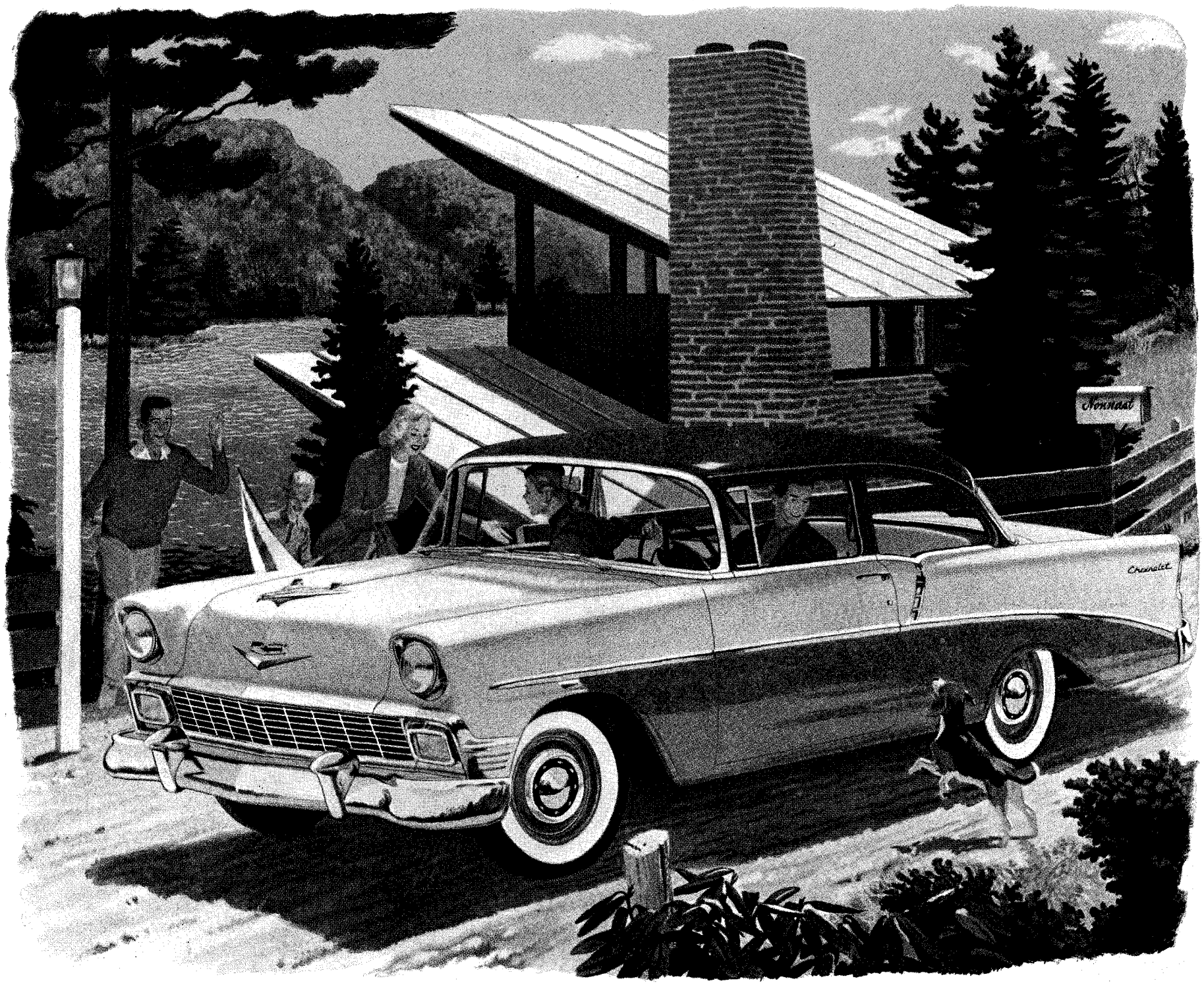

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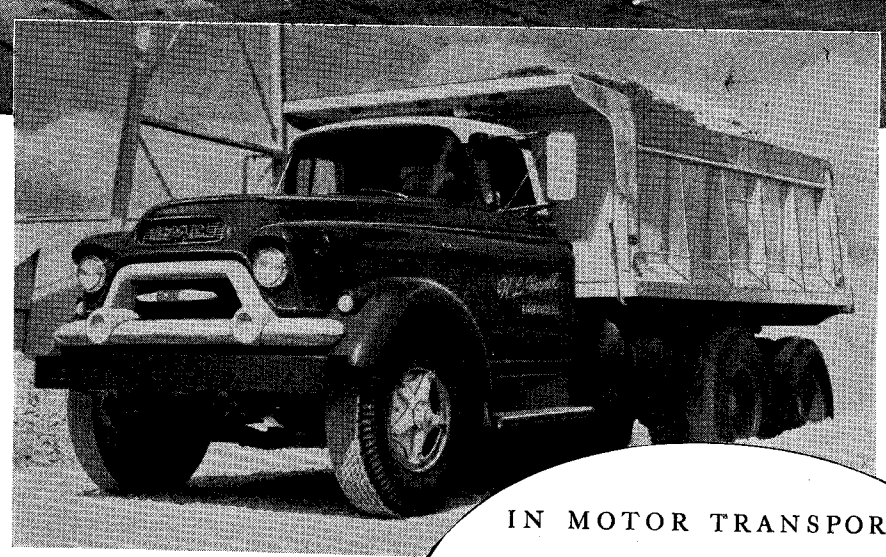

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IN MOTOR TRANSPORT

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(*Continued from Page 96*) been paying nonexistent employees and cashing the checks herself, but was a married woman with two grown children. Her employer didn't have the heart to prosecute.

What, however, of the freewheeling forgers who might strike at any moment at your personal bank account or mine? Here, again, it is plain carelessness that makes life so easy for the illicit pen wielder. Let a forger get his fingers on your monthly statement from the bank and what does he have? A generous sampling of your signature on all the canceled checks, the name of your bank, the style of check used, your special characteristics in writing checks, and a good working knowledge of how deeply he can dip into your account before there would be danger of checks being returned for insufficient funds.

Yet far too many bank depositors just can't be bothered even to open their monthly statements—or can't bear to look at where all the money went last month. They let these statements be dropped by the postman in unlocked mailboxes where they could easily be stolen or leave them in desk drawers or on a table where anyone could get them. The same sort of carelessness is all too evident, too, with respect to personally imprinted checks. There is nothing a forger would like better than to walk into the waiting room of a prosperous physician's office, for example, snatch up a couple of sheets of checks from the checkbook which the nurse has left on her desk while out of the waiting room, and then to depart, fully equipped to perform major surgery on the doctor's bank account.

Signatures are easy to imitate. One method is tracing—placing a genuine signature on a piece of glass with a light beneath, putting a blank check over the genuine signature, and tracing the signature shining through the blank. Another is known as "muscle forgery"—the genuine signature is placed upside down and backwards, a blank check is placed next to it, and the forged signature is drawn, upside down and backwards, in imitation of the genuine. This method eliminates personal characteristics of the forger's handwriting, since he is forced to draw rather than to write. A third method is simply freehand copying of a real signature; this requires considerable skill, but there is no shortage of forgers equipped with such skill.

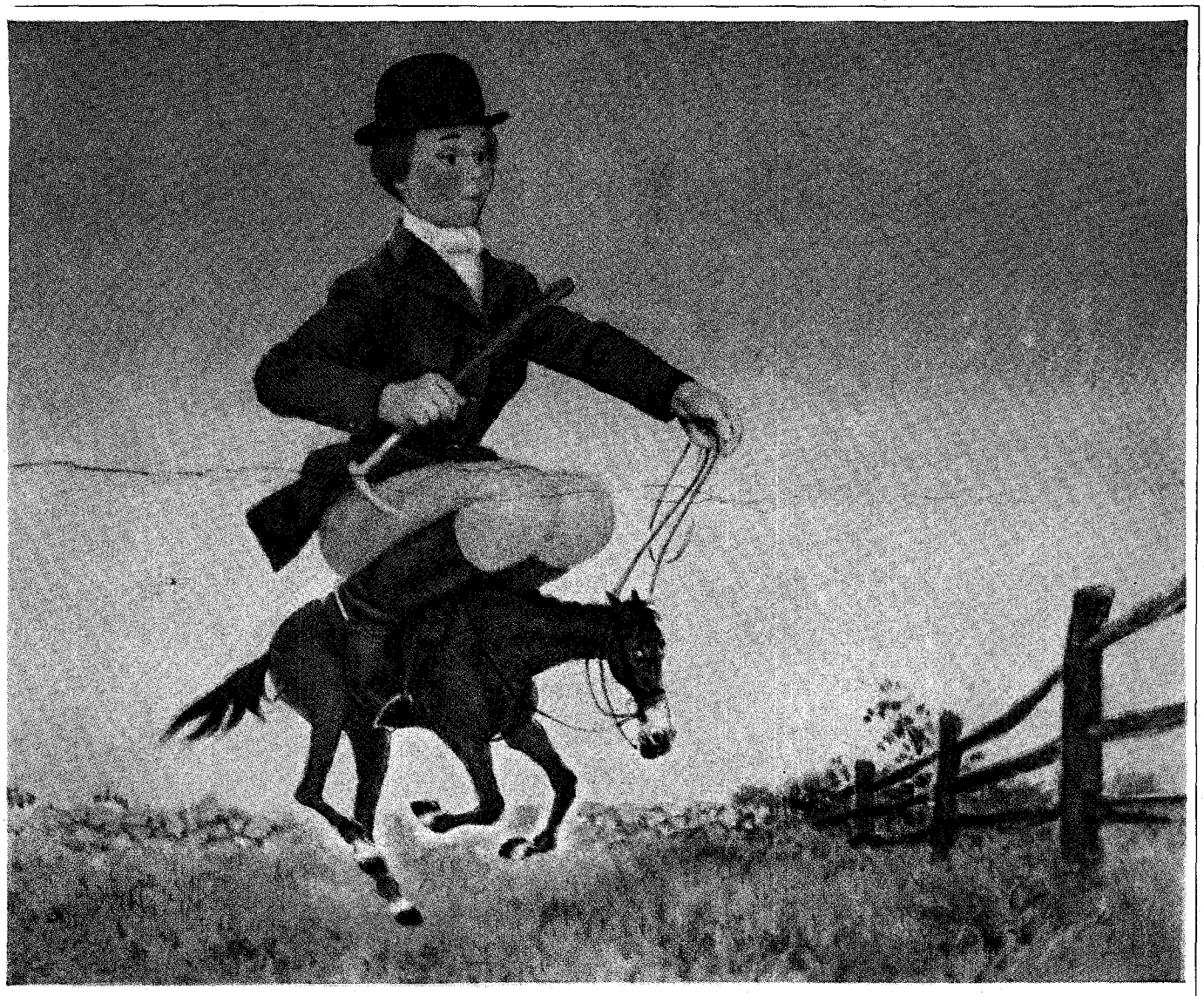
The man who thinks his signature is hard to imitate, because it has all sorts of fancy flourishes and is practically illegible anyhow, is fooling himself badly. The clear, plain signature is the hard one to forge; the fancy-Dan job is a cinch, because it offers the forger so many chances to make inadvertent variations in the copying process without ringing any bells in a bank teller's mind.

Authorities on forgers, such as George Adlam, also advocate a dual-signature system; I, for example, should sign business letters L. A. Pratt, and checks Lester A. Pratt, or vice versa, so my letters won't give forgers a complete banking signature to copy on a check. I must confess I don't do this—I sign everything L. A. Pratt—and those with no middle name might find Mr. Adlam's advice especially awkward to follow, but in any event, there is the advice—and, come to think of it, I might even try following it.

Raising of the amounts on legitimate checks is another danger. While Mr. Adlam and I were discussing the subject, Leonard T. Thomasma, vice-president and general sales manager of the Todd Company, began to write on a scratch pad. I watched, fascinated, as a few deft strokes of Mr. Thomasma's pen changed $100 into $900, $100 into $800, $200 into $500, $3.00 into $30, $4.00 into $40, and so on. He wrote the word "twelve" on the second line of a blank check and then drew a wavy line over to the printed word "Dollars" at the right side of the check. With a handful of additional pen touches, that wavy line became the word "thousand," and a twelve-dollar check had been raised to a twelve-thousand-dollar one. Anyone witnessing such a demonstration would never again write a check carelessly.

Even the use of abbreviations in the payee line, such as "Co." for "Company" or "Inc." for "Incorporated," can be dangerous, as Mr. Thomasma demonstrated. A check payable to Willard & Co., for example, could be changed with three pen strokes and a period into a check payable to Willard H. Cox. "Inc." readily becomes "Ince," for example.

This reminded Mr. Adlam of Jacob Sackstein, a master forger with an occupational disease that would have frustrated a lesser man—he was so crippled with arthritis that he could scarcely write. Yet he clipped the banks for nearly $25,000 by stealing mail in the lobbies of busy office buildings during the late-afternoon rush, then altering payee names on any checks he found in the stolen letters. One of his alterations was a classic worthy of W. C. Fields—"Apple and Company" became "Appleton R. Coxbetner." Whereupon Sackstein, following his normal procedure, took out a fishing license in the name of Appleton R. Coxbetner, used the fishing license for identification, and soon found a sucker of a bank clerk who cashed the check.



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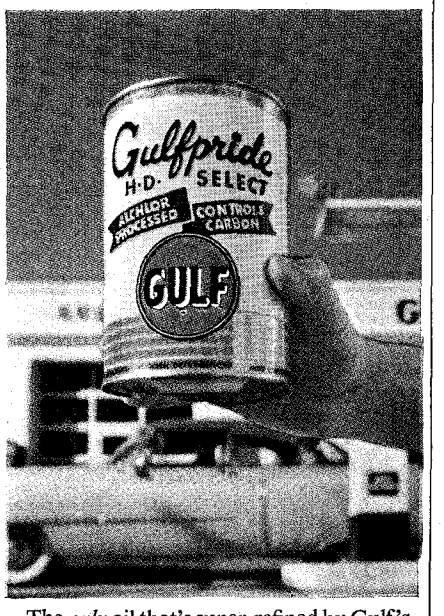

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Handwritten checks, of course, should be written plainly and carefully, starting at the extreme left side, leaving no space between dollar sign and numerals, between numerals themselves, and between words, filling in blank spaces with straight lines, closing loops at the ends of words, and writing the word "and"—as in "Twenty and no/100 —— Dollars"—at a sharp upward angle so it acts effectively as a "stop." In other words, the object is to write a check very clearly and without any spaces in which the adroit penman can practice funny business by additions which mean subtractions from your bank account.

Mr. Adlam produced one check, for twenty-five dollars, in which the twenty was written so carelessly that it could also be interpreted to mean seventy. In this case, all the forger had to do was to alter the number "two" on the first line of the check, making it a seven, and he'd "earned" himself an extra fifty dollars. This undoubtedly made that forger the highest-paid fiction writer in history.

While the crying need, if the upswing in forger successes is to be halted, is for much greater care on the part of everyone having anything to do with check transactions, the war on check artists continues on another front. The Todd Company, for example, has a check which breaks out in a smallpox rash, consisting of the word "Void," repeated over and over again, whenever ink eradicator touches it. Mechanical check protectors, signers, counters and daters, invisible fluorescent coding of checks, internal financial-control systems to remove temptation from wavering employees, payroll checks which can be cashed only when presented with identification cards bearing the same watermark as the checks—these and other devices all help considerably.

The Todd Company is only one of a number of firms which war on check forgers with special mechanical equipment and safety paper, but the fact remains that forgers can lay hands on check blanks by printing their own or stealing them, and therefore bad checks are going to be written. The trick is to prevent their being cashed or to identify the forger, once they have been cashed and bounced back by the bank. The latter is a sore point with Mr. Adlam.

"So help me," he commented, "I've had descriptions of the same forger placing his height at anywhere from five feet four inches to six feet two."

Cameras which simultaneously photograph the check casher, his check and his identification, just recently on the market, are proving to be extremely popular and effective, especially in supermarkets and department stores—which cash more checks than banks. These cameras, manufactured by the Recordak Corporation, a subsidiary of the Eastman Kodak Company, and the Dubl-Chek Corporation, of Los Angeles, have already led to the arrest and prosecution of dozens of bad-check passers. They have undoubtedly discouraged many others as well, for no forger could possibly feel very comfortable about being photographed as he was passing a check which he knew to be fraudulent. Occasionally, a check casher tries to keep himself out of range of the camera or partially mask his face with his hat, a move not inclined to inspire confidence on the part of the cashier. The ground rules are to stand there and be photographed if you want to get your check cashed, and honest persons, of course, have no objection to the procedure.

One of the Dubl-Chek cameras, however, has already been a cause for complaint. A lady forger on the West Coast declared that the picture taken of her as she was plying her trade was not at all flattering. She had obtained a much better hairdo since the picture was made, she added.

The court, sentencing her to prison on the pictorial evidence, observed that the photo was quite satisfactory so far as the requirements of justice were concerned.

While science and invention thus seem to be making some gains on the men and women who would hold you up with a fountain pen, the biggest advance can come through a change in the public's attitude toward checks and checking accounts. The attitude now seems to be that a dollar bill is real money, but a check is only paper. The fact is that the dollar bill is only a check, payable to whoever happens to have it, drawn on the United States Treasury, whereas a bank check, improperly handled, can represent all the real money you have in the world. When people start handling their blank checks and canceled checks and bank statements as carefully as they handle cash, and exercise at least as much care in writing checks as they practice in preparing a business letter, forgers are going to have a much tougher time of it than they are having now.

One of the fundamentals of self-protection against forgers, of course, is the practice of opening your bank statement as soon as you receive it each month, and reconciling the bank records with the canceled checks, your check stubs and your record of deposits. One St. Louis couple "too busy" to do this discovered, too late, that their maid had looted their account of $3000 by stealing their blank checks, forging their signatures and using their stolen charge-account cards as identification in cashing the checks.

Some forgers and check raisers might never be detected if no one looked at his bank statements.

One evening not long ago, as I was working at my desk at my home in Washington, D. C., Mrs. Pratt inquired casually, "What are you doing, dear?"

"Oh," I said, "just reconciling my bank statement."

"Oh, Lester," Mrs. Pratt replied, "that's such a waste of time. I just call up the bank's bookkeeper, and he tells me if I have any money left."

In the silence which followed, the sudden snap of the hard, sharp point on my lead pencil sounded as loud as a pistol shot. THE END

"How's the punch?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

fitting for all the family

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HARD TO BEAT
UTILITY WEAR
for all the family

J'nettes
SANFORIZED
CASUAL WEAR
for misses and girls

Tom Long
WASHABLE
SPORTSWEAR
for men and boys

COMES NOW that welcome time for slipping into the casual clothes of spring and summer. Clothes like smart, crisp Anvilwear!

And what a shopping joy to visit your favorite store for one-stop outfitting of all the family. Slacks, utility pants, walking shorts and sport shirts for Dad. Natty shirts, shorts, matadors and slimmerees for Mother and Sister. Authentic Westerns, boxer type garments, shorts and sport shirts for boys of all ages. Materials, colors and weaves unsurpassed for wear and easy care.

For recreation, leisure, travel and 'round the house tasks, indulge yourself this spring in the good looks, good taste and all-day comfort of Anvilwear.

Long Wear • Easy Care

Anvil-Brand Since 1899
ANVIL BRAND factories
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Now you can have clean oil *all the time!*

HASTINGS
oil filter cartridges
keep oil clean from
filter change to
filter change

when replaced as normally recommended

As proved by tests conducted in accordance with U. S. Bureau of Standards procedure.

The reason is Densite . . . the amazing new filtering material, pressure-packed into each cartridge.

Remember, harmful abrasives and contaminants in your crankcase oil shorten engine life, impair top performance, and lead to expensive repairs. Avoid these dangers by getting a Hastings Oil Filter Cartridge next time you change oil.

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OIL FILTER CARTRIDGES

HASTINGS MANUFACTURING COMPANY • HASTINGS, MICHIGAN
Oil Filters, Piston Rings, Casite, Wear Reducer, Spark Plugs

My Life in Bellevue (Continued from Page 30)

to see whether there is a link between cancer and smoking. One of the studies presently in hand at Bellevue concerns the bronchial mucosal changes in smokers, nonsmokers and patients with histories of industrial exposure, who come to autopsy with lung cancer and other lung diseases.

Fortunately for the progress of medicine, there are many enlightened persons who agree to permit autopsies—about 560 a year at our hospital. And in many ways, the autopsies performed in the Pathology Building form the heart of Bellevue's teaching program. Autopsies are observed by medical students as well as by those doctors who followed the case when the patient was alive.

There was a case several years ago in which I took particular interest, because the patient was a man I had been privately treating. After his death, his body was autopsied at Bellevue and the findings resulted in a new awareness of a modern occupational disease.

This was a young man who had been working for a television company. He was referred to me for diagnosis. I noticed the blueness of his lips, a symptom that can be caused by a malfunctioning of the heart or a pulmonary disorder such as tuberculosis of the lungs. Tests revealed that the man's heart action was excellent. X rays showed symptoms resembling TB, but repeated sputum analyses were negative. At first I did not recommend hospitalization, since TB was not indicated. But something was wrong with the man, and his condition did not improve.

My patient had been reluctant to take time off from his job, part of which consisted of putting lights in theater marquees. But I now suggested that it was time he came into Bellevue for an analysis by our cardio-pulmonary laboratory. At that time my tentative diagnosis was sarcoidosis, a rather rare condition seen mainly in young adults. Some of the symptoms resemble those of TB.

Because of its rarity, the case caught the interest of the doctors on the service. Under their keen and experienced examination, the disease was soon recognized as beryllium granulomatosis—systematic poisoning from the metallic element beryllium—which is almost indistinguishable from sarcoidosis. In studying the man's history, an alert and well-informed doctor had hit upon the marquee lights as the source of poison. Such lights, usually of the fluorescent type, are coated on the inside with a phosphor powder which often contains a salt of the beryllium. When beryllium enters the lungs or a cut in the skin, it can poison the system.

Following a diagnosis, the man was treated with the most up-to-date medications for this disease, which include cortisone and ACTH; but he retrogressed and died. After receiving permission from the man's family, Bellevue pathologists performed an autopsy to see if the diagnosis had been accurate. First, a section of lung tissue was carefully removed. When the tissue was chemically analyzed in one of our laboratories, beryllium was found to be present in lethal quantity.

Although considerable attention has been drawn in recent years to the inherent dangers involved in handling fluorescent lights, I believe this was one of the first documented cases of beryllium poisoning in New York City. I myself hadn't known that fluorescent lights contained beryllium. These days everyone is warned to use care in the handling of such lights.

When a Bellevue patient dies and there are no relatives to claim his body, the doctors decide whether to perform a post-mortem. Each year 500 of Bellevue's dead are unclaimed. Their bodies are held for at least five days to give a claimant time to show up. We have six refrigerated vaults, whose grim tiers with 290 drawers would be quickly recognized by devotees of whodunit movies.

The bodies of the unclaimed dead, after being held for five days, are photographed and fingerprinted by the Police Department. A detailed recording of the dead person's clothing and property and a thorough description of the body are then entered in a big ledger.

If a body is still unclaimed after five days, it is usually buried by the city.

Cliff Idyl

By I. D. Freneau

The beauty of this night
Is tenfold sweet
Because we share
Its wonders side by side:
The rising moon's more bright,
The molten sheet
Of pewter sea more fair,
More musical the tide;
A gull in westering light,
No longer hunger-fleet,
Slopes languorous down the air
Voluptuous in its glide;
And on this wind-smoothed height
Our eyes now greet
Darkness from everywhere
In which stars ride.
And thus, the tranquil flight
Of day complete,
We seek with downward stare
Planets where men abide.

About one out of five, however, is submitted to a medical school in New York. These schools, in addition to the four associated with Bellevue, include State University College of Medicine, New York Medical College, and the recently organized Albert Einstein College of Medicine of Yeshiva University. A state law provides that each school receive a number of cadavers in proportion to the number of matriculated medical students. This may seem like a callous practice, but dissection of human cadavers is the only way that medical students can learn their job and avoid future mistakes.

Some of the bodies given to medical schools are so thoroughly dissected that they are reduced to skeletons, which are retained by the schools for teaching purposes. Most of the bodies, however, are returned to the morgue for burial in potter's field on Hart's Island, in the upper Bronx.

In this burial ground are interred yearly the bodies of 1800 men and women and abandoned children, 1600 stillborn infants, 8000 fetuses and severed parts of bodies. (A state law calls for the burial of amputated parts.) The graves of potter's field are (*Continued on Page 104*)

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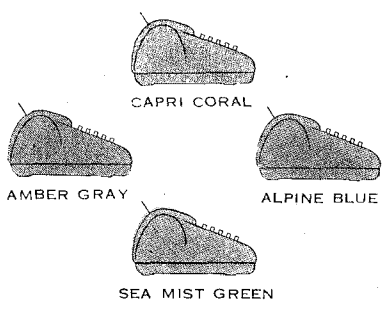
Burroughs Director / Burroughs Ten Key

ADDING MACHINE **ADDING MACHINE**



Right! Burroughs scored such a smash hit with the first Ten Key adding machine in color that now we're bringing you the Director full keyboard, too, in the same inviting colors: Sea Mist Green, Capri Coral, Alpine Blue, Amber Gray. Both machines are complete with all the features you want, including instant credit balances and self-repeating multiplication key. Precision-engineered for the utmost in accuracy and easy, quiet operation *year after year*, they're grand economy buys. There are Burroughs adding machines in every price range, for every need, including hand-operated, electric and other models—every one a standout for enduring performance. For a free demonstration, call our local branch or dealer, listed in the yellow pages of your phone book. Burroughs Corporation, Detroit 32, Michigan.

Burroughs

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(*Continued from Page 102*) divided into trenches, with room for 150 caskets in each. Each trench is numbered with a concrete marker, and each wooden coffin bears a serial number.

In the case of unclaimed dead, the burial record is kept at the morgue, together with the body's description. This system makes disinterment easier. A claimant may turn up who wants to view a body for identification, for example. Or identification may be made from morgue records, and the body claimed for burial in a private cemetery.

There was a recent incident where a man's body was brought to the morgue from a shabby tenement room. No one came forward to claim the body and it was buried at Hart's Island. Some time later, a neighbor who had been out of town at the time of the man's death reported to the police that he thought the man was a war veteran. The morgue authorities asked several organizations of war veterans to check their records. Eventually a Canadian veterans' association arranged to have the body disinterred and buried in a soldier's grave.

The morgue hearse is painted dark green, and resembles an oversized ambulance. It is equipped to carry up to six bodies at a time. One of the hearse's jobs is conveying to the morgue bodies the Medical Examiner's Office wants to examine—which usually means autopsy to determine the cause of death, foul play being obvious or suspected. This phase of the morgue's activity is not a part of our hospital's work in pathology. The Medical Examiner's Office in the Pathology Building is a separate municipal bureau primarily concerned with criminal cases. Here the staff of Medical Examiner Dr. Milton Helpern performs from 1500 to 2000 autopsies a year.

In certain Medical Examiner cases, where the police are trying to identify an unknown victim of violence, the morgue may keep a body in its vaults for as long as a year. More often a body has been kept for several months, on orders from the District Attorney's Office, which may be tracking down witnesses to the murder.

In Medical Examiner cases, no embalming is permitted until autopsy has been completed, since embalming fluids distort the chemical aspect of tissues and might hinder the case. If a body is found in the river, for example, the Medical Examiner does not necessarily assume that accidental drowning was the cause of death. He often needs to determine whether the man was poisoned.

The standard test to determine whether a person found in water died by drowning, presently used throughout the world, was developed in Bellevue's Pathology Building. The man who did the original research was Alexander O. Gettler, professor emeritus of toxicology at New York University, and city toxicologist in the Medical Examiner's Office—a post he has held since 1918, when the Medical Examiner's Office replaced the old coroner system in New York City.

Probably the best-known toxicologist in the world, Professor Gettler devised his test for drowning not long after his appointment. He was dissatisfied with the method then in use. It depended on a host of related data, such as the appearance of the victim's skin and the presence of fluid in the lungs and stomach. But these data were variable, depending on the length of time the body had been immersed, and it was often impossible to reach a positive verdict. Professor Gettler refined a practical and relatively simple test that could not be disputed.

To begin with, there is a certain amount of chloride content in everyone's blood. When salt water (containing chloride) enters a person's lungs while he is drowning, an artery carries this excess chloride from the lungs to the left chamber of the heart. Death comes before the salt water can reach the heart's right chamber.

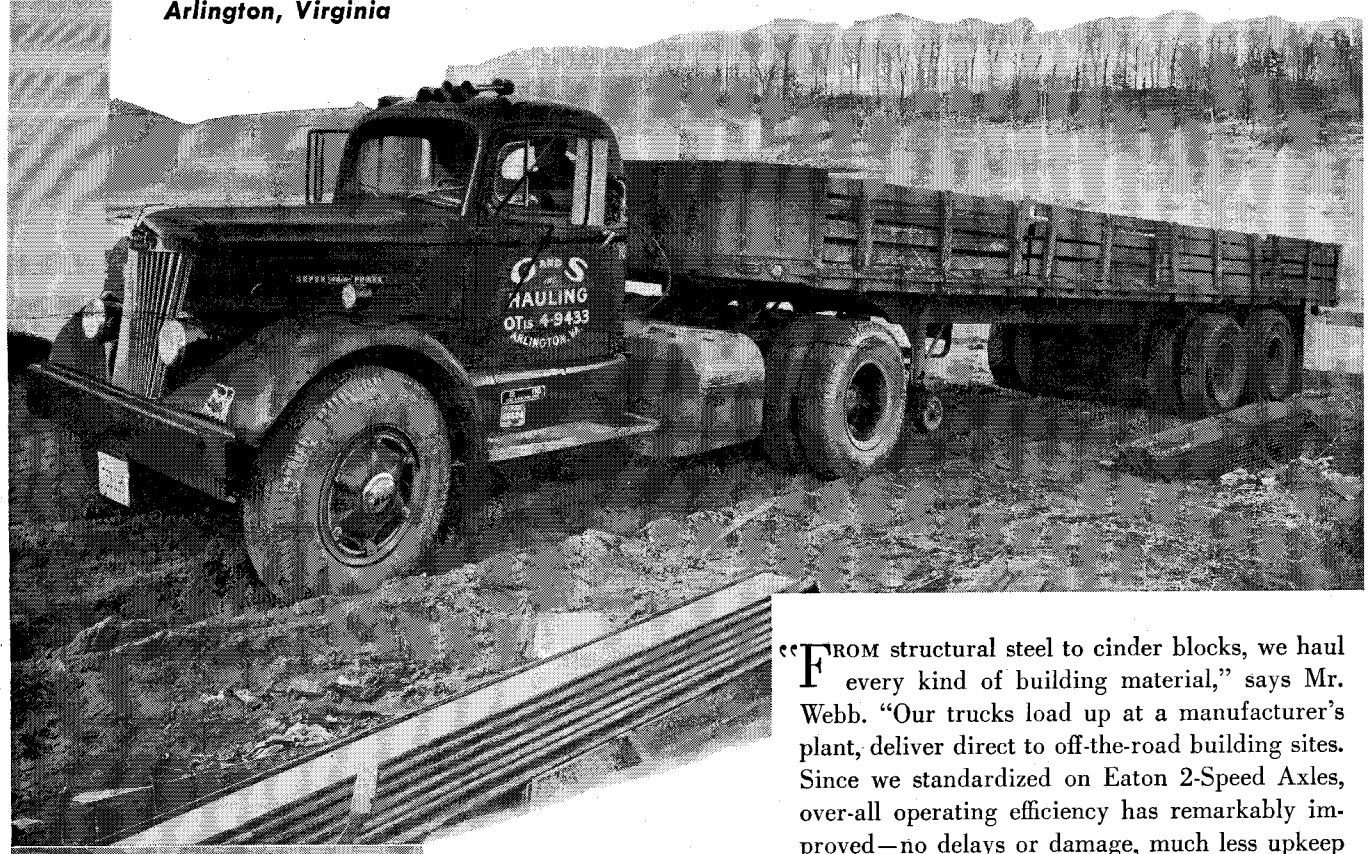
If the cause of death was by drowning in salt water, analysis of blood drawn from the left chamber of the victim's heart will reveal a slightly higher chloride content than blood drawn from the right. If the drowning took place in fresh water, the left chamber of the heart will have a slightly lower chloride content than the right, since fresh water has diluted the left chamber's normal chloride content. If the chloride content of both chambers is equal, it may usually be assumed that the victim died before immersion—and the Medical Examiner can go on to seek a different cause of death.

One of Professor Gettler's earliest "accidental-drowning" cases involved a young woman whose body was found in New York Harbor. Drowning was ruled out by the chloride test. Analysis of her brain and liver revealed the presence of a sleep-inducing drug, which indicated she had been pushed into the water while unconscious.

Professor Gettler's findings have helped send many people to jail or the electric chair, and helped others to prove their innocence. His evidence has also helped prove that cases of apparent suicide were actually murder. One of the earliest was the case of the woman found dead in her bed, the gas jets turned on. The Medical Examiner's Office ordered her body removed to the morgue for autopsy. Professor Gettler found no trace of carbon monoxide in the victim's blood, which should have been there if she had died of

"OPERATING COSTS ARE GREATLY REDUCED with Eaton 2-Speed Axles"

...reports William H. Webb, Mgr., Goad and Slocombe, Inc., Arlington, Virginia



"FROM structural steel to cinder blocks, we haul every kind of building material," says Mr. Webb. "Our trucks load up at a manufacturer's plant, deliver direct to off-the-road building sites. Since we standardized on Eaton 2-Speed Axles, over-all operating efficiency has remarkably improved—no delays or damage, much less upkeep expense and safer trips.

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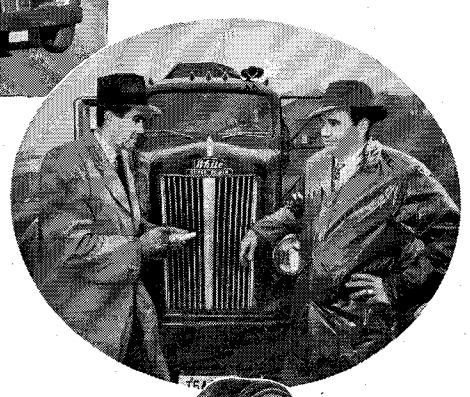
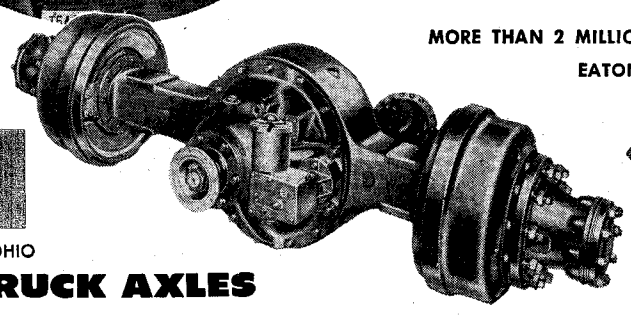
COSTLY REPAIRS STOPPED. "With conventional axles, our trailers sometimes bogged down, had to be bulldozed out of mud holes," says Mr. Webb. "Damage to grilles, bumpers and axles ran as high as $450. Eaton 2-Speed Axles eliminate that kind of thing, assure better handling on rough ground or over the road."



EATON AXLES SPECIFIED. Goad and Slocombe's Manager William H. Webb *(right)* talks with The White Motor Company's Branch Manager Allen Zaring. "We specified Eaton 2-Speed Axles on our trucks," reports Mr. Webb. "Compared to a conventional axle, they provide lower upkeep, better gasoline mileage, longer service. They're our first choice for every heavy hauling job."



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gas inhalation. But he did find evidence of suffocation, and finger marks on her neck. The husband, confronted with the damning facts, admitted having murdered his wife; he had tried to cover his crime by turning on the gas.

A more recent case of apparent suicide was shown by Professor Gettler to have been death caused by a severe type of pneumonia. The victim, a city assemblyman under indictment for grand larceny, was found dead in his hotel room with six suicide notes and some poison tablets. But Doctor Gettler found no trace of poison in the man's body, though he tested for every known lethal substance. Further examination indicated pneumonia as the cause of death. The suicide notes? Probably they were penned by the assemblyman in a state of delirium caused by the sickness.

Bodies involved in possible crimes are not the only ones that interest the New York police. They also concern themselves with nameless bodies. The expert in these cases is Detective John Aievoli, a tall, thin, intense man who works for the morgue's Bureau of Unidentified Dead.

The morgue had a typical case for Aievoli on May 21, 1945, when the charred and unrecognizable body of a man was brought in. Firemen had pulled him out of the blazing cab of a truck parked in lower Manhattan. There was nothing to identify him. He was put on a slab in the basement and Detective Aievoli was notified.

In a little while he strode briskly down to the basement from his office on the main floor of the Pathology Building. The drawer holding the new body was pulled out. Detective Aievoli examined it critically and began making notes. Height: five feet seven inches. Weight: 130 pounds. Age: Thirty-five. All these figures were guesses. But Detective Aievoli's guesses often turn out to be very close to the facts. Detective Aievoli has had plenty of practical experience. He has been with the Police Department for twenty-five years—twenty of them assigned to the morgue—before that, he was an undertaker. The case of the charred man was one of about 9000 that he has studied at the morgue.

Detective Aievoli enumerated the man's teeth and noted that their condition was good. He described a partly burned T-shirt, a canvas belt, one black brogan shoe, a religious medal hung around the neck, and what might have been a scar on the right abdomen—careful scrutiny for scars, moles and tattoo marks is part of the routine. He could list no color for hair, as there was none. Nor could he list any color for eyes in this instance. But when the eyes are undamaged, he examines both of them. One of them may be glass or the eyes may differ in color; either detail might be the clue to the body's identity. Even in the case of a hopelessly charred or mangled body, Detective Aievoli always finds some telltale marks.

His last job was fingerprinting the body. Then he returned to his sparsely furnished office. Here he carefully copied his notations into the big brown ledger that never leaves his desk. Then he arranged for the body to be photographed. There was little more he could do at the moment, except search his memory and his files of missing persons to see if there was anyone listed who might fit the description of the charred man. There wasn't.

Within a day or two, Detective Aievoli got a report from a colleague who had been trying to track down the man's identity by questioning people in the neighborhood where he had been found. His search had been fruitful. A garage owner had seen a man heading for the parked truck not long before it burst into flames. He thought he recognized the man as a neighborhood vagrant. The man was drunk. Apparently he had climbed into the truck and fallen asleep with a lighted cigarette in his fingers. The garage owner believed the man's name was—well, let's call him "Martin Kane"—and added that he was almost sure that the man came from somewhere in New England.

The police decided to take a look at the records of the municipal lodging house. There they found a recent entry for a Martin Kane. His kin was listed as a sister, with the address of a small Massachusetts town.

This was exciting news for Detective Aievoli, who takes great pride in establishing someone's identity. He telephoned Martin Kane's sister in Massachusetts, said the police were trying to get routine information, and asked if her brother had ever been a hospital patient. He had—at a veterans' hospital in Massachusetts.

Detective Aievoli called the director of the hospital and asked if he could supply any information on Kane's physical condition. On June second a copy of Kane's dental chart and a complete physical description arrived. Detective Aievoli made comparisons.

The teeth in the dental chart matched the descriptions in the ledger. Kane had an appendix scar. His age was thirty-eight—Aievoli was off by three years—his height was five feet six inches—the detective overestimated by one inch—and his weight was 130 pounds—on the nose. Within twelve days of the body's arrival, it had been satisfactorily identified. "Martin Kane's" sister was served with an official notice of his death, and the World War II veteran was given a military burial.

Detective Aievoli considers the case of "Martin Kane" a routine job of sleuthing. As an example of more difficult work he points to a case in which all of the detective work was done right in the morgue. It began when a man's body was brought to the surface of the Hudson River in 1949 during routine dredging. Owing to decomposition, the head, hands and feet were missing. Even the intestines and lungs were gone.

When Detective Aievoli came to look at the body, he found little there to describe. He took a stab at it, though, listing the age as thirty-five, height as five feet eleven inches, and weight as 140 pounds. As there were no teeth, hair or eyes to describe, and no fingers to print, Detective (*Continued on Page 108*)

"Daddy, maybe Ronald wants to say something to me in private."

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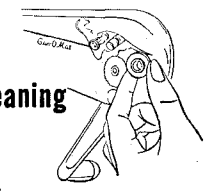

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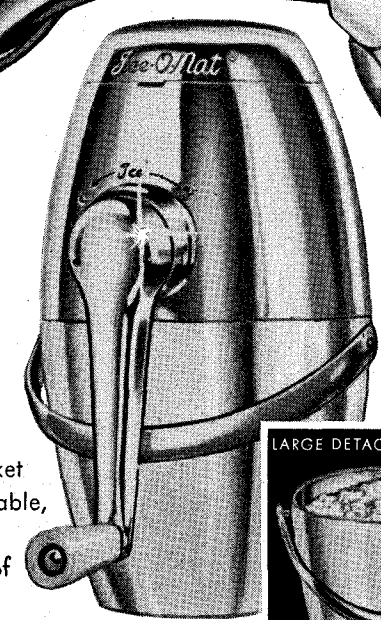

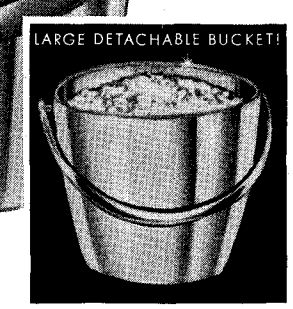

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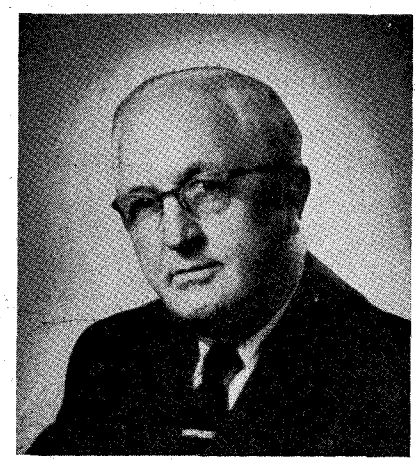
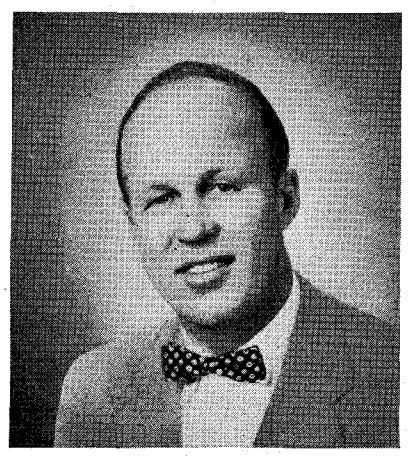
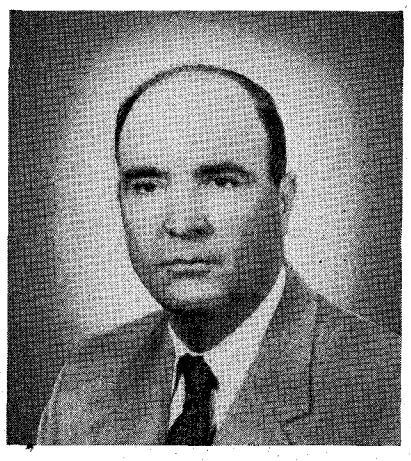


DECISION—"When our Fort Walton Beach and Pensacola developments were still in the planning stage, we decided to build with Gold Bond Products. They're dependable, help us give more value."
H. M. STRAUSS, Realty Constr. Co., Birmingham, Ala.



SAFEGUARD—"When you have a reputation as builders of quality homes, there's no compromising on building products. That's why we selected Gold Bond for our Park View Estates in Tonawanda."
VICTOR PETERSON, M. J. Peterson, Inc., Kenmore, N. Y.



CREDIT—"We're adding 200 houses to our Oso Place Homes. Folks who've already bought there are our best salesmen. They know how well built these homes are. Much credit goes to the Gold Bond Products we used."
R. O. WOODSON, Woodson Bldg. Co., Corpus Christi, Tex.

PROUD—"We're proud of our homes in Hilcrest Park Addition. They're well planned because we devoted a lot of time to room arrangement. And they're well constructed because we built with Gold Bond."
M. C. ANDREWS, JR., Andrews Enterprises, Arlington, Tex.

HAPPINESS—"Nothing brings a family more happiness than living in their own home—a home that's comfortable and well constructed. That's the kind we've built at Green Acres—with Gold Bond Products."
LEON N. WEINER, Franklin Bldrs., Inc., Wilmington, Del.

Here's how little you have to put down ...how low the monthly payments are...

Been wondering how long you'll have to keep paying rent till you save enough for a home of your own? Look at this chart. You can afford that home *now!* As a veteran, you need only $200 for the down payment on a $10,000 home. Others can buy it for as little as $900 down. Now look at the monthly payments. They're probably no more than the rent you now pay.

Or, if you're already a homeowner, you'll find a *bigger, finer* house may cost no more than the home you've outgrown.

Minimum down payment and monthly carrying charge for a home costing:	Federal Housing Administration Insured Loan 5%* 30 years		Veterans Administration Guaranteed Loan 4½% 30 years	
	Down Payment	Monthly Charge (Principal and Interest)	Down Payment	Monthly Charge (Principal and Interest)
$10,000	$900	$49.84	$200	$49.66
$15,000	$2,250	$69.83	$300	$74.49
$20,000	$3,600	$89.82	$400	$99.32

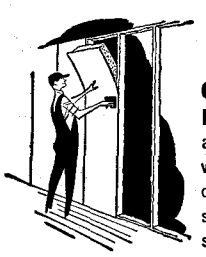
Why wait? Drive out to the new homes in your town. See the split-level homes that give you three full floors just a few steps apart. Inspect the ranch-type, Cape Cod and modern-style homes, with rooms laid out to make housekeeping wonderfully easy. See the cheery kitchens, scientifically planned to save you steps. Airy bedrooms with lots of wall space. Roomy closets and plenty of them. Extra baths that end the morning traffic jam.

Comfort, long life and beauty are *built into* these homes. That's because progressive builders use Gold Bond Products. Take those Asbestos Siding Shingles in the photo. They *never* need painting for preservation. Inside the walls is Gold Bond Rock Wool Insulation. It keeps you warmer in winter, cuts fuel bills, keeps rooms up to 15° cooler in summer. The walls are smooth and hard when they're built with Gold Bond Lath and Plaster, or Gypsum Wallboard. And the interiors are beautiful, decorated with Gold Bond Velvet, the washable latex paint.

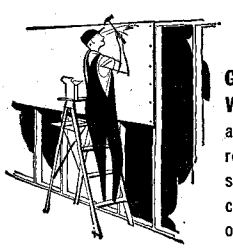
Start looking *now*. There's a builder in your town, like the men at the left, who'll be glad to show you these modern homes. Make a date with him *this* week end.

*4½% interest plus ½% mortgage insurance.

THE BEST BUILDING



Gold Bond Rock Wool Insulation saves money, adds comfort. It keeps winter heat in, summer heat out. New Gold Bond Twin-sulation is the finest insulation that money can buy.



Gold Bond Gypsum Wallboard, made lighter and stronger by years of research, builds smooth, sturdy, seamless walls that can be painted or textured or wallpapered.

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BUILD BETTER WITH

Gold Bond®

BUILDING PRODUCTS

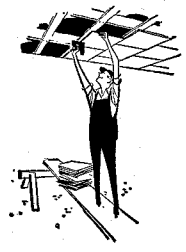
National Gypsum Company

Buffalo 2, New York

PRODUCTS WEAR THESE GOLD BOND STRIPES

Gold Bond Plaster, applied over Gold Bond Metal or Gypsum Lath, makes smooth, strong walls that are fire-safe, last a lifetime. And the high quality never varies!

New Gold Bond Velvet Paint makes decorating easier than ever. Made with latex, it glides on with brush or roller . . . has a rich, velvet finish that won't crack, chip or peel.



Gold Bond Insulation Board products, made from "live" Southern Pine fibres . . . insulate, soak up noise. Ceiling Tiles and Wall Planks are prefinished in ivory and pleasing pastels.

Gold Bond Asbestos Shingles give your house "lifetime beauty." Fireproof, never need paint for preservation. Colors are protected by the exclusive "Surfaseal" finish.

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HOMELITE EZ

CHAIN SAW

EASY to carry
EASY to use

Floating Power of the new Homelite EZ saves labor, time and money in trimming orchard trees, and any other woodcutting, because it goes anywhere you can with ease.

Its light 19 pounds are easy to carry up a tree, for instance, and it makes smooth, fast cuts in any position. The all-position, all-angle carburetor lets you cut up, down, right, left, upside down with full power.

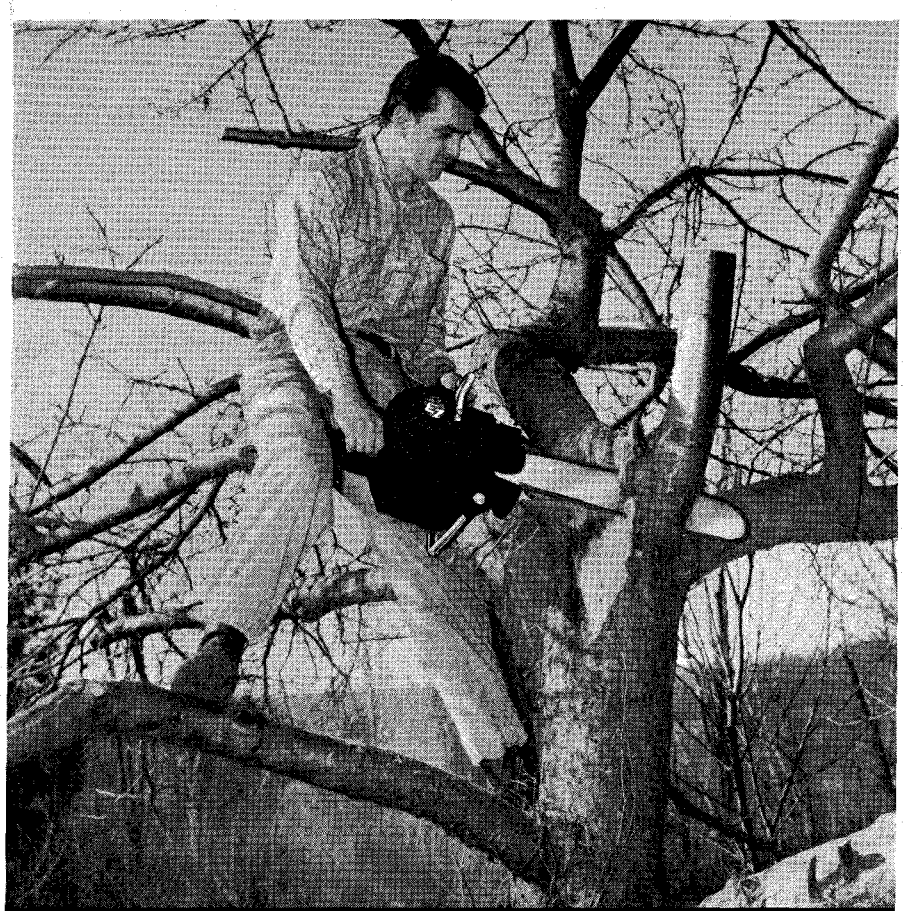
5 HORSEPOWER

19 POUNDS

NEW LOW COST

The full 5 horsepower makes quick work of any kind of cutting — felling, bucking, notching, limbing, boring, undercutting — and the EZ direct drive Floating Power gives you more cutting with less effort and fatigue than any other direct drive chain saw. It cuts through 8″ Oak in 5 seconds and 18″ Pine in 14 seconds, and handles trees up to 3 feet in diameter.

Have a free demonstration today and see for yourself. And ask about the convenient time payment plan.



WIN A HOMELITE EZ FREE!

24 Homelite EZ chain saws being given away every month. Nothing to buy. Nothing to write. No obligation. Just ask your nearest Homelite dealer how you can win. See him today!

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(*Continued from Page 105*) Aievoli had no obvious methods of identification. But he was ingenious enough to ask the Medical Examiner's Office to open the heart and stomach, which were the only remaining organs. They found traces of an operation for gastric ulcer, and evidence of a chronic rheumatic-heart condition. Detective Aievoli estimated that the body had been in the water for something over a year. There was one concrete clue to go on, a belt on the torso with initials that I will here give as W.J.B.

As he always does, Detective Aievoli searched police records of missing persons. He found that a man by the name of William Baxter had been reported missing seventeen months before. Age, thirty-five; height, five feet eleven inches; weight, 135 pounds. He had an operation scar on his stomach. Detective Aievoli decided that the name, the stomach scar and the coincidence of age and height were worth following up; the weight was only five pounds under his guess.

He contacted Baxter's sister, who had reported him missing. The young woman hurried down to the morgue. Detective Aievoli learned from her that her brother had been operated on for an ulcer at a private hospital in New York City, and had been treated for a rheumatic-heart condition at a second hospital. Moreover, she supplied her brother's middle name, Joseph.

As one more check, Detective Aievoli asked the surgeon who had performed William Joseph Baxter's ulcer operation to come down to the morgue. When he saw the operation scar, the surgeon instantly recognized it as his work. This clinched the identification to everyone's satisfaction, even that of the insurance company. Since the man had been very ill, it was presumed that he had jumped into the river in a fit of despondency.

Detective Aievoli is so vastly experienced in his field that he has been borrowed by the Army on two occasions. In 1946 he spent a year in Europe and in 1948 a year in the Pacific, teaching Army personnel how to identify the war dead.

We at Bellevue work very closely with Detective Aievoli's bureau, putting such facilities as our X-ray service at his disposal—a bone fracture in the body of one of his unidentified dead may solve a case. Often the same disaster that brings a wave of victims to our Emergency Ward will send as many or even more to the morgue.

In the case of a major fire, many of the victims who go to the morgue are so charred that they must be identified by Detective Aievoli. For instance, in the Empire State Building crash, while we received eight victims to treat, twenty-one others were conveyed directly to the morgue. All of them were badly charred. Detective Aievoli, who was away on a weekend in the country, was called back.

After more than twenty-four hours of steady work, Detective Aievoli had definitely identified all but one of the bodies. It was that of a young woman. There was a family waiting, who thought it was their daughter, but there was no outward clue to establish this fact. Detective Aievoli telephoned the family's doctor, who told him that the girl had been about to undergo an operation for a cyst. An autopsy on the charred body revealed such a cyst, and identification was considered conclusive.

No such systematic method for identifying bodies was in effect forty-five years ago, when the disastrous Triangle factory fire sent 145 badly burned bodies to the morgue. When I first came to Bellevue twenty-six years ago, there were still people here who had witnessed the results of that holocaust of March 25, 1911. Whenever a devastating fire brought in charred victims, the Triangle fire was recalled for comparison.

Most of the victims were young girls, many of them the daughters of struggling immigrant families. The Triangle shirtwaist factory, located in Greenwich Village at the corner of Greene Street and Washington Place, was a typical firetrap. The building began burning about 4:30 in the afternoon, and flames were sweeping several stories within half an hour. Many of the workers leaped to their deaths from windows, others were trampled underfoot on the stairs or in the elevator. The rest were suffocated or burned. A pitifully small percentage escaped.

The sidewalk was piled high with corpses by the time the morgue wagon and a number of commandeered trucks arrived at the scene. A few minutes after the first load of victims arrived at the morgue, the streets around Bellevue were filled with a clamoring throng, which struggled to gain entrance into the building to view the bodies. Police reserves were hard pressed to keep them from overrunning the hospital. Shrieking mothers ran up and down the streets in front of the gate, pulling their hair from their heads and calling the names of their loved ones.

Every few minutes another wagon appeared at Bellevue's gates on First Avenue, and the police had to force open a path through the crowd for it. And at the sight of each truckload of bodies, fresh screams broke out. Early in the evening the morgue became overcrowded, and a long dock on the East River was opened for the storage of bodies. There the corpses were laid out in rows.

> Parents have often lost sleep because no one makes a crib with a built-in water fountain.
>
> IMOGENE FEY

The morgue soon used up its supply of the rough wooden boxes that served as coffins. More were sent for from a storage warehouse across the river and soon, illuminated by the flickering lights on the pier, a launch piled high with boxes pulled up to the dock.

Finally, near midnight, when all the bodies had been conveyed from the scene of the fire, the police announced that relatives would be allowed into the morgue and on the pier in groups of fifteen. Realizing that most of the crowd was half crazed with fear and suspense, police had all openings on the pier boarded up, to block suicide attempts. When they came into the morgue, more than half the people fainted and had to be revived by a specially assigned squad of Bellevue doctors and nurses.

Identification was made in many cases by bits of clothing, pieces of jewelry, shoes, teeth, and even scraps of cards and letters. When identity had been established, the relatives were issued permits for removal of the claimed bodies. Every so often a grieving father was seen carrying out a coffin, aided by his sons. Outside, an undertaker's wagon waited. The rude casket was placed inside and the wagon started off, to be followed a moment later by another, and another.

A number of the dead were never identified at all; they had been crushed or burned beyond recognition. There were many relatives eager to claim them, but eventually fourteen were buried in nameless graves.

This is the third of five articles by Dr. Cutolo. The fourth will appear next week.—The Editors.

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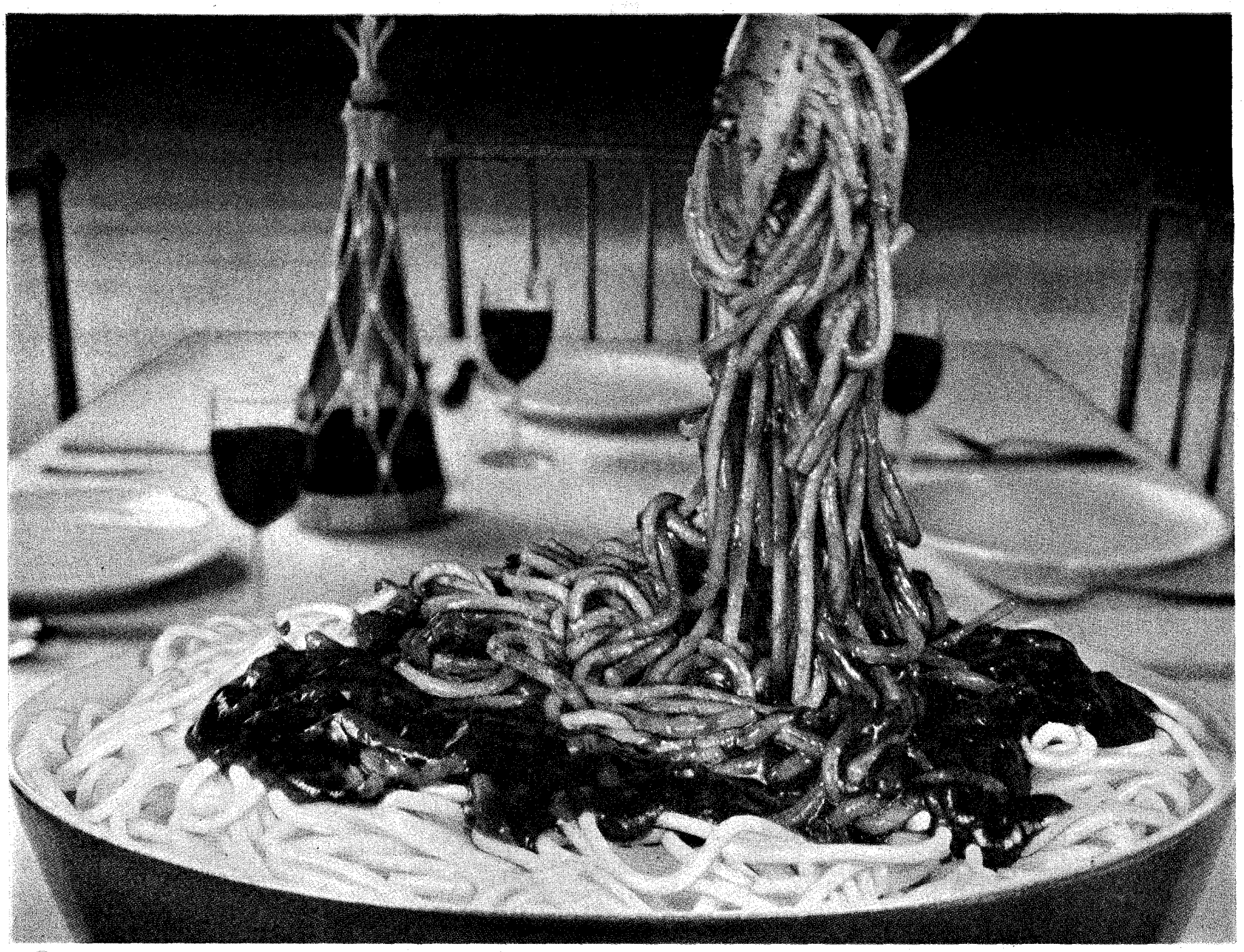

Ask the Chef for the secret of real Italian-style spaghetti!

Ever wished *you* could fix spaghetti the way it's fixed in a real Italian restaurant?

Ask the Chef for the secret. Chef Boy-Ar-Dee, that is! He'll show you how to cook a dinner that will take your taste buds on a trip to Italy!

You start with a package of Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Dinner. This gives you the *right kind* of spaghetti — long, thin, made with durum wheat — and the Chef tells you on the box how to cook it succulently tender, but not mushy-soft.

You also get a can of wonderful Sauce (Meat or Mushroom)—made by a real Italian recipe, blended with the Chef's special seasonings. And a canister of real Italian-style grated cheese to sprinkle on top.

Takes only 12 minutes from start to eating. Serves 3—for only about 14¢ a plateful. Get out the checked tablecloth — and try it tonight!

with meat or mushroom sauce

CHEF BOY-AR-DEE®
Spaghetti Dinner

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Madness on the Campus

(Continued from Page 27)

and conservatism, are still thinking up new ways to bedevil themselves and their elders.

One interesting fact I turned up is that today's campus pranksters sometimes go international. Last spring a collection of trophies mysteriously disappeared from the Beta Theta Pi house at Ohio State University. They consisted mainly of gold-plated statuettes, plaques, medals and similar bric-a-brac won by the brothers in athletic, journalistic and other extracurricular competition.

In October, the Beta house received a letter, penned in elegant Spencerian, from a Catholic bishop in charge of missions for a Latin-American country. He thanked the fraternity for its donation.

"Following your instructions," he wrote, "I have had the trophies melted down, stamped into religious medals and distributed to natives in the hinterlands."

Today's student physicist or engineer has an impressive array of gadgets at his command with which to bedevil fellow students or the administration. At California Institute of Technology, for example, Senior Ditch Day, an annual outing of fourth-year classmen, is open sesame for freshmen, sophomores and juniors.

One unlucky senior returned to find a fully assembled Ford in his room. He had to remove it piece by piece. Another opened his door upon a churning concrete mixer, and a third discovered every square inch of his room occupied by a giant weather balloon filled with water.

A favorite Cal-Tech prank is to turn a student's room sideways. The rug is nailed to one wall; study table, chair and bed are affixed to it; lights, switches and pictures are appropriately juxtaposed.

"Pranks such as these are not limited to Senior Ditch Day," according to dean Paul C. Eaton. "The dorms wage psychological warfare all year long. It's more fun than athletics for our brainy kids."

Here are some more Cal-Tech specialties. Hang a piece of sheet metal outside an open window on a warm May evening, and then activate it with a ten- or twelve-cycle sound frequency, so low it can't be heard by the human ear. Soon, the student inside begins to squirm, scratch and sweat—not realizing that sound waves are rippling through him. Or a small, homemade loud-speaker lowered between the hollow walls of a room can drive the occupant crazy with muffled sounds of clocks ticking, water dripping, birds singing. Or dab a bit of ammonium tetraiodide on light switches or pillows; when dried, it becomes an explosive solid that pops on touch.

At Kent State University in Ohio, a twenty-year-old sophomore figured out an ingenious method of providing his own parking space. Whenever he drew alongside a no-parking yellow or red zone, he extracted a can of paint from his jalopy's rear trunk and quickly brushed the curb a fast-drying gray. Eventually, he was apprehended by the police and slapped with an eighteen-dollar fine. The judge also made him repaint all the camouflaged curbs.

In Los Angeles, the homecoming parades of both the University of California at Los Angeles and the University of Southern California feature huge, elaborately decorated floats. A U.C.L.A. group known as the Kelps decided it would be "real hairy" to participate in their cross-town rivals' parade. They selected a Delta Sigma Phi float that had won the grand prize in U.C.L.A.'s homecoming two weeks previously, but which had barely weathered a severe rainstorm.

The Kelps drove the disreputable thing to the assembly area and squeezed it between two new U.S.C. floats. When it rolled past the television cameras on Wilshire Boulevard, announcer Bill Welch, of KTTV, said shakily, "Ladies and gentlemen, there seems to be a mistake. Here's a float not listed."

A Kelp stationed nearby volunteered, "That's the alumni float."

Welch took a long, hard look. "Oh, no, it just can't be!"

Secondhand hearses have been winning favor as a means of transport at such Eastern institutions as Lehigh, Brown, MIT, Williams, Yale and Harvard. A used-car dealer in Boston estimates there may be as many as 100 of these black, velveteen-upholstered "dead wagons" on campuses east of the Alleghenies.

Purchased for sums ranging from $150 to $600, the hearses are usually owned by a syndicate whose members retain shares until graduation. Because these vehicles haven't put on as much mileage as a family car, most of them are in good mechanical condition. Their length makes them dandy for carrying skis, and some insensitive college boys don't mind sleeping in them.

Politics is always fair game for undergraduate wit and satire. At Cornell University, students keep green the memory of the fictional Hugo N. Frye. He came into being in the early 1930's when high dignitaries of the Republican Party were invited to a campus dinner honoring "the little-known patriot of Central New York, founder of the Empire State G.O.P. and coiner of the ringing slogan, 'Freedom in the Land of the Free!'"

Illustrated, the 21-inch Power Propelled Rotary by Jacobsen with leaf mulcher attachment

There's something about a beautiful lawn....

As a charming stage setting for easy outdoor living, a verdant show case to display your home to perfection, your lawn demands smooth, clean-cut grooming.

To achieve this distinctive appearance, a power mower by Jacobsen has been the choice of those who accept nothing less than the finest. Yet this precision made equipment is within the means of all who appreciate a beautiful lawn.

Only Jacobsen, with specialized knowledge of lawn care accumulated since 1921, provides such a wide selection of Power Lawn Tools to meet every need of terrain or turf.

For the reel or rotary mower suited to your lawn, consult your Jacobsen dealer, a reliable authority who has been carefully selected for his experience and standing in your community. Look under "Lawn Mowers" in the classified section of your telephone directory for Jacobsen nation-wide sales and service.

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Though they declined the dinner, Vice-President Curtis, Sen. Joseph Grundy, Secretary of Labor James J. Davis and others were unaware of the hoax. In his letter of regret, Curtis wrote, "I congratulate the Republicans on paying this respect to the memory of Hugo N. Frye and wish you a most successful occasion."

The dinner was held—it turned out to be a Sigma Delta Chi journalism fraternity initiation—and stanch testimonials to Hugo N. Frye were read—a figure who existed only in the lively imaginations of two writers of a humor column in the Cornell Daily Sun. His name, they maintained, should be pronounced "you go and fry." Mythical personages such as Hugo N. Frye are to be found on many college campuses.

Stanford has its Warren G. Wonka—no relation, however, to a Harvard "wonky," an untouchable who refuses to conform socially or sartorially. Wonka was born as part of a joke in a 1938 issue of the Chaparral, the campus humor magazine. The term was used whenever the editors needed a fictitious name, and later was adopted by the campus at large.

Warren G. Wonka was once enrolled in a Western Civilization course by a student who went to the trouble of taking mid-term and final examinations under that name. The registrar fielded the hoax when he failed to find any Wonka to credit with the B-minus grade. Wonka's name has also been removed from a commencement program by a sharp-eyed proofreader.

The most famous Wonka incident concerns Estes Kefauver when he sought the Democratic nomination for the presidency in May, 1952. A Stanford student made a contribution in Wonka's name. Shortly afterward a letter addressed to Warren G. Wonka arrived at Toyon Hall.

"I just wanted to tell you how much I appreciate all you are doing for me out there," the Tennessee senator wrote. "I surely did enjoy my visit and I'll be in California again very soon. I hope to see you and thank you personally for your assistance."

Emory University in Atlanta, Georgia, is chuckling over the student elections last spring which found five-foot-four-inch "Big Jim" Moore pitted against a campus athlete at least a foot taller.

Entering the race as a write-in candidate simply to spoof his sober-sided opponent, Moore campaigned with promises of weekly fish fries, an eighteen-hole golf course, an outdoor swimming pool with beach attached and immediate construction of the "Big Jim Memorial Ce-ment Garage."

In the Emory Wheel, the weekly student newspaper, Moore announced his candidacy in a signed article that carried a provocative challenge:

Who is Big Jim Moore?

Nobody.

What has Big Jim ever done for Emory University?

Nothing.

But then, who are you, and what have you ever done for Emory?

Although his campaign was regarded lightly, Moore beat his opponent 844–747. Once elected, however, he took his obligations seriously. Brad Ansley, director of public relations at Emory, told me: "Occasionally during the morning hours when classes are changing, we can hear the sound of a drum. Out the window we can see Big Jim with a knot of students around him, speaking on behalf of a Red Cross drive. 'Come on!' he yells. 'Y'all gotta bleed with Big Jim!'"

At Willamette University in Salem, Oregon, Mark Hatfield, thirty-year-old dean of students, prepared to run for the state legislature. Students learned of his intentions and assembled an oom-pah-pah German band in the rotunda of the Oregon capitol. As the good-looking, curly-haired young dean strode in to file as a Republican, the marble halls quivered to the strains of The Battle Hymn of the Republic. The concert upset the entire capitol routine for ten minutes—much to the dean's embarrassment.

"There goes my election," Hatfield ruefully told a friend.

But Hatfield discovered that student support wasn't so bad. The German band and a quartet, which rendered a politically inspired version of Dear Hearts and Gentle People, accompanied him on speaking engagements. He received more votes in the G.O.P. stronghold of Marion County than Ike Eisenhower—and was elected.

Although campus jokesmithing is largely a male prerogative, women often become involved. Panty raids, of course, are a good example. Many deans are convinced that if coeds would refrain from squealing so delightedly or waving unmentionables out the windows, panty raids would be no more fun than collecting laundry.

Referring to panty raids and other spring revelry, Prof. Clarence A. Schoenfeld, of the University of Wisconsin, in his book, The University and Its Publics, suggests, "The causes may actually be profoundly biological, relating somehow to the rutting of the buck deer and the vernal craziness of the ruffed grouse."

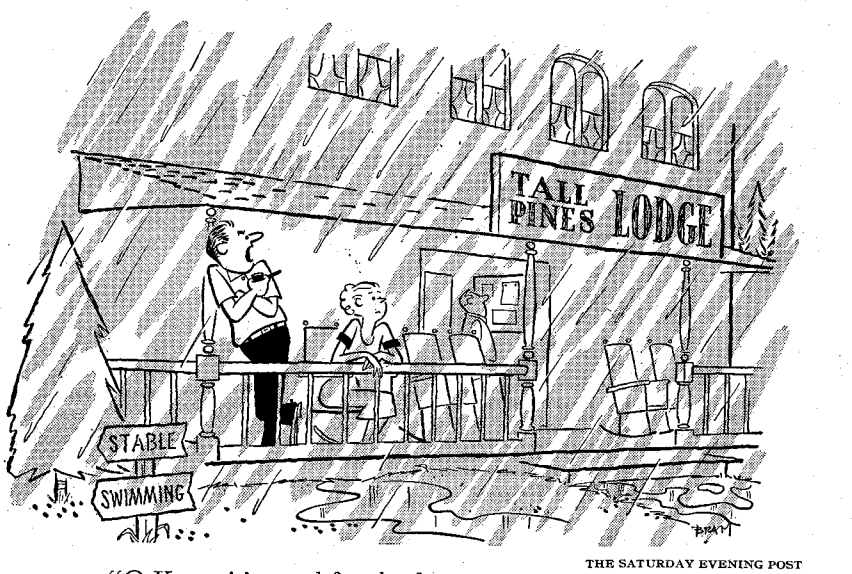
Eugene Nixon, former professor of physical education at Pomona College in California, believes that every college male should be assessed an extra two dollars each semester—to buy panties, slips, step-ins, and so on. These would be framed and hung in the owner's room, so that by graduation he might possess as many as eight pairs of female flimsies.

"Panty raids would then become so prosaic," argues Professor Nixon, "that college men would never think of raiding sorority houses for more undergarments."

But they'd find other ways of jesting with the *jeunes filles*. Consider what was hatched on April 12, 1955, at the University of Massachusetts. It was a rainy, dull day—but fine for planning practical jokes. Ed Fouhy and three friends decided to wire the Kappa Kappa Gamma girls, stating that the Chordettes, an Arthur Godfrey singing group, would visit their chapter house the following Saturday. The Chordettes, the telegram added, were all former Kappas.

On Saturday, which happened to be Parents' Day, the Kappas fluttered about and prepared an elaborate buffet supper for their interesting guests. A telephone call from one of the pranksters, announcing that "the Chordettes are on their way," heightened tension.

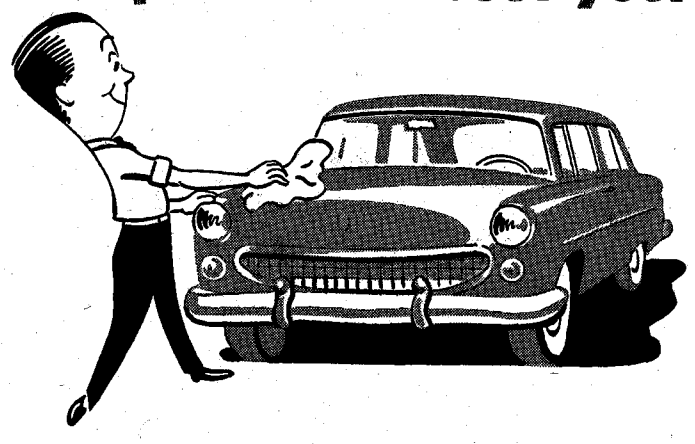
At the exact ETA, a shabby 1934 Hudson chugged up to the Kappa house and



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"O.K., so it's good for the farmers.
Are they paying out $23 a day?"

If you're particular about your car



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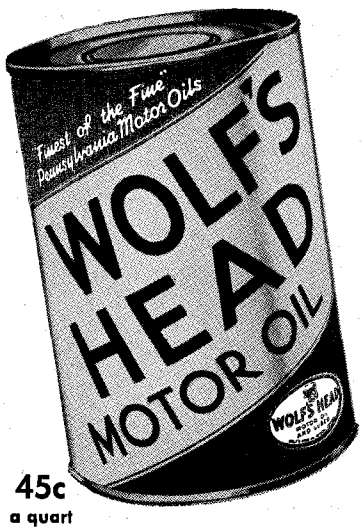

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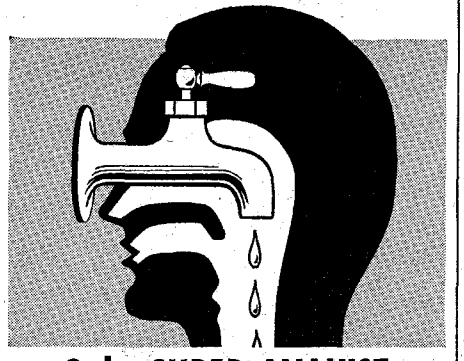

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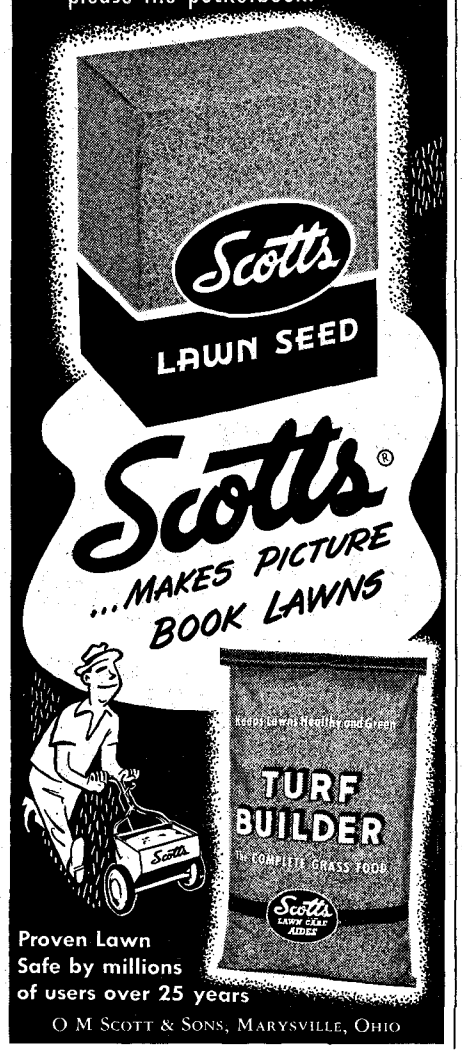

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out hopped the four conspirators—wearing snoods and brandishing a sign which proclaimed them to be the Chordettes. They serenaded the pink-faced Kappas with their own version of Mister Sandman, a current song hit.

Cornell's women's dormitories are separated from the rest of the campus by a deep gorge spanned by Triphammer Bridge. This is a setting for seasonal shenanigans which take the place of water fights and panty raids. The tradition originated when three fraternities garbed their initiates in white coats, handed them brooms and ordered them to sweep down the bridge—"and never mind the traffic."

Object: to keep the coeds from returning to their dorms on time. Result: traffic jams of no small proportions. Confusion is created by energetic sweeping of the bridge and its approaches, and is compounded by bucket-and-sponge washing of cars.

Over the years, administrators and faculty have been primary targets for student pranks. The late William Lowe Bryan, president of Indiana University for thirty-five years, frequently received midnight telephone calls from freshmen instructed by upperclassmen to dial a certain number and ask for "Bill." President Bryan was routed out of bed so often that he evolved the gambit of informing the caller his real name was "Buffalo Bill." Then he'd invite the bewildered freshman to his office to get better acquainted. This went on for years, according to Ross Bartley, director of Indiana University's News Bureau.

Not long ago a group of Santa Barbara College pranksters arrived at California State Polytechnic College prior to a football game between the two institutions. They carried a small bomb.

"We plan to set it off in the center of the campus living area," they confided to a couple of Cal Poly students they mistook for townsmen.

"Fine," said the pair. "We'll show you the exact place."

The Cal Poly students led the bomb-toters to the home of president Julian McPhee. There, on his front lawn, the bomb went off with expected ear-shattering results. Shortly afterward, however, the two institutions signed a nonaggression pact which also stated that "any student convicted of an act of vandalism on the campus of another college will be automatically expelled."

Earl J. (Fuzz) Merritt, head football coach and former director of Pomona College's men's campus, finished his breakfast one spring morning, kissed his wife good-by and rushed out of their apartment—only to run smack into a brick wall. During the previous night, students had completely mortared up his front door. Merritt, who had an appointment in Los Angeles, had to exit through a window.

Levitation, curiously, has held a continuing fascination for campus jokers. It's certainly not new. At the University of Kansas' commencement exercises in 1873, a skeleton with the sign "PREX" hung on a big-toe bone descended from a dark hole in the ceiling and danced crazily over the head of president John Fraser.

The story goes that his wife, on that occasion, turned to him and asked, "What does Prex mean, dear?"

Fraser nimbly replied, "It means the faculty."

More recently, the president, trustees and alumni of Oberlin College in Ohio prepared to dedicate the new $1,280,000 Sophronia Brooks Hall Auditorium. Funds had been provided some time before by the will of Charles Martin Hall, one of the founders of the Aluminum Company of America, to erect the building in honor of his mother.

A previous gift to Oberlin had been a lightweight aluminum statue of Hall himself, holding a chunk of aluminum in one hand. Undergraduates had grown accustomed to seeing "Charley" peering down on them from Memorial Arch or sitting in an outhouse on the steps of Peters Hall. Although the statue was kept in the foyer of the Chemistry Building, it was sometimes spirited away.

On the day before the dedication of Sophronia Brooks Hall Auditorium, "Charley" was kidnaped again. His hands and face were painted flesh color, his tie red, shirt blue, shoes white, suit gray and socks in an Argyle pattern. The plan was to lower him before the building's serpentine-marble façade during the ceremonies. But "Charley's" toe stuck in the trap door and the undergraduate pranksters were caught.

Another elaborate levitation prank that failed has already become a legend at U.C.L.A. The week before the Bell Game with U.S.C., a group of U.C.L.A. students prowled the Trojan campus looking for mischief.

Cornell: Gullible freshmen lined up for a group picture. The photographer signaled upstairs to upperclassmen, who dumped 75 gallons of ice water on the "suckers."

As they trudged along fraternity row, they found it. A veterinarian's panel truck stopped. The driver poked his head out, squinted at an address; then asked, "This the Sigma Nu house? I've got George Tirebiter for you. Distemper's all gone."

The dog, part Airedale, was the mascot of the U.S.C. rooting section.

"Right. This is the Sigma Nu house," one of the U.C.L.A. men said. "We'll take care of Tirebiter."

When the vet's truck had gone, the interlopers placed the Trojan mascot in their car and dug out for their own campus twelve miles away. What to do with their unexpected prize? They hatched a complicated plot.

The only reason it failed to come off was that U.C.L.A. graduate manager Bill Ackerman and assistant dean of students Byron H. Atkinson learned of the scheme and sternly called a halt.

This was the plan: to hire an armored car and drive it into the Los Angeles Coliseum during half time. Tirebiter would be held aloft through an open turret for the U.S.C. rooting section to see—with the hope that he'd woof a couple of woofs of recognition. Then he'd be pulled back and a stuffed replica, attached to a helium-filled weather balloon, would be tossed into the air to float over the Coliseum rim and out of sight.

"If that prank had come off as planned," dean Atkinson told me, "the Trojan rooting section would have torn that armored car apart rivet by rivet."

How to handle campus discipline problems wisely is a perplexing puzzle. Though many sessions have been devoted to the subject at annual meetings of the American College Personnel Association, no president or dean yet has a pat answer.

"The same body and soul which on Wednesday night can disrupt a dormitory with water-bag fights, on Thursday afternoon can compose a thought-provoking editorial for the student daily," says Professor Schoenfeld, of Wisconsin. "And the same students who, on Saturday afternoon, can tear down the goal posts, can, on Monday morning, poke devastating holes in a professor's thesis."

Prof. Jesse Wrench, at the University of Missouri, sums it up: "Treat 'em like grownups, but remember they're nothing but kids."

The dividing line between high spirits and criminal behavior in college students is often narrow and somewhat blurry. University deans must take action when property is destroyed or individuals are threatened with injury. But if no serious harm is done, a student prank sometimes serves as an important object lesson in manners and morals.

In recent years, students themselves have helped to wipe out the more irresponsible aspects of hazing—such as giving fraternity initiates brutal paddlings or forcing them to hitch-hike home from a country crossroads in their underwear. The National Interfraternity Council has taken a stand against old-fashioned hazing and on many campuses "Help Week" has replaced "Hell Week."

But human nature being what it is, the spring silly season on the campuses is likely to be with us for some time. Students, however, shouldn't be judged too harshly. Adults also sometimes succumb to May madness.

At a Southern university house mothers one night painted the lions in front of the SAE house a bright green.

A Midwestern engineering professor once donned a raincoat and challenged his class to a water-pistol fight. And at a West Coast institution a faculty member livened things up by putting a record of Swiss yodels on the campus chimes loud-speaker system.

The clincher is a dignified University of Chicago professor who was nabbed one balmy spring evening by the police after he'd kicked in the plate-glass windows of four shops—and was aiming his foot at a fifth.

"I've never broken windows before," he said. "Not at all characteristic of me—not at all." THE END

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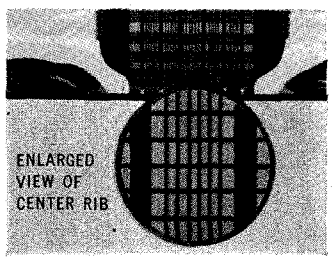

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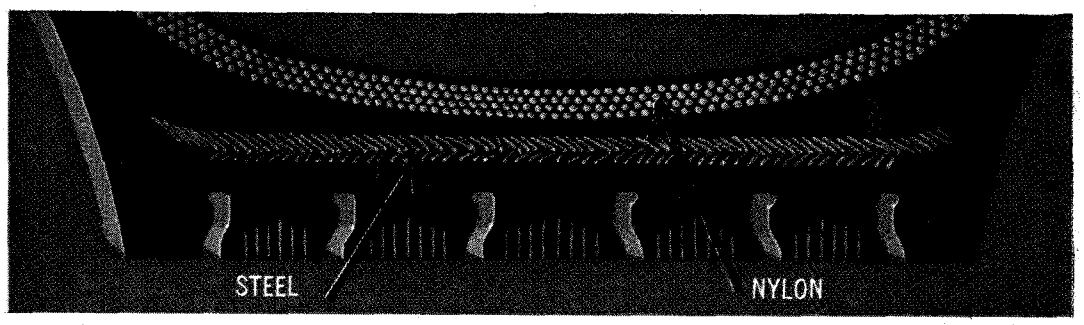

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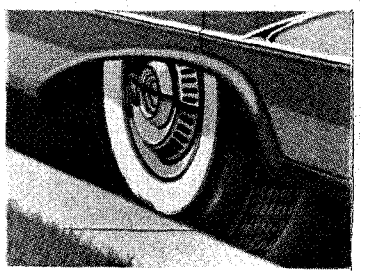

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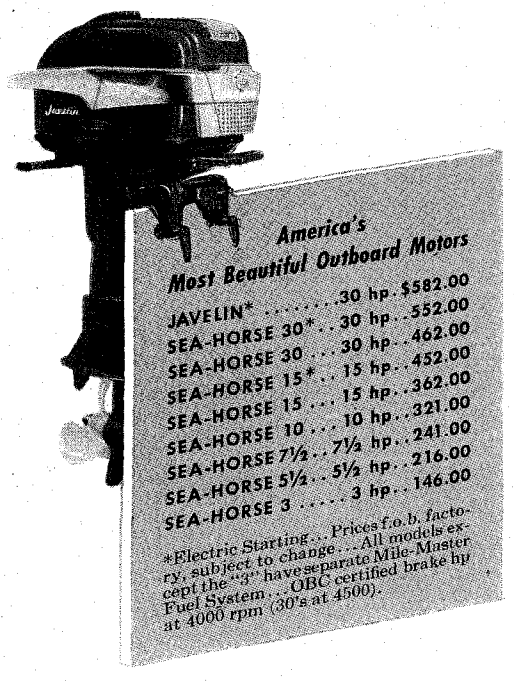
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What Ever Became of the Cradle?

(Continued from Page 42)

"Why, I don't know," she said. "It sounds like a good idea to me. Let's just see what the book says."

The book, at our house, includes some half a dozen volumes on baby care. Among them they tell you everything you could want to know about almost any infant question you can think of—except cradles. About the cradle the book, Dr. Benjamin Spock and his worthy colleagues, said nothing. It's all right to rock a child—in fact, the book recommends it. How you rock him is up to you.

So, I went out to get a cradle. I found out why we didn't have one. The reason is simple: there aren't any. Three of the biggest department stores in New York haven't had a cradle in stock for years and have no idea where to get one. Sears, Roebuck and Montgomery Ward catalogues list cradles for dolls, but not for children. Catalogues of major makers of children's furniture show cribs, bassinets and dozens of other things, but no cradles. The Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, the Gesell Institute of Child Development at New Haven, the Child Study Association of America—none of them could tell me where to get a cradle.

This, now, was puzzling. Where did it go? Was it possible that there was something wrong with it, that it was somehow bad for a child? In view of what the book said about rocking, that didn't seem likely, but I looked into it anyway. Department of H., E., and W., Child Study Association, Gesell—none of them has ever heard of any study showing that a cradle is bad for a child. They don't know of anything wrong with it. And on rocking, they're with the book all the way.

One young pediatrician told me of his first visit to the children's ward of a large hospital whose staff he had just joined, a couple of years ago. It was a new ward—fresh, gleaming cribs ranked precisely along the sides, big windows, everything the latest and best to be had. And right in the middle of its rubber-runnered aisle stood an old, somewhat-beat-up rocking chair. What for? To rock the babies in and soothe them when they got fussy. Science, for all its wonders, has yet to devise a crib that can do that. A cradle, of course, could do it beautifully. Very likely the ward would have had a cradle in it, instead of the rocking chair, if anybody could have found one.

When something becomes extinct, there ought to be a reason. The buffalo herds and the passenger pigeon were done to death for sport and money, the oil lamp and the buggy were replaced by things that did their jobs better. But nobody could have made money by exterminating the cradle, and it hasn't been replaced by anything that will do its job better or that will do its job at all. In the place where stood the cradle now stands nothing. Presto! Like a magic trick, with not even a puff of smoke to mark where it used to be.

And the most curious thing is that it was not only useful but for hundreds of years practically universal. It is by far the oldest and most widely familiar piece of infant furniture ever known. In olden days everybody had one—king or commoner, lord or lout, if you had a baby you had a cradle to rock it in, as a matter of course. In colonial America no parents would have dreamed of trying to get along without one. Even in the deepest backwoods, where diapers had to be made out of mamma's old petticoats; in the days when the bath water, if any, had to be warmed up in the cabin fireplace, papa took his ax to a tree and banged together some kind of cradle. It wasn't a convenience, it was a necessity. And now—poof! Gone.

Yet every parent still knows how quickly a gentle swaying motion will bewitch a tired child to sleep. A ride in a car will do it, but that's a little unhandy at three o'clock of a winter's morning. Walking him in your arms will do it, but the catch is this: unless you want to walk all night you have to put him down, and then he wakes up. Sometimes jiggling his crib will do it, but you need luck for that. Cribs aren't really built for it, and usually you're more likely to rattle him awake than you are to quiet him. They're all pretty poor substitutes, obviously, for the little rocking bed that isn't there.

Some cradles, of course, in the showier homes, were so elaborately carved that nobody could keep them clean. But none of that was any fault of the cradle. Essentially the cradle was simple and strictly functional. Good ones, well made along spare, pleasing lines, were handsome as well. They lasted for generation after generation. Some from colonial times are still around now. People who favor early-American decoration often have them. They use them for holding firewood. The baby, if there is one, sleeps somewhere else—and if it doesn't sleep, its father walks the floor with it.

What happened? There are two answers, both right. One comes from the furniture makers. A leading maker of children's furniture, Mr. Walter L. Beaman, president of the Gem Crib and Cradle Company, of Gardner, Massachusetts, dates the death knell of the cradle at forty-two years ago. Up to that time, he says, his company was making cradles, but in 1914 it switched to wheeled cribs, the advantage of these being that a mother could keep the baby in its bed and yet move it around the house easily, to have it under her eye. The innovation, says Mr. Beaman, was a great success. Others started doing the same thing, and that, as far as the cradle was concerned, was the end. "I believe no one will deny," he says, "that we probably had more to do with putting the old cradle out of commission than anyone else."

Child-care authorities, however, think that's only part of the story. The real cause of the cradle's demise, they believe, was a theory of child rearing that rose up whose watchword was "science" and whose doctrine, generally speaking, was that anything parents normally thought was good for a child was probably bad. Many people, including some of the younger child-care authorities themselves, associate this school of thought mainly with the 1920's, but, in fact, it goes back long before that—and before 1914, too—to around 1900. Breast feeding was bad, partly because of the quality of the food—which was produced in a deplorably unscientific way—but mostly because it involved sensations of affection. Showing affection was coddling, and was terrible—warp the child's personality. There was a list of Don'ts that covered nearly everything: Don't pick your baby up; don't do this; don't do that. And high on the list was Don't Rock It.

Grandmothers and great-grandmothers, including our baby's, remember the Don't-Rock business well. Rocking could cause insomnia, ruin eyesight, impair the sense of balance, to name just a few of its dangers. None of the "scientists" ever proved, of course, that rocking actually did do any of these things, but, on the other hand, it was hard to prove it wouldn't, and with all the dire talk going on, parents, understandably, preferred not to take a chance. Iron cribs had begun coming in many years earlier. They came in at first, presumably, because they were cheap, but well before 1914 a great many parents who could easily have afforded cradles were using fixed cribs of wood or iron instead, because they were afraid rocking might be harmful.

That's what did the cradle in. The wheeled crib added its bit, all right, but had it not been for the Don't-Rock fever, there would have been nothing to prevent parents from having a wheeled crib for daytime convenience and a cradle for peace at night. Instead, they abandoned the cradle altogether. By the 1920's, when the Don't-Rock school burst forth in a final eruption of publicity, the cradle had already disappeared. And, incidentally, the rocking chair had disappeared too.

In modern pediatric opinion, of course, the whole Hands-Off theory was nonsense. Breast feeding is back, generally recognized today as just about the best thing a mother can do, not only for herself but for her child. Showing normal affection is not only condoned but recommended, urged, and sometimes actually prescribed—seen now as probably the surest way there is to avoid warping a child's personality. If your baby wants to be picked up, go ahead and pick it up. And if it's fussy, rock it.

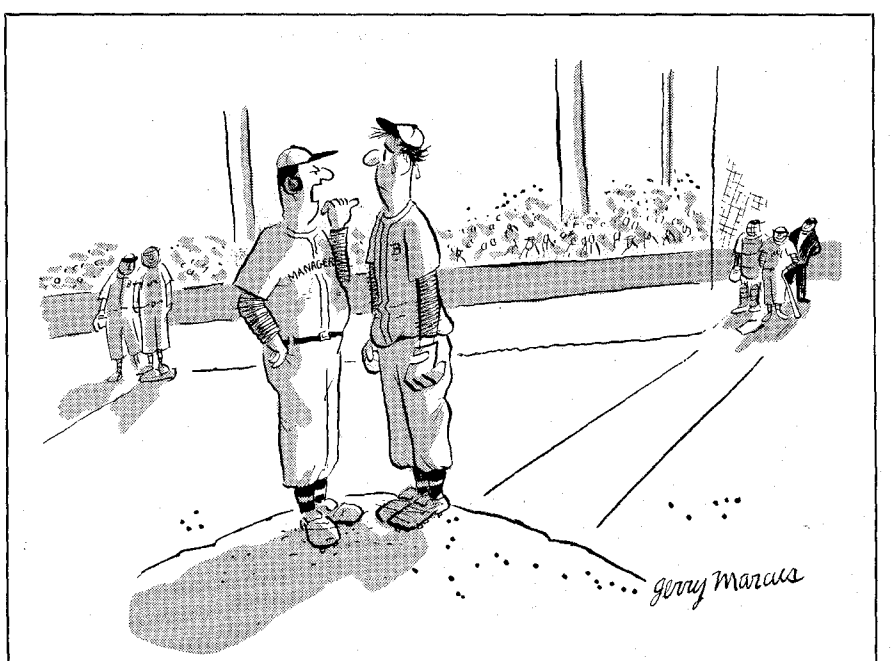
Since old-established custom—not to mention Nature—became respectable again, the rocking chair has been winning its way back. In the past few years it has begun reappearing in its tradition-honored places—on the porch, in the living room. More and more parents—like the nurses and doctors in that children's ward—have been finding it very useful in the nursery. But the cradle is still out in the cold. Probably the reason is that during the long years of its banishment our homes changed so much that now, in many of them, there's no place to put it. It's good for only a few months of a child's life—up to about the end of his first year—after which the child goes into a crib anyway and the cradle must be stored. In the days when houses had space to spare, that didn't make any difference; today it does. For many parents it's easier to get along without a cradle for those few months, whether daddy needs the exercise or not, than it is to find room for it between times. Sadder still, it's been away so long that most young parents, having never seen a cradle with a child in it, don't even think of it.

And so, it's gone and more than half forgotten. Celebrated in song, poem and story—Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep; Down Will Come Baby, Cradle and All; When From the Cradle to the Grave I Look—not today. Faneuil Hall in Boston is called the Cradle of Liberty; if we were starting the American Revolution now, we'd have to call it a crib or a bassinet. The Hand That Rocks the Cradle is the Hand That Rules the World. The hand is out of practice, with nothing to rock—and look at the shape the world's in.

There is a chance that the cradle will come back. "It may not be too long before manufacturers begin to put them out," wrote the lady of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, "as pediatricians are now lauding them." Beat the drum and clang the cymbal, welcome home the exile, wrongfully convicted. It shouldn't be very hard to figure out a design for a cradle that would convert to a crib, say, or for one that could fold up into not much more space than a suitcase or a bridge table. Ingenious Do-It-Yourselfers could have a field day with it.

At least for a while, though, I won't have to bother; for the time being, my problem is solved. One of our neighbors, it turned out, had an antique cradle. He was fairly amazed when I talked to him about it, but he's a good-natured fellow, and he lent it to us. It's wonderful. Just a little troughlike thing, about three feet long, with simple wooden rockers. We keep it in the baby's room, for naps and nighttime, and it works like magic. It works so well that my wife's mother was a little scared of it, at first. Now that she's used to it, she's quite bitter about those Don't-Rock people who kept her from ever having one for her four children. The baby's great-grandmother is delighted—takes her back, she says, to when she was a little girl, and she wishes she hadn't paid any attention to the Don't-Rock talk either, though that's all a long time ago now. Our pediatrician thinks it's great, and I haven't done any night floor-walking in weeks. My wife was saying the other day it's the best idea she ever had.

It's such a success, in fact, that several people around us want to borrow it, in turn, after our boy outgrows it. The neighbor who lent it to us in the first place, I think, almost wishes now he hadn't. If this keeps up, he won't get it back for years. And what will he do with his firewood? THE END



"A delegation of fans out there want the car back they gave you."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The Case of the Unlikely Candidate

(Continued from Page 38)

as one of the leading Democratic contenders. An inactive candidacy is one of those fineries which delight the political *cognoscenti.* Properly interpreted, it means availability without risk. Thus, Harriman has carefully eschewed the primaries—traditional burial grounds of presidential candidates—and has entrenched himself in New York's Executive Mansion while his major rivals, Stevenson and Kefauver, have wearily flown the barnstorming trail.

Long-standing Harriman strategy has been to make his bid at the Democratic convention where the political-infighting talents of his chief lieutenants, Carmine G. De Sapio, New York's political strongman, and Michael H. Prendergast, Democratic state chairman, can be employed to best advantage. The strategy postulates that other candidates have by that time knocked themselves off or have become hopelessly deadlocked. For that reason, Harriman supporters are watching the Stevenson-Kefauver primary contests with ill-concealed delight. Indeed, during the recent New Hampshire election, Stevenson backers angrily declared Kefauver was "a straw candidate receiving money from the governor of a large state." The name of the governor was not mentioned, but it took no political Machiavelli to know who was meant. Both the Kefauver and Harriman forces aggrievedly denied the charge, but the whispering campaign continued.

That Stevenson adherents are prone to see the ghost of Harriman behind all kinds of political machinations is not surprising. Moments after his election as New York's governor in 1954, Harriman, in denying White House ambitions, told the press, "I'm a Stevenson man myself"—a statement from which it took him the better part of a year to extricate himself. This he accomplished by declaring over a nationwide TV program in October, 1955, that he felt "no moral obligation" to swing the New York state Democratic delegation to Adlai, despite his previously professed support of the Illinoisan. By this disengaging maneuver Harriman won no particular plaudits from the Stevenson camp, but he did clear the tracks for his own "inactive" effort.

As a presidential hopeful, Harriman possesses such obvious political handicaps that in some circles his candidacy is treated with downright derision. In public he is essentially inarticulate and ill at ease. He will often fix persons with a vague "Where have I seen you before?" expression, slightly disconcerting to those who only a few minutes before had engaged him in deep discussion. He appears—and most probably is—preoccupied with the large-scale problems of the day and seems to pay little heed to the minor, though vexatious, problems which ordinary people like to take up with their political and diplomatic leaders.

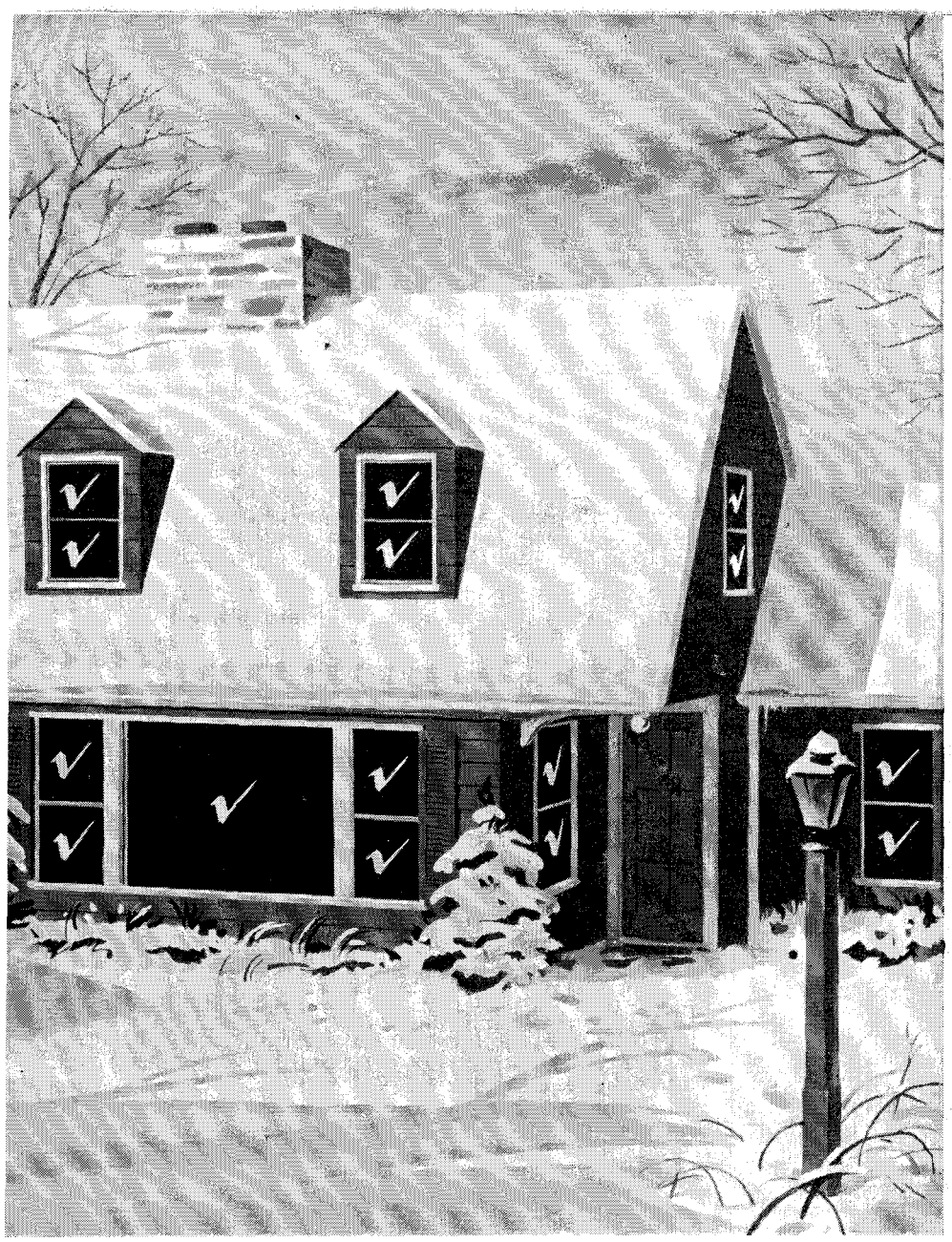
Harriman is aware of his defects and with characteristic thoroughness attempts to overcome them. A "new" Harriman is perennially advertised, much as Frankie Parker, the tennis star, annually proclaimed development of a new forehand. The streamlined Harriman is reputedly gregarious and relaxed, filled with the bonhomie expected of the political hopeful. Like Parker's forehand, though, the "new" personality has tended to wither under pressure and Ave has generally reverted to the mold in which God cast him—to the dismay of his White House-inclined friends.

The New York governor has a long catalogue of lamentable political liabilities. He is a multimillionaire, having inherited a huge fortune from his father, E. H. Harriman, the railroad magnate. His speaking voice is coated with a Grotonian accent which rendered him all but unintelligible, until self-discipline and intense schooling turned him into an acceptable public speaker.

And, in his sixty-fifth year, Harriman is no longer young. He is divorced, his marriage to Kitty Lanier Lawrence having been dissolved in the '20's. The couple had two children: Mary, now Mrs. Shirley C. Fisk, and Kathleen, now Mrs. Stanley C. Mortimer, Jr. In 1930 Harriman married Marie Norton Whitney, the divorced wife of Cornelius Vanderbilt (Sonny) Whitney. Harriman's favorite companions include the raciest members of the international set. He loves to play croquet. He owns a magnificent collec-

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"... However—in a burst of girlish sentiment, my client had each of the defendant's 51 love letters photographed a few minutes before the invisible ink faded."



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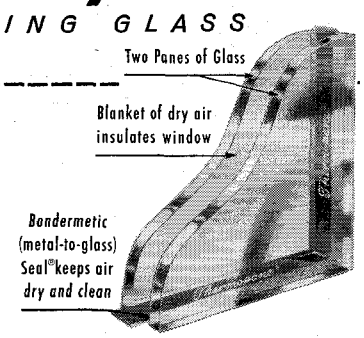

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Who but Morgan would get flowers with a bumblebee in them?"

tion of modern art—as well as homes in New York City; Sands Point, Long Island; Harriman, New York; and Hobe Sound, Florida.

The average ward heeler, studying Harriman's political report card, groans inwardly and wonders how you can win with a guy like that. The answer lies in the peculiarities of the American political system and in the nature of the man himself.

Harriman throughout his life has been driven by that strange American phenomenon—the poor little rich boy's "guilt complex." Fearful that what he might accomplish would be brushed aside by charges of having bought his way, Harriman has sought to win eminence in fields where money was of only secondary importance. In carrying out his program, he has exhibited the same mental determination which characterized his father. In the early 1900's, an elderly gentleman announced his intention to walk from New York to San Francisco. A New York newspaper interviewed prominent citizens of advanced age, asking whether they could match the feat. Replied old E. H. Harriman bluntly, "Yes, if I put my mind to it." Averell displays the same firm belief in the triumph of mind over matter. He has, for instance, no immediately discernible athletic prowess, yet by sheer hard work—and some of the best ponies in the world—made himself into one of the country's leading polo players. He took up skiing when past the age of forty-five and became a skier of far greater than average ability.

A disposition exists to write off Harriman as a businessman, but his record in the 1920's would indicate that he deserves no such cavalier treatment. He steered the Union Pacific Railroad through the depression and took the bold gamble of streamlining and modernizing equipment at a time when other rail lines were hanging on for dear life. Through his firm of Brown Brothers Harriman & Co., he invested heavily in post-World War I German bonds and was one of the few to escape unscathed from that financial debacle. His greatest failure was the Harriman Steamship Lines, which collapsed, he says, because the Republican administration gave no help to American shipping.

Harriman's dissatisfaction with Republican foreign policies came just as he fell under the influence of Alfred E. Smith, then governor of New York. Only a few prods from that master politician were necessary to move Harriman from the G.O.P. into the Democratic Party. In 1932 he ardently supported Franklin D. Roosevelt. And of all the potential 1956 candidates, Harriman is running on a platform most deeply imbedded in the political philosophy of the New Deal.

He followed Roosevelt to Washington as a member of the National Recovery Administration, earning the sobriquet: "Roosevelt's trained business seal." Harriman's job was to persuade the business community of the New Deal's essential friendliness. He essayed the task with commendable energy, but, under the conditions then prevailing, achieved only middling success.

During World War II Harriman began filling the series of high-level posts which have given him imposing credentials for White House occupancy. No candidate in recent years can point to a record of greater Executive Department experience. In order, Harriman was chief of Materials Branch, Office of Production Management; Lend-Lease administrator in Great Britain; United States ambassador to Russia; ambassador to Great Britain; Secretary of Commerce; Marshall Plan ambassador to Europe; special assistant for foreign policy to the President; and director of the Mutual Security Agency. These jobs covered a span of twelve years, during which Harriman attended every major wartime conference, except the first Quebec meeting, and personally negotiated with every leading figure on the international stage.

Harriman was the first influential American to foresee the probable postwar policy of the Soviet Union. When others in the Government were viewing a roseate future, Harriman was pounding home the message that the Russians were impressed only by force and was continually urging that concessions be granted only in return for equal concessions. Among other things, in 1945 he proposed an economic plan for the then ruined free world which was remarkably similar in concept to the eventual Marshall Plan. His participation at the Yalta Conference is not a political asset, but he has steadfastly maintained that the difficulties stemmed not from the agreements made but from the agreements which were broken.

When interested in a job, Harriman works at it on (*Continued on Page 120*)

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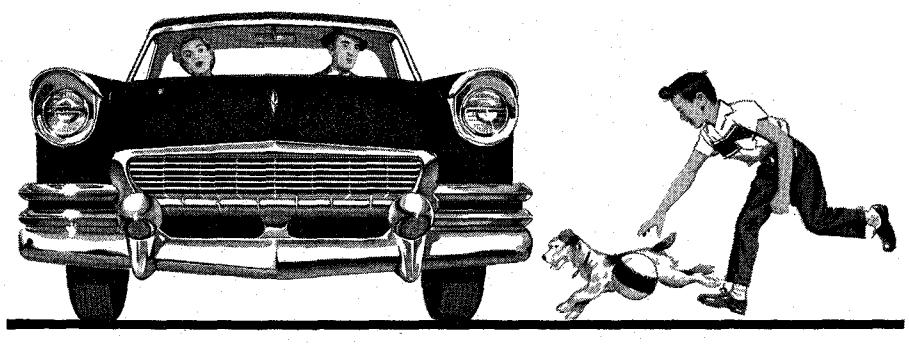

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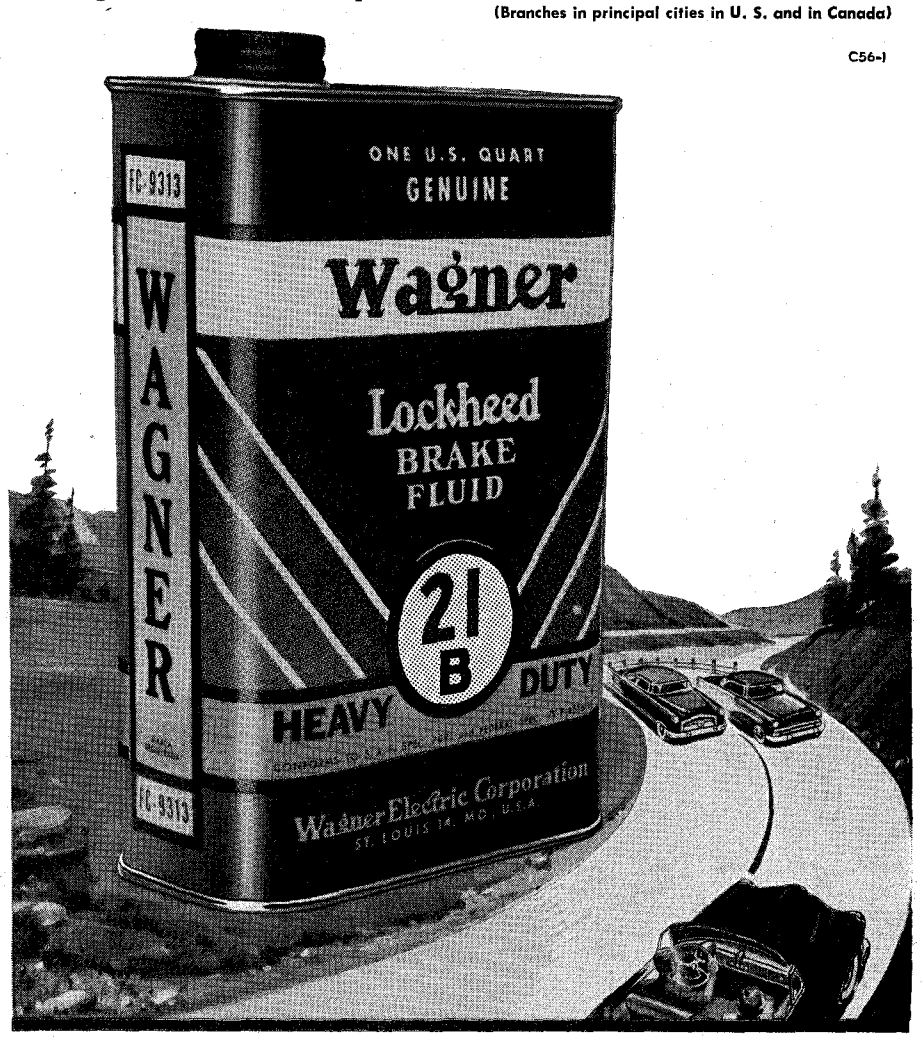

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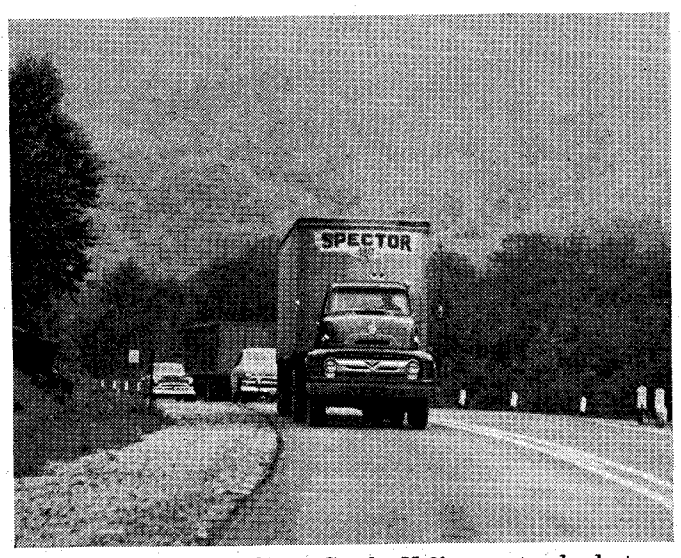

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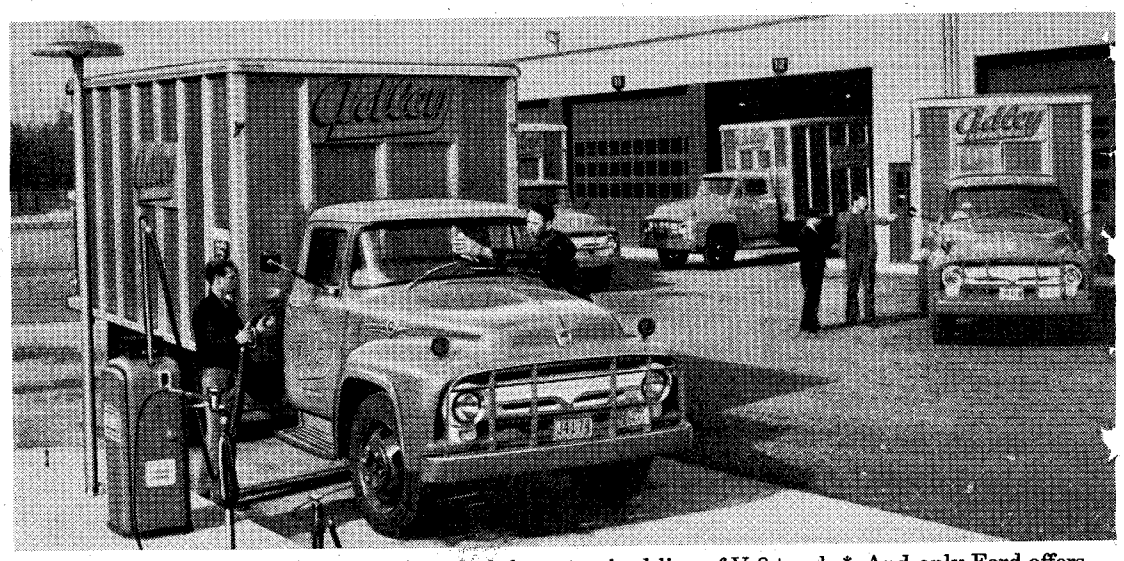

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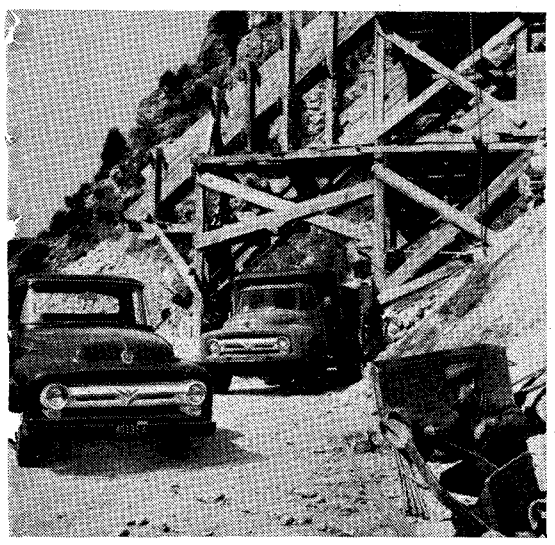

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WORK-PROVED. Ford V-8's have more on-the-job experience than all other trucks combined.

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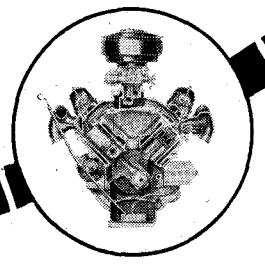
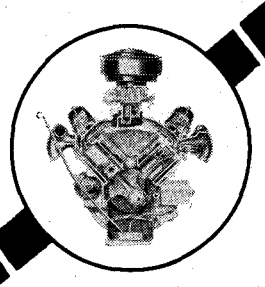


191,400
1953 V-8 TRUCK SALES



344,900
1955 V-8 TRUCK SALES

The trend line above shows a spectacular increase in the number of truck users now choosing Short Stroke V-8 power pioneered and improved by Ford! What's more, in the last two years, every brand-new engine announced by any truck maker has been a V-8.

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TO THE MAN WHO PREFERS A SIX

Ford offers America's most modern Six. It's the only short-stroke six in any light-duty truck.

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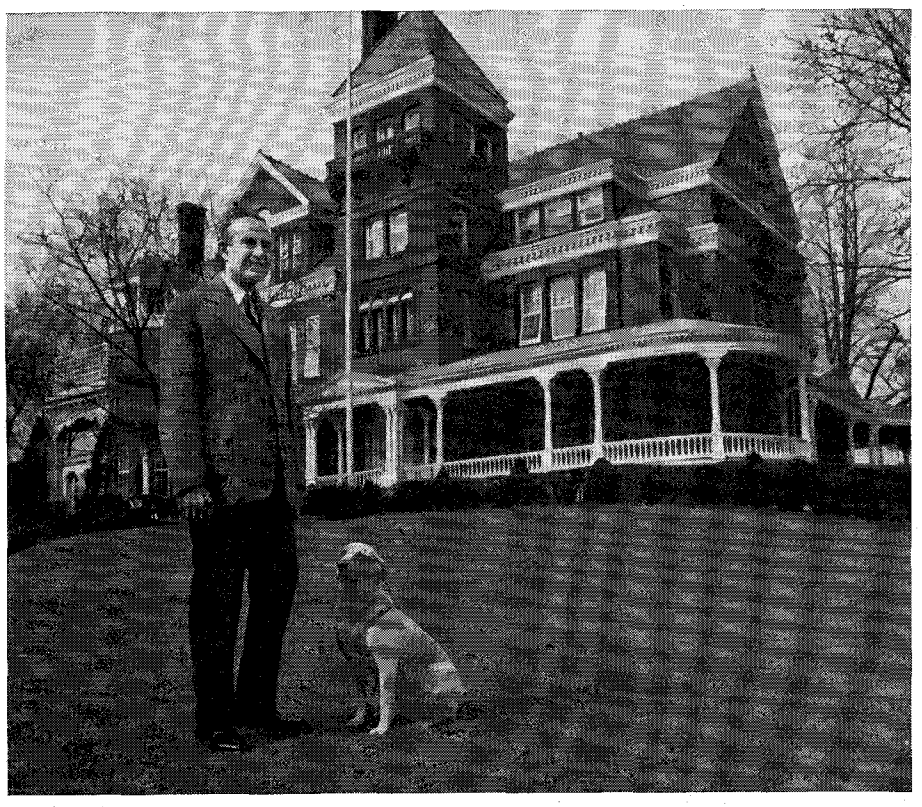

Averell Harriman and his prize Labrador retriever, Brum, in front of the Governor's Mansion, Albany, former home of Grover Cleveland, Theodore Roosevelt, F. D. Roosevelt and Thomas E. Dewey.

(*Continued from Page 117*) a near twenty-four-hour basis. Unlike other humans, he is apparently uninterested in sleep. Alfred Friendly, now managing editor of the Washington Post and Times-Herald, served a term as Harriman's public-relations adviser in Paris. "Having nothing else to do at six in the morning," Friendly recounts, "Averell read the newspapers, and this inevitably made him think of me. The phone would ring, my wife would dash for the coffee, and I'd spend the next half hour or so explaining why some story he didn't like was on Page One or why some story he did like wasn't in the paper at all."

Despite the hazards of working with Harriman, he has consistently lured able and devoted men to his staffs. He does this by infusing them with a sense of the overwhelming importance of their work and of his personal reliance upon them. His gratitude is expressed in roundabout, though touching, ways. One subordinate's wife was astounded to receive flowers on her wedding anniversary shortly after her husband and Harriman had had a series of tough sessions. Another worker received a handwritten note of thanks, expressing the sentiments Harriman was simply unable to speak in person.

It is not easy to analyze the devotion which Harriman evokes, but one former associate said, "Working with Averell is rewarding because in the long run Averell almost always arrives at the right conclusion."

Whatever the conclusion, he arrives at it by total immersion in the job. His attention to minutiae drove one frantic assistant to christen him: "Honest Ave, the Hairsplitter." One who knew them both likens Harriman to the late Sen. Robert A. Taft in the thoroughness of his governmental homework.

While engaged in foreign-policy matters, Harriman made few forays into American domestic politics. His first candidacy for public office was decided on March 29, 1952, when Truman announced he would not seek re-election. On the offchance that Stevenson might finally decide not to run—although Harriman believed he would—the New Yorker tossed his battered gray hat into the ring and embarked on a campaign to harness the few still untethered delegates to the national convention.

He made his vote-getting debut in the District of Columbia primary, the only contest open to him. In it he opposed the darling of the telewaves, Senator Kefauver, then flushed by a series of primary triumphs. Kefauver was an odds-on favorite and Harriman's mixed collection of socialites, liberals, Negroes and labor leaders campaigned with what appeared to be praiseworthy if futile energy.

To everyone's surprise, save perhaps Harriman's, he won the primary handily. His New Deal-Fair Deal program drew a particularly heavy vote in the lower-income districts. Serious students of potential candidates were singularly impressed by the sight of a church congregation parading to the polls, loudly intoning, "H-A-double R-I-M-A-N spells Harriman," and presumably casting its solid vote for the New Dealing millionaire. The D.C. primary was not in itself an important victory, but had two important repercussions. The legend of Kefauver's invincibility was destroyed and the sharp eyes of Carmine De Sapio, chief sachem of Tammany Hall, had noted Harriman's vote-getting powers.

Harriman's presidential try was too little and too late. The Stevenson draft had blown too strongly and Adlai was named over his more willing competitors. A political realist, Harriman was unruffled by his defeat. A reporter visited him before balloting commenced.

"Well, how do things look?" inquired the weary candidate.

"You're not going to make it," said the reporter.

Harriman digested the intelligence and replied, "I think you're right," and wasted no more time on anguished might-have-beens.

Harriman's disappearance from the political scene was brief. In 1954, New York Democrats sought a suitable gubernatorial candidate. The leading contender was Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., then a congressman and eager to follow his father's footsteps to Albany. He dashed about the state ladling out doses of Rooseveltian charm for the benefit of the voters, but managing to irritate the party's elder statesmen.

Harriman announced his availability and conducted a quiet, dignified campaign while Roosevelt was impressing all except those who mattered.

According to De Sapio, a close study of the electorate convinced him that Roosevelt couldn't make the grade, so he announced for Harriman. The Roosevelt boom immediately collapsed and Harriman was named candidate for governor while Roosevelt received nomination for attorney general. Most of the delegates privately predicted that Franklin would run several country miles ahead of Averell.

The Democratic gubernatorial nominee faced an acutely difficult task. His opponent was Sen. Irving M. Ives, who, only two years before, had won a larger majority in New York than had Dwight D. Eisenhower. In addition, after twelve years of uninterrupted victory, the Republican state machine was well oiled and running smoothly. Harriman showed surprising strength as a campaigner. His speech-making practice paid dividends and his television appearances improved constantly. His handsome personal appearance certainly was no handicap. Tall, slightly stooped, his black hair streaked with gray, his cheeks faintly hollowed, he looked like a good-looking Abe Lincoln in modern dress. His halting speech delivery, punctuated by fleeting, shy smiles, and marked with almost passionate sincerity, enhanced the historical resemblance.

In horse players' parlance, Harriman opened strongly and hung on gamely to eke a narrow 11,000 majority. He was badly hurt by the remark of a New York Democrat, which, Republicans charged, meant that if Harriman was elected he would make severe cuts in up-state school appropriations. "Never," says Harriman, "has a lie been spread with such efficient precision." The issue undoubtedly cost him thousands of votes and still rises to plague him. De Sapio's political judgment was vindicated by the fact that young Franklin was the only state-wide Democratic candidate to be defeated.

Any man elected governor of the nation's most populous state automatically begins to think of the White House. Presumably he controls the largest single delegation to the convention. Election in New York presupposes a definite appeal to diverse voting groups. And the state's large electoral tally is, according to standard political thought, more easily garnered by a native son than by an outsider.

Bolstered by these advantages, Harriman's presidential strategy has been to sit tight, loosing only occasional blasts at the Republicans, and tending closely to his duties as governor. Harriman's record at Albany has been rather more moderate than the superliberals had hoped or than businessmen had feared. The bulk of his middle-of-the-road program has been enacted into law, a considerable feat of gubernatorial legerdemain when you consider that Harriman faces a politically hostile legislature. The split has, however, from time to time resulted in legislative impasses.

The present New York governor has been able to sail around most of the political storms which usually swirl about the mansion in Albany, but he did stir up considerable controversy by placing his 1954 campaign manager, John P. McGrath, on the Waterfront Commission, and booting out Lt. Gen. George P. Hays. The action was strongly assailed in the New York press as bringing "politics" to the already turbulent New York-New Jersey waterfront. Sharp criticism of the move still reverberates in governmental and press circles.

Most surprising to the residents and politicians of Albany is the social amiability of the new governor and his wife. Café-society friends of the Harrimans had tittered at his election and remarked with knowing winks, "My dear, can you see Marie Whitney Harriman in Albany?" She has, however, entered wholeheartedly into her job as the state's first lady. Many legislators and state officials who during the regime of Gov. Thomas E. Dewey had seen the Executive Mansion only from the outside have been invited to drop in for a drink or have been entertained at one of the so-called "sherry parties"—New York State sherry. At these, Marie and Averell circulate with an ease unexpected by those who have heard rumors of the Harrimans' aloofness.

In surveying Harriman's status as a presidential candidate, realistic appraisal must label him a long shot—a not unusual situation for him. He faces trouble with some conspicuously influential members of the New York Democratic Party, notably Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Mayor Robert F. Wagner, of New York City, and Thomas K. Finletter, former Secretary of the Air Force, all of whom have plunked loudly for Stevenson. He is bucking the lead built up for the past four years by Adlai and is relatively unknown as a political figure in large sections of the country. In a year when the Deep South is aflame over the issue of integration, Harriman's all-out stand on civil rights is not likely to entice many Southern delegates.

Nonetheless, he cannot be counted out. No other candidate possesses the diverse experience which Harriman can bring to the White House. He has been intimately connected with formulation of American foreign policy and has for the past two years been learning the techniques of domestic executive-department leadership. He can present himself to his party as an undefeated challenger who has taken on the best and beaten them. In addition to that, Harriman has the full confidence of many labor leaders, who devoutly hope that somehow or other Harriman's name will lead the rest—and among Democrats the word of labor chieftains is heeded.

Harriman has exhibited one virtue which will appeal to the party faithful. He'll wade in and fight. Not for him esoteric philosophizings on the meanings of democracy. He will grapple on the sawdust floor of the political arena. Hours after Adlai Stevenson had declared for a policy of "moderation," Harriman announced that the word shouldn't be in the Democratic Party's vocabulary, and promptly proved he meant what he said. If he seemed to some to lose his balance while swinging one or two haymakers, he nevertheless proved he was willing to slug it out with any candidate the Republicans might choose, including President Eisenhower. Long before the President's illness, Harriman was arguing that the way to beat Eisenhower was to attack him—welcome words to party workers who had seen other Democrats shy away from direct assault upon the President.

For Harriman, the hour is late and the road ahead seemingly impassable. Yet he may get the nomination. If he does, at a future time he will meet his father in some celestial arbor and the two will smilingly recall the elder's response to the question, "What do you like best in life?" Old E. H. Harriman had replied, "I think it is to plan some big piece of helpful work that everybody says can't possibly be done and then jump in with both feet and do it." To which Averell will add: "Me too."

THE END

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The Wreck of the Mary Deare

(Continued from Page 49)

"Yes, there is. I know there is." Her voice had suddenly risen on a note of hysteria. "Why didn't he write to me from Aden? He always wrote me . . . every port . . . and then dying like that and the ship going down. He'd never lost a ship in his life."

Patch was staring at her, his face suddenly hard and angry. Then abruptly he turned to me. "I've got to go now." He didn't look at the girl again as he turned on his heel and walked quickly out.

She looked round at the sound of the door closing, staring at the blankness of it with wide, tear-filled eyes. And then suddenly she slumped down into her chair and buried her head in her arms, her whole body racked by a paroxysm of sobs. I waited, wondering what I could do to help her. Gradually her shoulders ceased to shake.

"Five years is a long time," I said gently.

She nodded dumbly. She was more than dazed; she was raw and hurt inside. "I must go—somewhere, by myself." It was said fugitively and in a rush, and then she got to her feet and hurried out.

I slept on board the packet that night. Patch didn't return. But I saw him once more before I took the plane for Peter Port to rejoin Sea Witch. It was at Paimpol, west of St.-Malo, in a little office down by the *bassin*. As the police car that had brought me from St.-Malo drew up, I saw Patch framed in the flyblown office window; just his face, disembodied and white as a ghost, looking out like a prisoner onto the world of the sea.

"This way, please, monsieur."

There was an outer office that served as a waiting room, with benches round the wall, and a dozen men were seated there, dumb, apathetic and listless—flotsam washed in by the sea. I knew instinctively that they were all that remained of the Mary Deare's crew. One man, and one man alone, stood out from the motley bunch. He was a great hunk of a brute with a bull's neck and a bull's head, all hard bone and folds of flesh. He stood with his legs spread wide, solid as a piece of sculpture on the pedestal of his feet, his huge, meaty hands thrust inside his trousers. He held his hands there as though trying to prevent the great roll of fat, like a rubber tire, that was his belly, from escaping entirely from the belt.

He started forward as though to bar my way. Tiny eyes, hard as flint, stared at me, unwinking over heavy pouches of flesh. I half checked, thinking he was going to speak to me, but he didn't, and the gendarme opened the door to the inner office and I went in.

Patch turned from the window as I entered. I couldn't see his expression. There were filing cabinets ranged against the walls under faded charts of the harbor, a big, old-fashioned safe in one corner and, seated at an untidy desk, facing the light, was a ferrety little man with twinkling eyes and thinning hair.

"Monsieur Sands?" He held out a thin, pale hand. He didn't rise to greet me, and I was conscious of the crutch propped against the wooden arm of his chair. "You will excuse me, please, for the journey you make, but it is necessary." He waved me to a seat. "Now, monsieur." He was staring at a sheet of foolscap in front of him that was covered with neat, copper-plate writing. "You go on board the Mary Deare from your yacht. Is that right?"

"Yes, monsieur," I nodded.

Painstakingly, word by word, he wrote down my particulars and the circumstances in which I had gone on board the Mary Deare. Finally he put down his pen and leaned toward me. "Now, monsieur, it is this that I have to ask you. In your opinion, did the captain order the crew to abandon ship or did he not?"

I told him, "I am quite convinced that Captain Patch never ordered the crew to abandon ship."

The official nodded and then pushed the sheet of paper across to me. "You read French, monsieur?" I nodded. "Then please to read what is written there and sign the deposition." He handed me the pen.

"You understand," I said, when I had read it through and signed it, "that I wasn't there. I do not know what happened."

"Of course." He was looking across at Patch. "You wish to add anything to the statement you have made?" he asked him. And when Patch merely shook his head, he leaned forward. "You understand, captain, that it is a very serious charge that you make against your crew—your officers, also. Monsieur 'Iggins has sworn that you gave the order to him, and the man at the wheel—Yules—has confirmed that he heard you give the order." Patch made no comment. "I think perhaps it will be best if we have Monsieur 'Iggins and the other man in here, so that I can ——"

"No!" Patch's voice trembled with sudden violence. "I won't have my statement queried in front of those two."

"But there must be some reason ——"

"No, I tell you!" Patch's fist crashed down on the desk. "You have my statement, and that's that. In due course there will be an inquiry. Until then, neither you nor anybody else is going to cross-examine me in front of the crew." He turned abruptly to me and caught hold of my arm. "Come on. I need a drink."

Patch pulled open the door and strode through the outer office, not glancing to left or right, walking straight through the men gathered there, as though they didn't exist. But when I started to follow him, the big man blocked my path.

"Well, wot did you tell 'em?" he demanded in a throaty voice that was like steam wheezing up from the great pot of his belly. "I suppose you told 'em that he never ordered us to abandon ship. Is that wot you said?"

I tried to push past him, but one of his great paws shot out and gripped me by the arm. "Come on. Let's have it. Is that wot you told 'em?"

"Yes," I said.

He let go of me then. "Wot do you know about it, eh? You were there, I s'pose, when we took to the boats?" He was grinning, truculent, and he looked oddly pleased with himself.

"No," I told him. "Of course, I wasn't there. But I don't ——"

"Well, he was there." His voice was raised and his small eyes darted to the half-open door behind me. "We was there an' we know wot orders were given." He was saying it for the benefit of the French official in the inner office. "It was the right order, too, with the ship half full of explosives and a fire on board. That's wot we felt at the time—me and Rice and the old chief—everybody."

"If it was the right order," I said, "how was it possible for Captain Patch to put the fire out on his own?"

"Ah. You'd better ask him that." And he turned and looked at Patch.

Patch came slowly back from the street door. "What exactly do you mean by that, Higgins?" he demanded. His voice

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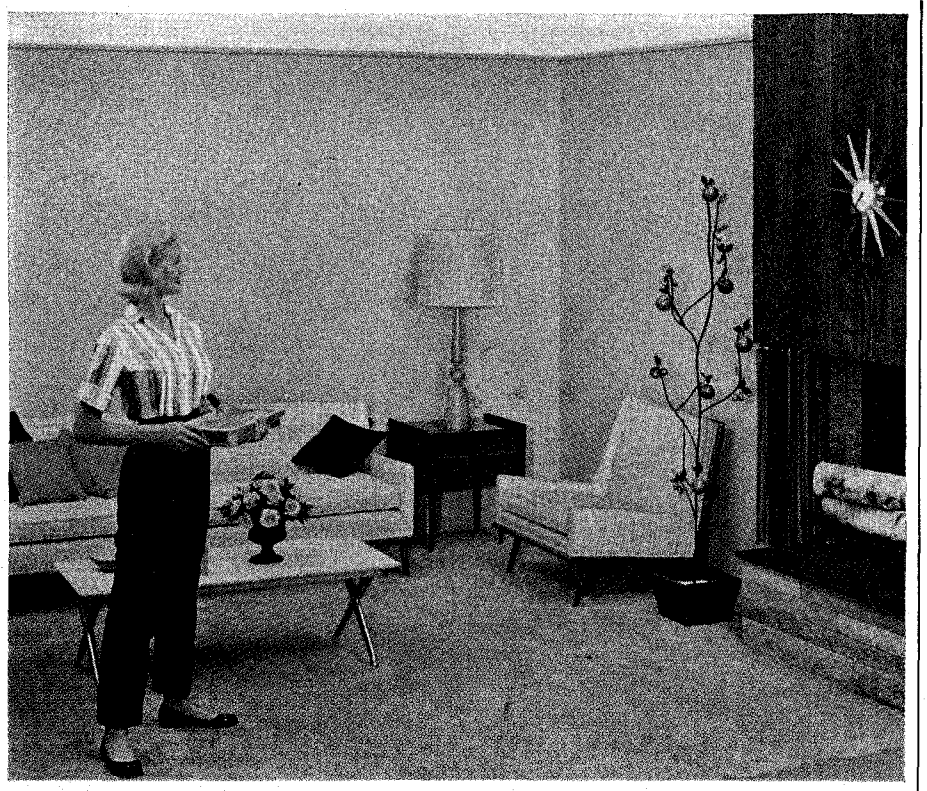

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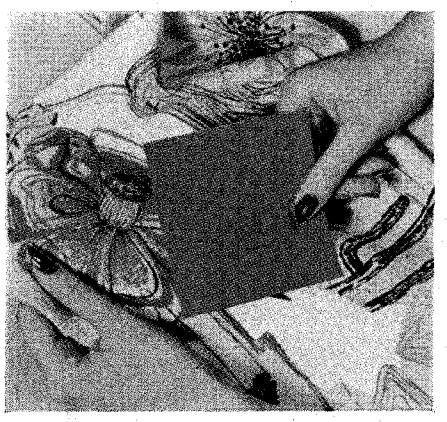

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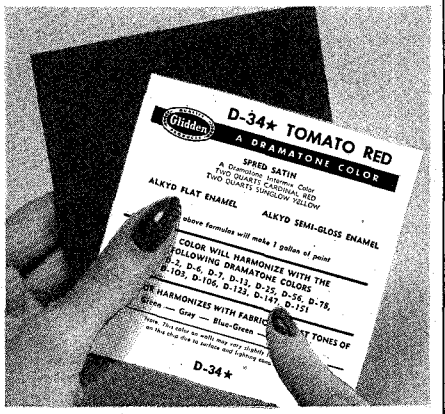

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was quiet, but it trembled slightly and his hands were clenched.

"Wot a man's done once he'll do again," Higgins said, and there was a little gleam of triumph in his eyes.

I thought Patch was going to hit him. But instead he said, "You deserve to be strung up for murder. You killed Rice and those others as surely as if you'd taken a gun to them and shot them down in cold blood." He said it through clenched teeth and then turned abruptly to walk out.

And Higgins, stung, shouted hoarsely after him, "You won't get away with it at the inquiry—not with your record!"

Patch swung round, his face white, and he was trembling as he looked at the pitiful little gathering, his eyes passing from face to face. "Mr. Burrows." He had picked on a tall, thin man with a sour dissipated face. "You know I never gave any orders to abandon ship."

The man shifted his feet nervously, not looking at Patch. "I only know what was passed down to me on the blower," he muttered. They were all nervous, doubtful, their eyes on the floor.

"Yules." Patch's gaze had switched to a runt of a man with a peaked, sweaty face and shifty eyes. "You were on the helm. You heard what orders I gave up there on the bridge. What were they?"

The man hesitated, glancing at Higgins. "You ordered the boats swung out and the men to stand by to abandon ship," he whispered.

"You little liar!" Patch started to move toward him, but Higgins stepped forward.

Yules said, "I don't know what you mean?" His voice was high-pitched on a note of sudden spite.

Patch stared at him for a moment, breathing heavily. And then he turned and went quickly out. I followed him and found him waiting for me. His whole body was shaking and he looked utterly drained.

"You need some sleep," I said.

"I need a drink."

We walked in silence up to the square and sat at a little *bistro* that advertised *crêpes* as a specialty. "Have you any money?" he asked. And when I told him Fraser had lent me some, he nodded and said, "I'm a distressed seaman and a charge on the consul. It doesn't run to drinks." There was a note of bitterness in his voice. And then, when we had ordered cognac, he suddenly said, "The last body wasn't brought in until two o'clock this morning."

I gave him a cigarette and he lit it with trembling hands. "They got caught in the tide rip off the entrance to Lézardrieux." The drinks came and he knocked his back and ordered two more. "Why the devil did it have to be Rice's boat?" The palm of his hand slapped viciously against the table. "If it had been Higgins ——" He sighed and relapsed into silence.

I didn't break it. I felt he needed that silence. He lingered over his second drink, and every now and then he looked at me as though trying to make up his mind about something. The little square bustled with life, full of the noise of cars hooting and the quick, excited chatter of French people as they hurried along the pavement outside. It was wonderful just to sit there and drink cognac and know that I was alive. But my mind couldn't shake itself free of the Mary Deare.

"What did Higgins mean about your record?" I asked. "Was he referring to the Belle Isle?"

He nodded, not looking up.

"What happened to her?"

"Oh, she ran aground and broke her back, and people talked. That's all. There was a lot of money involved. It's not important."

But I knew it was. He'd kept on talking about it, saying you wouldn't think it could happen to the same man twice. "What's the connection between the Belle Isle and the Mary Deare?" I asked.

He looked up at me quickly. "How do you mean?"

"Well ——" It wasn't easy to put it into words with him staring at me like that. "It's a pretty strange story, you know—the crew saying you ordered them to abandon ship and you saying you didn't. And there's Taggart's death," I added. "Dellimare too."

"Dellimare?" The sudden violence in his voice shook me. "What's Dellimare got to do with it?"

"Nothing," I said. "But ——"

"Well, go on. What else are you thinking?"

It was a question that had been in my mind for a long time. "That fire," I said.

"Are you suggesting I started it?"

The question took me by surprise. "Good heavens, no!"

"What are you suggesting then?" His eyes were angry and suspicious.

I hesitated, wondering whether he wasn't too exhausted to answer rationally. "It's just that I can't understand why you put the fire out and yet didn't bother to get the pumps going. I thought you'd been stoking that boiler, but it hadn't been touched." I paused there, a little uncertain because of the strange look on his face. "What had you been doing?"

"Blast you!" His eyes suddenly blazed. "What's it got to do with you? Tell me that!"

"Nothing," I said. "Only ——"

"Only what? What are you getting at?"

"It was just the coal dust. You were covered with it and I wondered ——" I saw his hand clench, and I added quickly, "You can't expect me not to be curious."

His body slowly relaxed. "No. No, I suppose not." He stared down at his empty glass. "I'm sorry. I'm a little tired, that's all."

"Would you like another drink?"

He nodded, sunk in silence again. He didn't speak until the drinks came, and then he said, "I'm going to be quite honest with you, Sands. I'm in a spot."

"Because of Higgins?"

He nodded. "Partly. Higgins is a liar and a blackguard, but I can't prove it." He looked at me briefly. "I've got to get out to her again."

"To the Mary Deare?"

"Yes. That boat of yours—how long will it take to convert her into a diving tender?"

"Oh, about a month," I said. And then it dawned on me. "You aren't suggesting that we take you out to the Mary Deare, are you?"

He turned to me then. "I've got to get back to her," he said.

"But why?"

His eyes gradually dropped from my face. "I can't tell you that," he muttered. And then he said, "Listen, Sands. I'm not a salvage man. But I'm a seaman, and I know that ship can be refloated."

... ...

Just His Dish

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

The apple Adam ate to
Eden's loss
Was probably served up as
applesauce.

... ...

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"Nonsense," I said. "Another gale and she'll be flooded; she'll probably break up."

"I don't think so. She'll have water in her, but she won't be flooded. It isn't as though she's sunk," he added. "At low water you could get pumps operating from her deck and, with all the apertures sealed up ——" He hesitated. "I'm trying to put it to you as a business proposition. That ship is lying there ——"

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" I said. The effrontery of the proposition staggered me.

"Think it over," he said urgently. "It may be weeks before some fisherman finds her there." He gripped hold of my arm. "I need your help, Sands. Take me out to her when your boat is converted. I've got to get into that forward hold. I've got to see for myself."

"See what?"

"That hold didn't flood because the ship was unseaworthy. At least," he added, "that's what I believe. But I've got to have proof." He leaned toward me across the table, his eyes on mine, hard and urgent. "If you won't do it"—his voice was hoarse—"I've nobody else who'll help me. I saved your life. You were dangling at the end of that rope. Remember? I helped you then. Now I'm asking you to help me."

I looked away toward the square, feeling a little embarrassed, not understanding what it was that he was so worried about. And then the police car that had brought me to Paimpol drew up at the curb.

As I got up to go, Patch asked for my address in England. I gave him the name of the boatyard at Lymington, and then he reached into his pocket and brought out a bulky envelope and handed it to me. "It's just some personal papers," he added quickly. "Afraid they may get lost. I'll collect them when I see you."

I hesitated, wanting to tell him it was no good, his coming to see me. But he was sitting there, slumped in his chair, lost apparently in his own thoughts. I slipped the package into my pocket and went out to the car. He was still sitting there slumped over the table as I was driven away.

I thought I was finished with the Mary Deare when I caught the plane for Peter Port and rejoined Sea Witch. We sailed that night for Lymington, the small boat-building town across the Solent from the Isle of Wight, and from the moment we arrived all my energies were concentrated on the problems of converting the yacht to a diving tender. But she hadn't been hauled up on the slip more than two days before a Mr. Snetterton was down to see me. He was an insurance agent, representing the H.B. & K.M. Corporation of San Francisco, and it was the Mary Deare's cargo he had come to see me about. This corporation had underwritten it for the Hsu Trading Corporation of Singapore, and he wanted to know whether I had been down into any of the holds, whether Patch had referred to the cargo at all, and what I thought had caused the fire.

Neat and dapper in his pin-stripe suit, he stood among the litter and noise of the boatyard and pleaded with me to recall anything that might be helpful to him.

"I have to be sure that the cargo was exactly what the Hsu Trading Corporation claims," he said earnestly. "Think, sir. It's the aero engines I'm interested in. Only the aero engines."

That was the first time anyone had mentioned aero engines to me. "I heard she had a cargo of explosives."

"No, no—aero engines. There were a hundred and forty-eight of them—surplus American stores from the Korean war—and they were insured for two hundred and ninety-six thousand pounds. I must be certain that they were on board at the time the ship went down."

"What makes you think they weren't?" I asked him.

"Shortly after the claim was filed," he said, "we heard from our agent in Aden that a man named Adams had been talking about the Mary Deare and her cargo in a Steamer Point bar. He was reported to have said (*Continued on Page 125*)

"He's an excellent watchdog."

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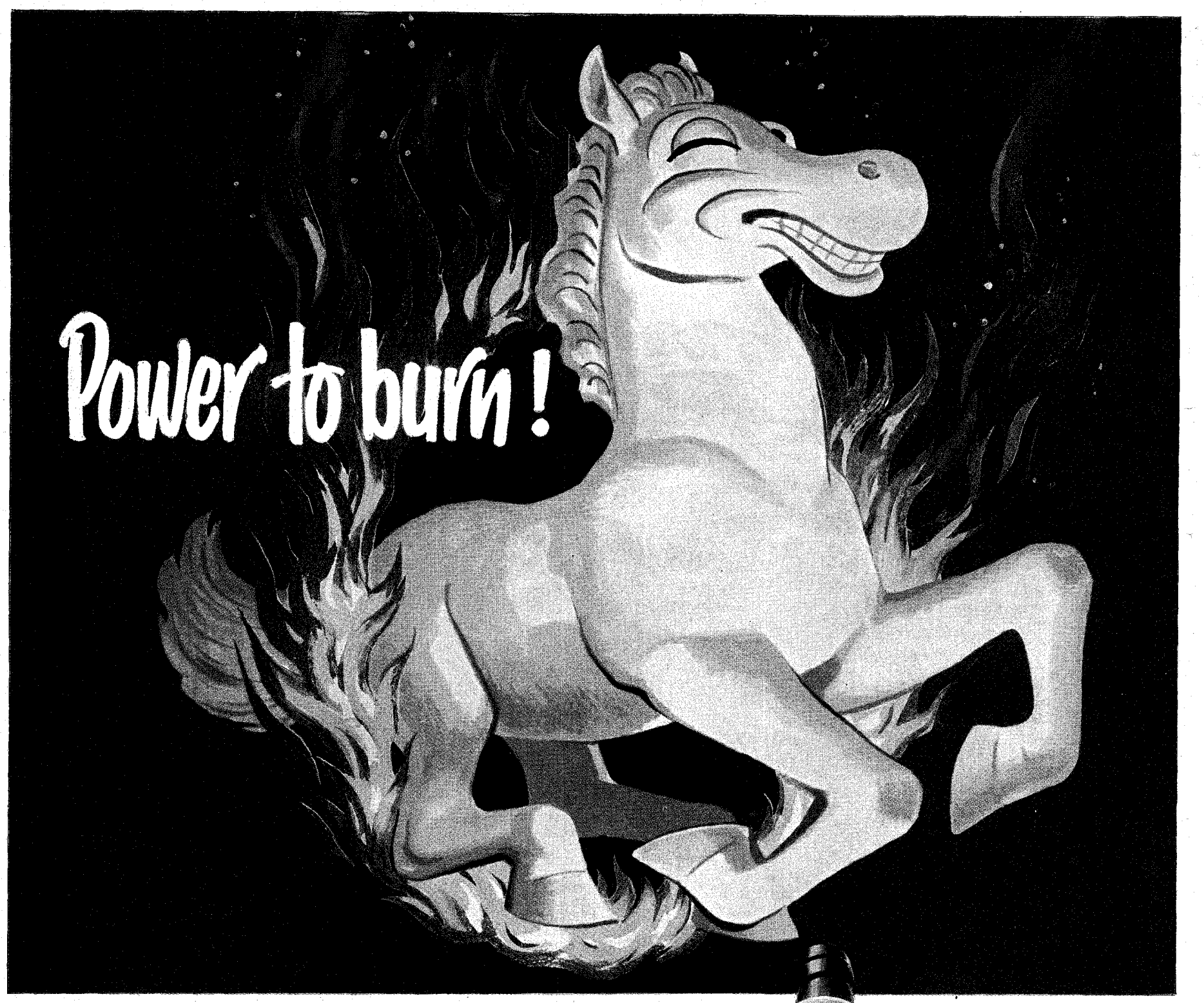

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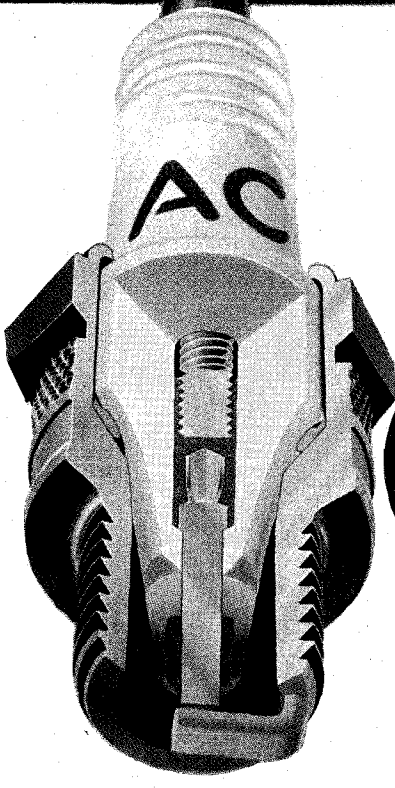

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(*Continued from Page 123*) that in his opinion she contained nothing but bales of cotton at the time she went down."

I asked him then how he thought it was possible for a cargo consigned to a ship not to be on board her at a later date? He looked at me. "All things are possible, Mr. Sands, where a great deal of money is involved." I remembered Patch saying the same thing about the loss of the Belle Isle. And then Snetterton went on, "The Dellimare Company owned only two vessels—the Mary Deare and the Torre Annunziata. From the tenth to the fourteenth of January those two vessels lay side by side in the Rangoon River." He darted me a quick glance. "I'm waiting now for a report from our agent in Rangoon." And then he added, "It's all very disturbing, Mr. Sands. The Torre Annunziata has been sold to the Chinese. She has vanished behind what I believe is called the Bamboo Curtain—not only the ship but her crew as well. Adams has disappeared, and it may be weeks before we can contact him. Then there are these two fires on the Mary Deare and the loss of Mr. Dellimare. The possibility of suicide—small firm, you know—might be in difficulties." He tucked his brief case more firmly under his arm. And then he added, "Think about what I've said. If you remember anything—well, here's my card, sir."

It was only after he'd gone that I realized that throughout he had taken it for granted that the Mary Deare was sunk. I was in Southampton next day, looking at a secondhand diesel, and I took the opportunity to check through the newspaper files in the public library. In every case the reports assumed that the ship had gone down. It was obvious that Patch had failed to inform the owners of the ship's present position—in fact, had deliberately concealed the fact that he'd beached her on the Minkies.

A director of the Dellimare Company, who handled their Far Eastern interests, was on his way by air from Singapore. Moreover, as far as I was concerned, I could see it wouldn't end with a single visit from Snetterton. What Adams was supposed to have said in an Aden bar had aroused their suspicions; there would be more questions, an enquiry, possibly a court case.

I knew Patch was in England because of the newspaper reports, but I didn't know his address. However, about a week later he came down to the boatyard. We were living on board Sea Witch by then, which was fortunate, because he didn't arrive until the evening.

I had expected him to look rested, the lines in his face smoothed out. It came as a shock to me to find him looking just as haggard. We had only one light on board, an inspection lamp clamped to a half-erected bulkhead, and in its harsh glare he looked ghastly, his face quite white and a nervous tick at the corner of his mouth.

I sat him down and gave him a cigarette. His suit was old and frayed, and I remember wondering whether the Dellimare Company had paid him. Oddly enough, he accepted Mike at once and, without attempting to get me alone, asked straight out whether I'd told anybody where the Mary Deare was lying.

"No, not yet."

He stared at me as though he doubted my word. "Has a man called Gundersen been down to see you—Hans Gundersen, a director of the Dellimare Company?"

"No," I told him; "nobody has been to see me except a Mr. Snetterton, and he didn't ask me. He presumed the ship was sunk." And then, because he was so obviously relieved, I asked him for an explanation.

"Explanation?" He stared at me blankly.

"You surely don't imagine," I said, "that I can be a party to a piece of deception that involves the owners, the insurance people, everybody with a financial interest in the ship, unless I know that there is some good reason." I told him I considered that my duty was clear. "Either you explain why you've withheld this vital information or I go to the authorities." An obstinate, shut look had come over his face. "Listen," I said more gently. "I've been trained in marine insurance. I know the procedure after the loss of a ship. Any moment now the receiver of wreck will start taking depositions under oath from everybody connected with the loss. And under oath I've no alternative but to give the full ——"

"You won't be called on to make a deposition," he said quickly. "You weren't connected with the ship."

"No, but if I have to make a statement under oath ——" I leaned across the table toward him. "Listen," I said. "You made me a certain proposition that day in Paimpol—a proposition which, in the light of your failure to notify the owners of the present whereabouts of the ship, was entirely crooked."

"Crooked?" He began laughing, and there was a note of hysteria in his voice. "Do you know what cargo the Mary Deare carried?"

"Yes," I said. "Aero engines. Snetterton told me."

"And did he tell you that the other Dellimare ship was moored next to the Mary Deare for four days in the Rangoon River? Those aero engines are in China now—sold to the Chinks for a mint of money."

The positiveness of his accusation took me by surprise. "How can you be certain?" I asked him.

He looked at me, hesitating for a moment. "All right, I'll tell you. Because Dellimare offered me five thousand quid to wreck the Mary Deare. Cash—in fivers."

In the sudden silence I could hear the lapping of the water at the bottom of the slip. "Dellimare? Are you serious?" I asked.

"Yes, Dellimare." His voice was angry and bitter. "It was after old Taggart died. Dellimare was desperate then. He had to improvise. And, by the luck of the devil, I was on board. He knew my record. He thought he could buy me." He leaned back and lit another cigarette, his hands shaking. "Sometimes I wish I'd accepted his offer."

"Why haven't you told all this to the authorities?"

He turned and looked at me. "Because there's still this other director, Gundersen. If he knew where she was, he'd go out there and destroy her."

That was nonsense, of course. You can't destroy a six-thousand-ton ship just like that. I told him so. He'd only got to go to the authorities, demand an examination of the vessel and the whole thing would be decided. But he shook his head. "I have to go back myself—with somebody like you that I can trust."

"You mean you're not sure about what you just told me—about the cargo?"

He didn't say anything for a moment, but just sat there smoking. You could feel his nerves in the stillness of the cabin. "When will your boat be ready?" he asked.

"Not till the end of the month," Mike said.

"All right. The end of the month. I'll come back then. Have you got an underwater camera?" And when I nodded, he leaned forward earnestly. "You could take a picture, then, of the damage to the forward holds. The insurance people would give you a lot of money for that—and for pictures of the cargo." And then he added, "And if I'm wrong, then there's more than a quarter of a million pounds' worth of aero engines—enough salvage to set you up in a big way. Well?" His eyes moved quickly, nervously from one to the other of us.

"You know very well I can't agree to a proposition like that," I said.

And Mike added, "I think you should put the whole matter in the hands of the authorities."

"No. No, I can't do that."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Because I can't." The tension was building up in him again.

"But if the receiver of wreck made an examination ——"

"I tell you no. I'm not having the receiver of wreck out there—or anybody." He was staring at me wildly. "Can't you understand—I've got to go back there myself."

"No, I can't," I said. "If you refused Dellimare's offer, you've nothing to worry about. Why conceal the fact that you beached her on the Minkies?" And when he didn't answer, I said, "Why do you have to go back? What the devil is there on that ship that you've got to go back for?"

"Sometimes, Bates, I get the impression you're not happy here."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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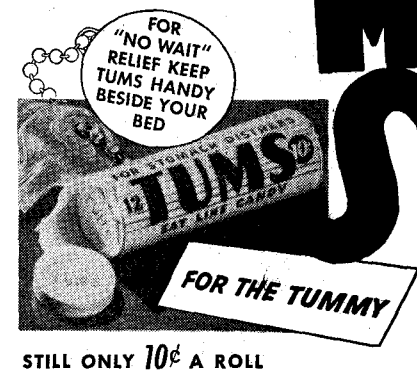

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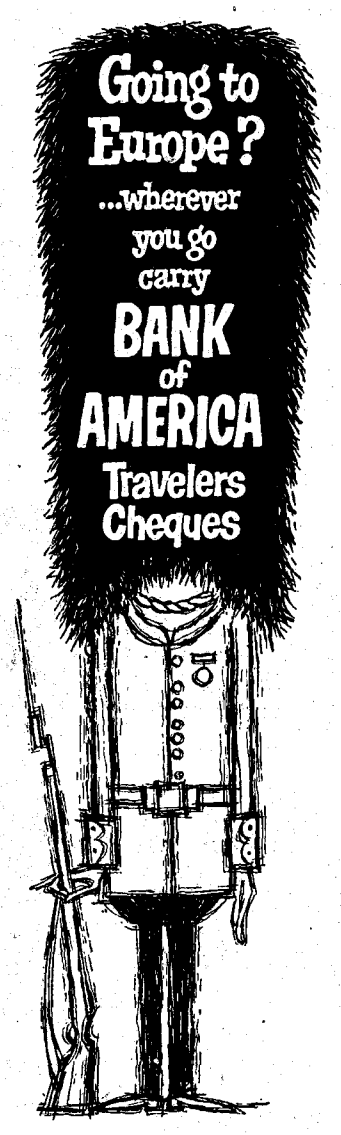

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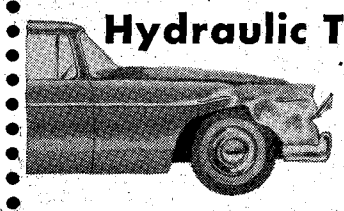

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"Nothing! Nothing." His voice quivered in tune with his nerves.

"Yes, there is," I said. "There's something drawing you back to her as though ——"

"There's nothing," he shouted at me.

"Then why not tell the authorities where she is? What is it you're afraid of?"

"Stop it!" he cried. "Questions! Questions! Nothing but questions!" He got abruptly to his feet and stood staring down at us. He was trembling all over.

I got him to sit down again and gave him a drink. He stayed on to supper. He was very quiet and he didn't talk much. I didn't get anything more out of him. He seemed shut away inside himself. When he left, he gave me his address. He was in lodgings in London. He said he'd come down at the end of the month and see if we'd changed our minds. I saw him out across the darkened yard and then walked slowly back through the dark shapes of the slipped boats.

"Poor devil!" Mike said, as I went below again. "Do you think Dellimare really offered him five thousand to wreck the ship?"

"God knows!" I said. I didn't know what to think. "I know almost nothing about the man," I murmured. But that wasn't true. You can't live through what we'd lived through together without knowing a good deal about a man. He was tough. He had great reserves. And I admired him. I almost wished I'd agreed to take him out to the Minkies—just to discover the truth.

Back on board, I told Mike the whole story. And after I had finished, he said, "It's a nasty situation for him if the cargo really has been switched."

I knew what he meant. He was thinking of the insurance companies—once they got their teeth into a claim, they'd never let go.

A few days later I received notification to attend a formal inquiry into the loss of the Mary Deare to be held at Southampton on Monday, May third, and I comforted myself with the thought that it would all be resolved then.

In any case, all my energies were concentrated on Sea Witch. She was ready sooner than we had dared to hope, and by April twenty-seventh the firm of Sands, Duncan & Company, Ltd., was engaged on its first salvage operation, the examination of a wreck off the Dorset coast. By the end of the week it was blowing hard, and on Sunday we were forced to seek shelter in Lulworth Cove, a horseshoe inlet sunk into the chalk cliffs like a half-submerged volcanic crater. And the following day I left for Southampton to attend the court of inquiry.

It was almost eleven by the time I reached the court. Proceedings had already started. Hal Lowden had also been called to give evidence, and as I sat down beside him, men in various parts of the court were standing up to give their names and state their business and whom they represented. There was a surprising number of them, for besides the insurance companies and the owners, the builders of the Mary Deare were represented, the Marine Officers' Association, the Radio Operators' Association, the various unions; there was even a solicitor appearing for the relatives of Captain Taggart, deceased.

The atmosphere was very informal by comparison with a court of law—no wigs, no gowns, no police, no jury. Even the judge and his three assessors wore lounge suits. Across the court from where I sat, the desks were occupied by the various counsel appearing for interested parties. They were very crowded. The witness box nearby stood empty, and beyond was the press desk with two reporters at it. On our side of the court the desks were occupied by the Treasury counsel and his junior and the Treasury solicitors and assistants.

Hal leaned toward me. "Do you know who's representing the insurance people?" he whispered.

I shook my head. I had no information about the legal representatives. All I knew was that a Mr. Bowen-Lodge, Q.C., was chairman of the inquiry.

"Sir Lionel Falcett. About the most expensive man they could have got." His blue eyes darted me a quick glance. "Significant, eh?"

I glanced down at Patch, where he sat alone, white and tense, his hands gripped together. Away to my right, in what was normally the jury box, the crew of the Mary Deare huddled close around the solid bulk of Higgins. Janet Taggart was there, too, sitting with Fraser, the captain of the Channel packet.

A hush slowly spread through the room. The chairman, who had been engaged in earnest discussion with his assessors, had turned and faced the court.

As soon as there was complete silence he began his opening address, "Gentlemen, this court meets here today, as you are well aware, to investigate the loss of the steamship Mary Deare. It will be the duty of the court to examine not only the circumstances of the loss itself but all the relevant factors that may possibly have contributed to that loss. The scope of this investigation, therefore, covers the state of the ship at the time she started on her ill-fated voyage from Yokohama, her seaworthiness, the condition of her machinery, the nature of her cargo and the manner of its stowage, and, in particular, the state of her fire-fighting equipment. It covers also the behavior and conduct of all those concerned in the running of the vessel to the extent that they may or may not have contributed to the disaster. . . ." Finally he called on the Treasury counsel, Mr. Holland, to open proceedings for the Ministry of Transport.

In an urbane, matter-of-fact voice Holland gave the court the particulars of the Mary Deare's voyage from the time she left Yokohama to the time the various survivors were picked up. It was a brief, factual résumé in which considerable time was given to the cargo. The aero-engine cases, destined for Antwerp, had been distributed evenly throughout the four holds, with Japanese cotton and rayon manufactures loaded on top of them. These had been discharged at Rangoon, and the Mary Deare had then moored out in the river alongside the Torre Annunziata, her cargo of raw cotton not being ready for loading. She had taken this on four days later, the bulk of it in Numbers Two and Three holds, and had sailed on January fifteenth.

The rest of his address concerned the details of the voyage, and only at the end did Holland allow his forensic abilities to show in his voice. "I submit," he concluded, turning to face the judge and the assessors, "that this is one of the most extraordinary cases to come before a formal inquiry and one that may, as a result of your decision, have far-reaching consequences for one or more of the people here in this courtroom today."

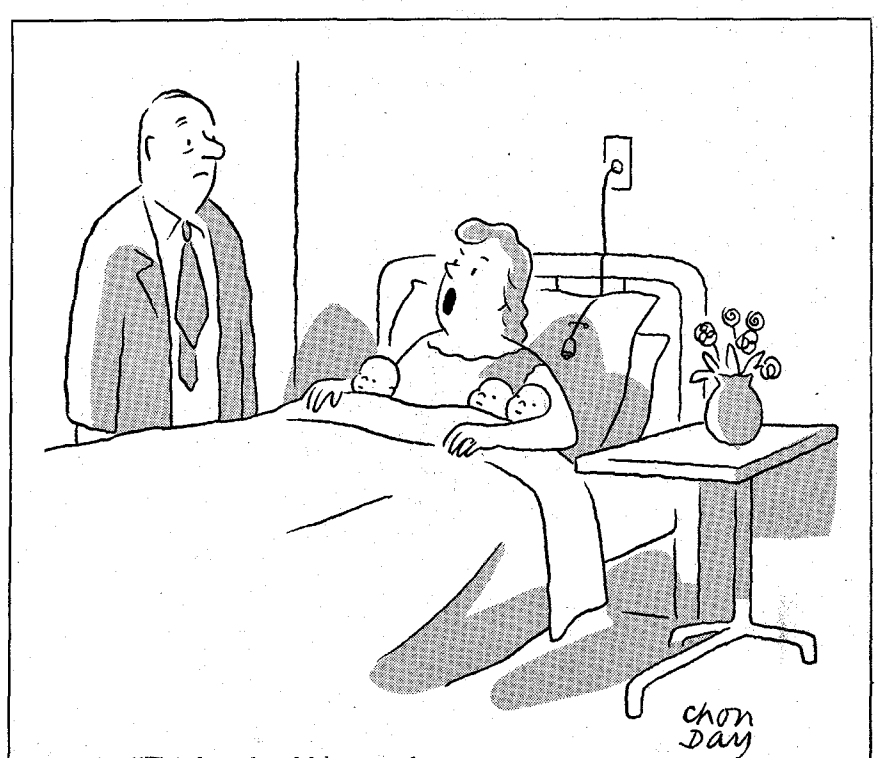
In making that pronouncement his eyes had roved the room—to the lawyers representing the various interested parties across the floor of the court, to the public gallery, and, finally, he turned his body round and had stared at the witnesses.

Still facing the witnesses, he went on, "I have referred to a lack of consistency in the evidence given on oath in depositions made by the various witnesses. Those same witnesses, and some others, will be giving evidence on oath before this court. But here there is a difference; you can be cross-examined on your evidence in the witness box by myself or by any or all of the representatives of the interested parties." He paused and then added, "I would remind you that perjury is a serious offense."

There was complete silence as he stared at us, and some of the Mary Deare's crew shifted uneasily in their seats. Abruptly he sat down. For perhaps thirty seconds he let the silence his speech had produced hang over the court, and then he got slowly to his feet again and called, "Gideon Patch."

Patch was sitting quite still, his eyes fixed across the court—fixed on nothing—and he didn't move. I thought for a moment that he hadn't heard his name called. But then he turned his head and looked at Holland, and quietly, like a man who cannot believe that the moment has finally come, he got to his feet.

TO BE CONTINUED



"Triplets should be worth more than a 'Well, I'll be damned.'"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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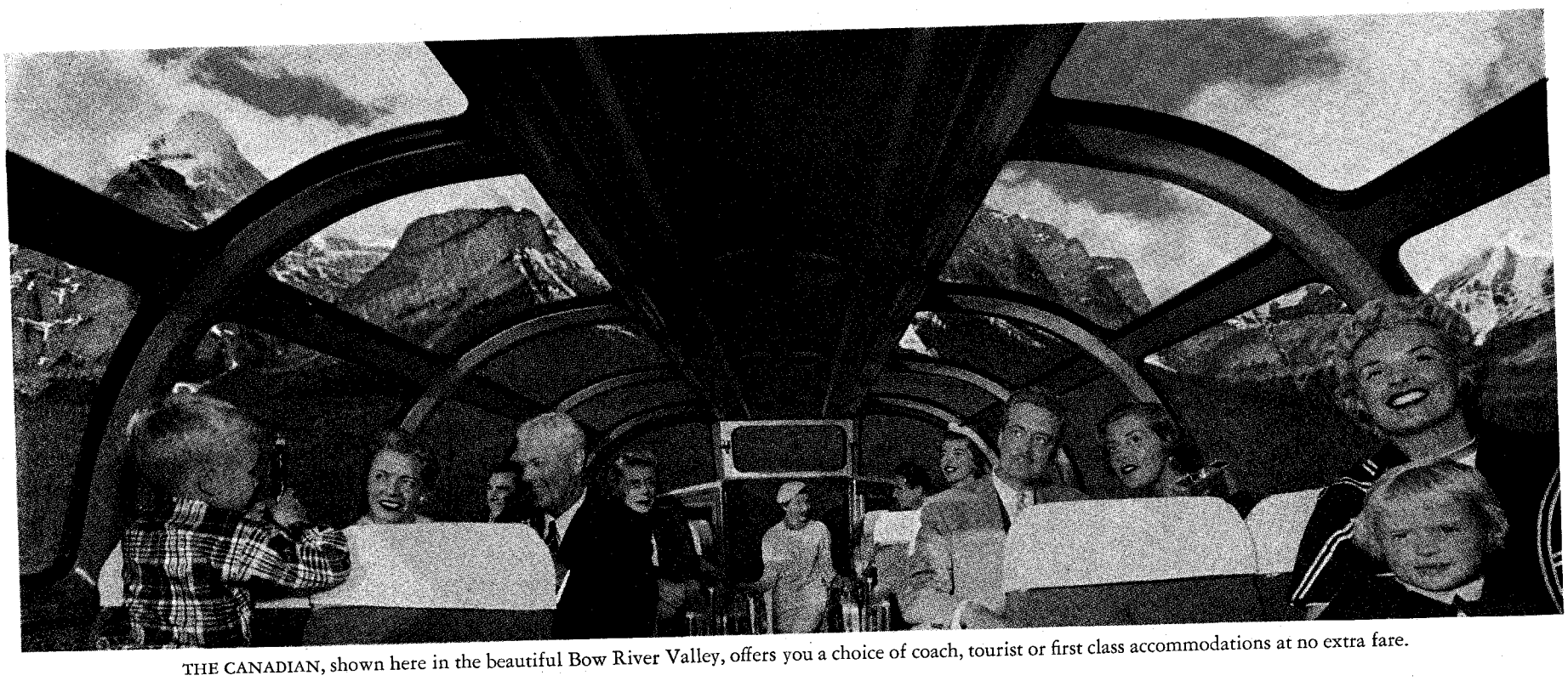

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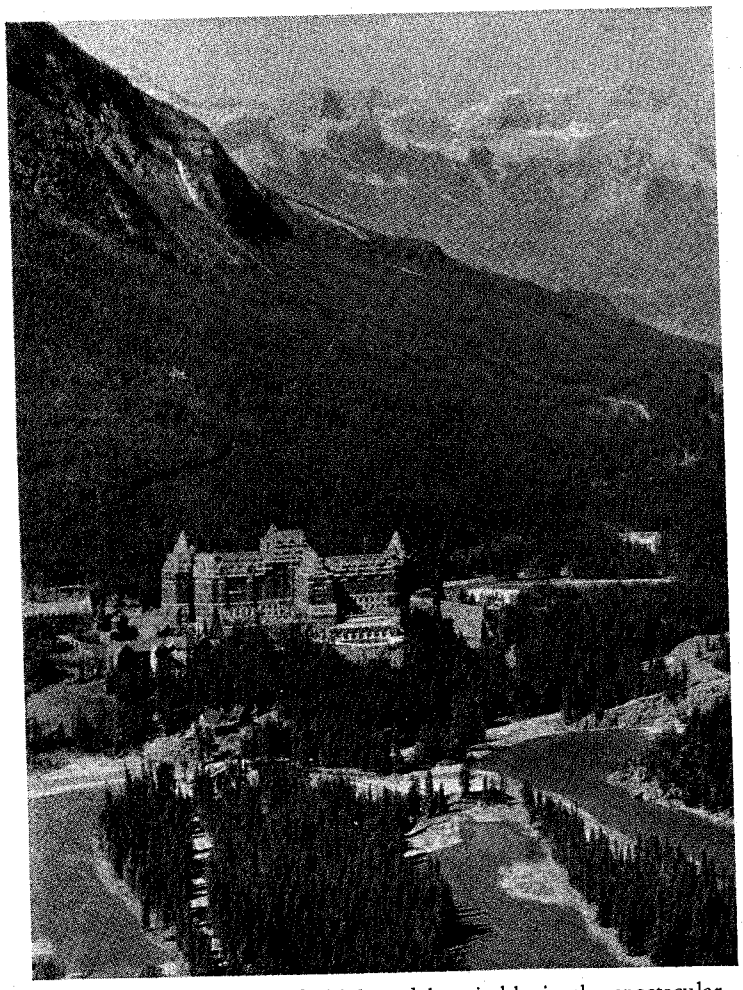

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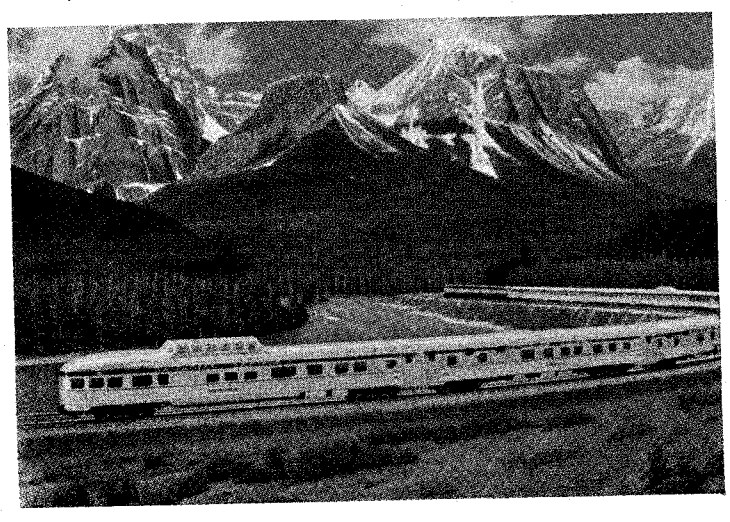

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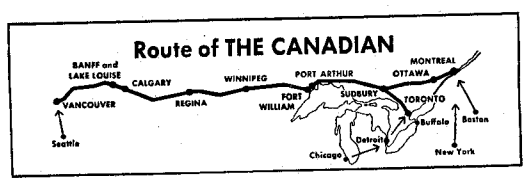

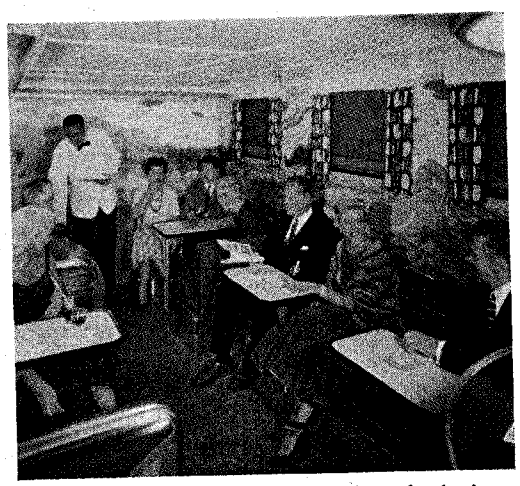

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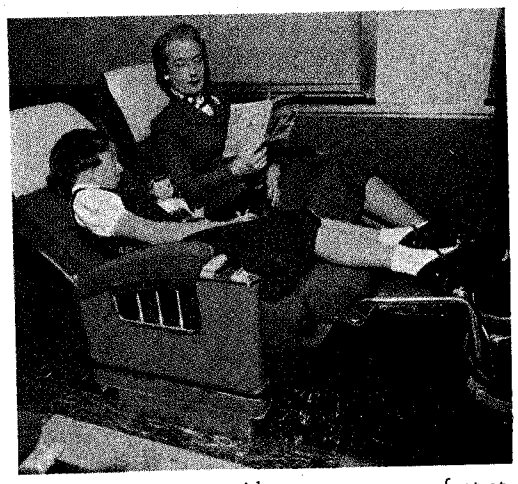

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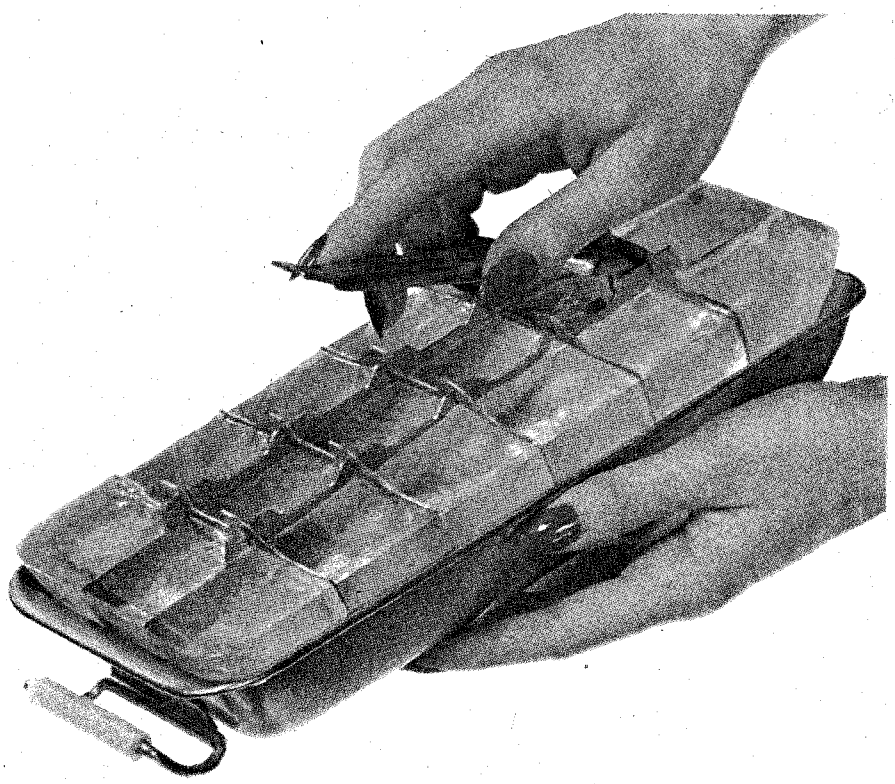

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The Liar

(Continued from Page 41)

came. Out of every cabin they danced to hear what it was he told the trees. He counted off the early years when all the men were brave and all the women fair, and the glory times were upon this land. And they were true enough, the things he said. But he told them as though he had done them too.

He told them so oft they became real to him, and he didn't talk just to the trees no more. He'd call the children and he'd ask, "What time would you like me to tell you of? The time a bear was fixing to slap me dead, and I stuck my fingers down his throat and tickled him stone dead? Or do you fancy to hear about the two wild steers running on a friend, and I tailed them both. One in my left hand and one in my right. I snapped those bulls' tails so hard that when the brutes flew up and somersaulted and come on down, their backs made a hole in the ground three inches deep. They was tame as puppies after that."

Lies. And truths. And half truths. But all of them were lies. And the little children loved them, and they believed them, every one. They loved this proud brave man who had known such wonders. And that was what they called him, The Proud Man, and they believed in him. Their fathers and mothers knew in reason he was a liar. But they didn't call him so. In the Seven Hills of Wisdom no man calls another man a liar—not if he aims to live the rest of his life. So they never told him, no. It had to be someone else to name it to him. How he was doing the devil's work.

It was down to the mill it happened. Grandsir Marcy toted his corn on a sourwood sled, the grain and some journey cake, and his own spring water, and a fur rug, for the nights were cold and the men slept on the ground around the mill, waiting their turn at the grinding.

Grandsir Marcy left his home with his sled and his ox. Josephus was the beast's name, and he was nearly as old as Grandsir Marcy was old. So there didn't need be no talk or lines between them, just side by side the two oldsters climbed on down the mountain with the sled slipping and sliding and braking itself behind them.

And at the mill, like always, there was men before them. And all the news of all the Seven Hills, for it was to the mill it gathered. So it was he heard about Frank Fels escaping from the county prison. He had sworn to do just that when they put him away. He had sworn to come back and kill a mountain man for every day he spent in jail. Not that he would. He was a coward. He wouldn't be that anxious to die. But it made something to talk about.

And he heard of the man-child Tip. How there didn't seem to be fires enough here to keep him warm, there didn't seem to be food enough to fill him out, for one leg appeared to be withering. Neighbor folk had cared for him, he didn't have no close kin, but they was sending him away, for there was a home down in the level land, folk said, for people who didn't have no home, and there would be doctors there with great wiseness. Maybe wiseness enough that they could make him so he could run and play, and live his life as long as a life should be.

Grandsir Marcy looked at Tip, setting by three bags half full of corn. He was a very thin man-child, and his lips were blue, like he might be cold. But he had to wait. Because he couldn't go empty-handed. No one on the Seven Hills would shame him so, for no mountain person asks without he gives. So folk decided he would take three times his weight in meal; surely that ought be enough. For he would not eat more than that in the round of a year. And every man who came to the mill was asked to give of his meal as much as he could in conscience spare, until so many would have come with so much to spare he would have three bags full. Then he could go.

Grandsir Marcy and Josephus walked clean up to where the boy sat and shivered, even though the night had not yet come. Grandsir Marcy said, "Well!" and he said it again. "Well! It appears like you ain't dressed too warm." And he picked the man-child up, right into his arms he lifted him, and set him on the sled in the middle of that fur rug and wrapped it close about. It was half bald, and the hide was cracking into holes, but once it had been a buffalo, and even now it was warm. And Grandsir Marcy saw the man-child looking at him. And he said, "What time would you like me to tell?"

But Tip didn't know what to ask. He was an over-mountain boy. He had never heard of Grandsir Marcy; he didn't know the wonders that he knew. So he just sat there without saying nothing at all.

But there were other little children, and they jumped up and shouted, "Tell about the lady rattlesnake that danced to the tune of her tail!"

And Grandsir Marcy told. One by one, he laid the great deeds down, all the things that used to be, and never would be again.

Tip listened and he listened. Even into the night, because before good dark he fell asleep in the warmth of the buffalo robe, and Grandsir Marcy crawled in beside him there on the sled. And in the night, when they were both awake, Tip asked to hear the stories once again.

And Grandsir Marcy told how bears was left-handed. And about Indians and mules and men. He told about sugar. How men sometimes laid down a blanketful of sugar, and the braves would just fight to kneel around and lap it up like puppies round a saucer of milk, they was that starved for sweets. And giving them a blanket full of sugar you could go your way in peace.

Most all that night they talked. And Grandsir Marcy had never been so proud. He had never been so happy as having this man-child cuddled close and trusting within his arms, this little boy who had nothing at all. And he said just within himself, *If God gives me tomorrow, one more day, it seems to me, I will surely do with it all a day is worth. I will help him on his way.*

And Tip had never been so proud, he had never been so happy as now. And he said just within himself, *If I could get well and live all my life, please God, I would like to grow and be like him.*

They were to each other there in that night everything they had wished to be for themselves. And then it was snatched away.

By the breaking of a twig. By Tip sitting there in the morning after his journey cake was eaten and done—just sitting there breaking up a little twig and dropping the pieces into a little heap.

"That's like the Indians giving out the broken days," Grandsir Marcy said, and stopped. He looked and looked at that little heap, and he remembered what it was he had forgot. He took the twigs and let them sift through his fingers, one by one. And knew what he had done.

The waters told him, the mill waters talking like waters will, that lonely men

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can hear and understand. And he understood. For he was as lonely as man can be. He knew what it was the waters knew. They knew he was a liar. They'd heard him talking to himself, they'd heard him talking to the trees, talking until he believed it so, and the children believed in him. Here in a land where men were raised to truth, and lies were only lying things, and were the devil's work. Where shame was never forgotten.

"Liar." That was what the waters said. "He wanted folk to remember him. And they will. They'll remember what it was he gave a little boy who had nothing at all, to help him on his way. Lies. The devil's way."

That was who caught Grandsir Marcy. Himself. For men are made to forgive everyone and everything, except themselves. So he looked at the children waiting for him to tell them something. And he told it to them.

"I lied." That was what he said. "The me you believed in, the one you called Mr. Proud. It wasn't no more than lies."

It was as though the world had stopped. Everything struck dumb and still, except the wheel and the waters running on. Except men's eyes turning to watch Grandsir Marcy being called a liar.

Except Tip saying, "It can't be so. They aren't truly lies, are they, all the wonders? You can't be a lying man!"

And Grandsir Marcy said, "It ain't the things are false. Somebody did them. Lots of somebodies. Only it wasn't me."

"Then you're not a brave and a proud man?"

And looking into that boy's eyes, he knew indeed he wasn't. And he said, "No. I'm just an old man foolish in my years, living on notions I can't even tell from true. For I'd forgot. I forgot it wasn't so, their belonging to me, and I was only nothing at all. But lying things are only lying things, and are bound to tell on themselves and you. That was why you had to know. Because you can't make your life on lies. Because telling I was proud didn't make me so."

He laid his voice down gently, like maybe he'd never pick it up again. "I reckon it's fitten I been shamed. I ain't never done nothing fine or great. It was only it was so real to me, and I wanted to make them real for you—the glory days."

And Tip said, "But if you didn't know them. What do you know?"

And he thought and thought on what he knew. And he said, "Boy, I wish I knew something true to tell to you. Real true and good, something you could sort of hang onto. But I don't. I've thrown a whole life away." He reached in his pocket and pulled out a knife. A barlow knife scarce longer than his littlest finger. He opened the blade, and it was thin and old and dull. He said, "I reckon it's just like they used to tell, that men are like their knives. 'Show me a man's knife, I'll show you the man.' That's what folk used to say. And I reckon it's the truest thing I know. This is just a little old whittling knife that couldn't do more than little, whittling things. And I'm just a little man that ain't done more than little things, even though I've tried."

He stood up, slow, like grass that has been stepped on. He was a spare man, thin inside his galluses, and his face was thin, with a nose like a pointing finger. And he pointed it at the men who were judging him, memorizing what they would tell about their fires, and he pointed it at the little children who were laughing at him, and already calling him Mr. Liar. And the word didn't seem cruel to him. Perhaps because it was so.

He stooped and lifted his corn, all two bushels of it, and he set it beside Tip's bags that were only half full, for that was all he knew to do with this day that had been given to him to help Tip on his way. And he picked Tip and the buffalo robe right up off the sled, and he said, "The buffalo was real. That ain't no lie. It was living once long ago. And no small doubt it knew Indians. An Indian might have run alongside and hunted it. In fact, I think it just might be. Because the fur was so poor. It must have been killed because a brave was hungry, and not just to make a rug."

And he set boy and rug down upon the ground and wrapped them close about each another—the boy and his dreams and the buffalo that had once been real. And he said good-by and walked away, and Josephus heard and came on too. And they climbed on round the mill and up the hill. And when there wasn't no one to see, Grandsir Marcy sat down on the sled, for he was so tired. He was tireder than ever he'd been.

But the ox moved slow; hereabouts it was said you had to sight by a tree to know was an ox sled moving at all. So it was not hard for Tip to catch up, and suddenly he was there by the sled and he said, "Please, sir, would it discomfit you if I rode a ways with you, for my corn is not yet ground and it's tiresome waiting by the mill."

And Grandsir Marcy said no. It wouldn't discomfit him none. And the man-child crawled into his lap, and they rode on over the stones of the hill. But now it was as though they were strangers. For the magic of the night was lost.

Grandsir Marcy said, "I held so proud a dream long ago. For that was what I wanted. Just once I wanted to be proud."

"Maybe if you had got you a big knife in your younger day you would have done big and wonderful things. Do you think that could be?"

And Grandsir Marcy said he didn't know. He didn't know the kind of man he might have been. "But," he said, "that ain't what was meant about the knife. It ain't that men grow to be like their knives; they just wear the knives that are like them." He looked at his gun. "Any fool or boy can shoot a gun. A big or a little gun, it's as easy as the trigger. There ain't no real feel to killing with a gun. So a gun don't show what a man is. But his knife does. For when you use a

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

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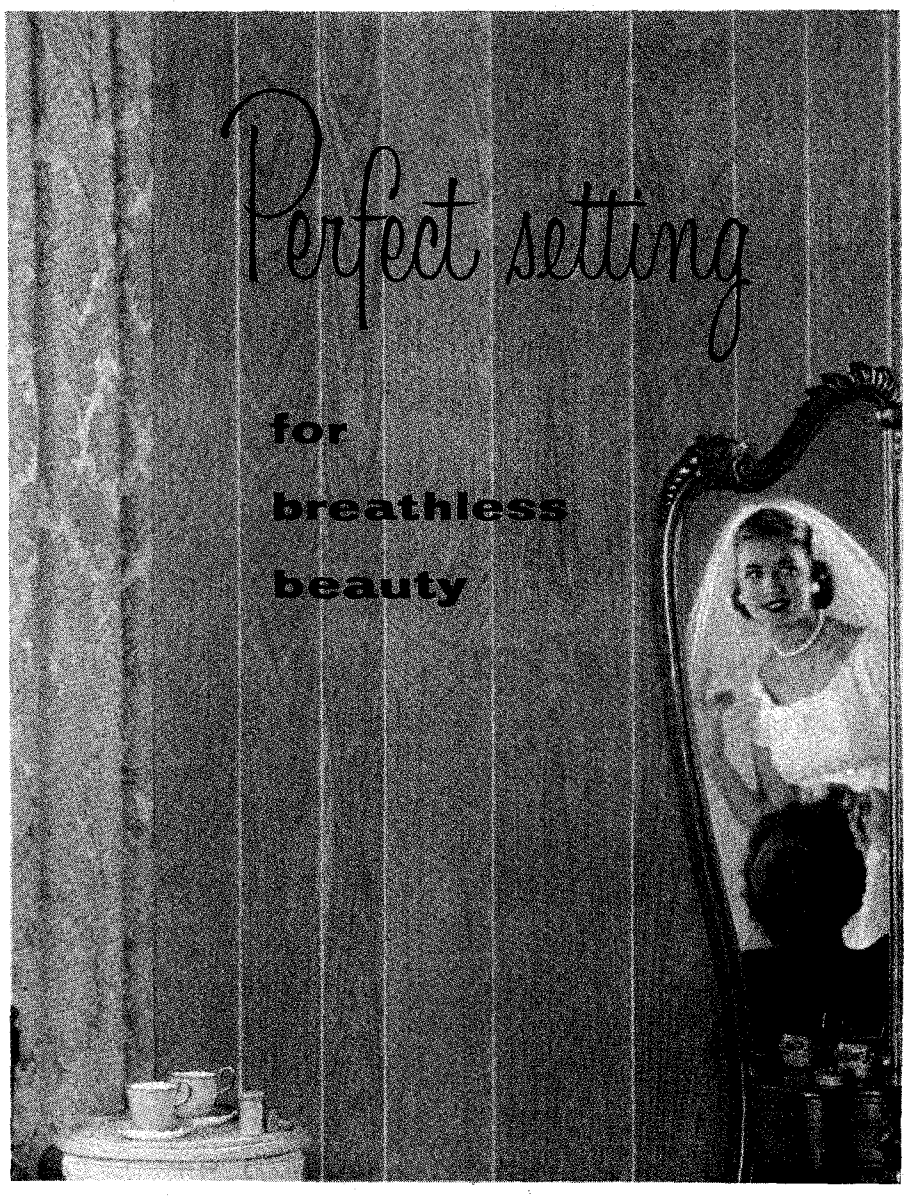

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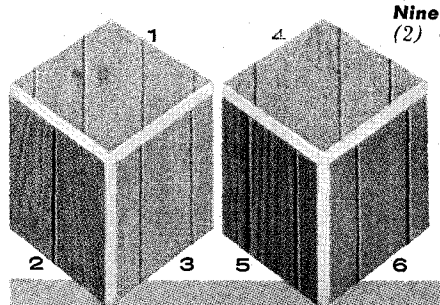

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"It's no use . . . I can't sleep in these pajamas."

knife you feel it, every thrust, every tugging of the flesh is right there in your hand. Your knife knows you even better than you. And it tells on you. That I know for true." And he took out his little knife, and held it tight.

And they rode on in so quiet a way the birds didn't stop their singing. All over the forest they laid a canopy of song. And Grandsir Marcy told about planting seed, how the birds watched from the morning wood. And the big birds came when it was big seed he sowed, and the small birds came when it was small seed he sowed. And he planted a row for him and a row for the birds, with every now and then a row for the wind. He told about corn growing in the night to keep his winter warm. About tying the tassels of it over a mule's back on the fourth of July to measure how big the crop might be. And most years there was enough for him and for someone else, and he sold it in the market. And that was all. And he said, "This wasn't no lie. This is a true thing. It happened to me."

But Tip didn't say anything at all, and they rode on. They rode as far as the butternut trees. They rode to a hill like a pudding set out to cool. And Grandsir Marcy got off his sled. He walked over the leaves of years ago into this place that was the same as it was in the beginning. And he sat down on a hollow log. And Tip came and sat there too. And Grandsir Marcy told about the fox—the one that had been near run to death.

He said, "Boy, do you know how long a fox looks when it's running? When a fox is killed dead it is a mighty small and piti'ble thing, but when it is running it is a beautiful sight. Like an arrow. It's so slim and long with that great brush trailing out behind, and it goes so fast it don't seem somehow like it could be earthbound. It seems like it surely must be traveling with the wind, streaking out of nowhere and into nowhere once again. Maybe just once every man ought see a fox running, so he could know what beauty is. So he could know how hard life can be fought for. Maybe he should see the fox when everything is nearly done, everything but just the end."

He stopped and pointed to a sycamore peeled old and white. "He came out of the wood just about there. I had been listening to the chase through all the night, the music of the dogs. For it is, you know. A lonely sort of music, and yet a happy sort of sounding, for the dogs are doing what they was born to do, and they just rightly got to tell the stars about it.

"And the foxes like it. They love showing how clever they are, as most clever people do. I've seen them take a snooze while the dogs made plumb fools of themselves over a trail. I've seen them laughing in their paws. Foxes are vain and clever people, and it amuses them to see men and hounds making something out of nothing or nothing out of something. Because he's sure that's all he's going to be to them. Just nothing. For he's purely positive he's going to get away. But sometimes he don't."

He stopped and thought on it, on these arrows speeding through the night, and he said, "This was an old fox; maybe it was as old as I am old. But still he didn't want to die. And he was crawling on his belly when first I saw him. He couldn't run no more. And he came out of the woods right there, and saw me setting right here, like I'm sitting now. And I was his mortal enemy. Every fox knows that. So he laid there looking at me, and I sat here looking at him, and the dogs had got so close their voices had changed.

"They do, you know; at the very last, when they know the fox is theirs, their voices change. So the dogs told him he was done, and he listened, and I listened, and they were so close we could hear them panting and the padding of their feet. And so I said to him there across the moonlight, 'It's hard to be old and finished. But you done your very best. I'll witness that.'"

"And what did he say?"

"Why, nothing at all. I'm not even sure he could hear, with all that barking. But he understood something. He crawled, trembling all over him with fright; he struggled to me, and between my legs, and curled down here inside this log. And we stayed like that while the dogs rushed out of the dark, and plumb went crazy. The dogs knew where he was, and they knew I knew. But by then I'd built me a little lightwood fire, just enough to warm my bones, just enough to mind those hounds' manners for them. And the hunters came up and knew what I knew. And I said to them, 'He came to me for help.'

"And after a little they chained their dogs and went away. And we listened to

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them going swearing through the frosty night, and we slept. He and I there by our little fire. And in his sleep the fox died. You see, in a way the dogs had won, and yet ofttimes I believe it was I who won. For I wake in the night, and I feel him trembling against my legs, and then by and by the trembling stops. Long before he died the trembling stopped, and he lay there at peace and slept. I like to remember that. It was a small thing. But that's all there's been in my life—just little things. Other folk fought bear and blizzards and Indians. They've done mightily proud things. All I've done is nearly less than nothing at all. But this was a true thing. This wasn't no lie. It happened to me." And without saying it, he begged the boy to forgive him for not being more than he was.

But Tip didn't say anything. He laid down on the ground and looked into the log where the fox had slept and died, and he didn't say what he thought. He was still far away. That was plain enough. They were still the strangers they had become.

And they stayed so still in the stillness of the wood that by and by Grandsir Marcy slept like he'd slept on that log before. And his knife rolled from his hand, and Tip picked it up. And he looked it over and over, and found it indeed a small and unimportant thing to live all a life by. And a she-cardinal came to watch, and Tip looked at her watching him, and he talked to her, like people will in the wilderness.

He said, "It's too small. It purely seems much too small a thing. For I am going down in the level land. I'm going so much further than here, down where men know more of the world than how to talk to foxes. Where all of them do big things. And surely, undoubtedly I should carry a big knife, so that I might learn to do big things too. And the miller has a big knife; I have just remembered how long and strong it is. It is so strong and long it can open any sacking, and it is so sharp it can cut the flour silk. And he's a big man, and rich. He gets a measure of every corn on all the Seven Hills, and he never has to hoe. He wouldn't never be small or beaten, and not able to do the things other folk can do. He wouldn't never have to pretend." He leaned to the she-cardinal. "Do you think he would tell me how to wear such a strong knife, so I might grow and be like it?"

And the she-cardinal bobbed her head, and hopped and flew away. And Tip laid the barlow in Grandsir Marcy's lap, and he peered up into his eyes to see were they shut. And they were. So he turned and tiptoed down the hill. And he didn't once turn round. He didn't see the tears falling on Grandsir Marcy's cheeks as he sat on the log where the fox had died.

Tip walked until he heard the waters of the millrace. He walked until he saw a man whispering through the wood. A man like a tight-strung wire. And in his left hand he carried a knife. And Tip said to himself, *Bears are left-handed. It's the left paw you need watch out for.* And he ran to get a closer look. He had never seen so long a knife. And it was sharpened on both edges. There wouldn't be no doubting what it could do. It could kill in any direction. It was a knife that looked like hate.

The man came out of the laurel path; he touched the wall of the mill, there where the moss grew green and still. And he pressed against it as though he might be just another rock. Then slowly, ever so slowly, he crept toward the corner where Mr. Haines leaned in the sun with his back to him.

Tip wondered if maybe it was some sort of game. He thought of sitting down and watching how it was that grown men played. But he kept looking at that knife, and no matter how he looked, it was a wicked, cruel thing. And Grandsir Marcy had said men were like their knives.

That was when Tip screamed. "Mr. Haines! He's a wicked, cruel man, and he's fetching up behind you!"

Everything seemed to happen to once. Men swore. Feet ran. Stones slipped.

"Hi, Coach!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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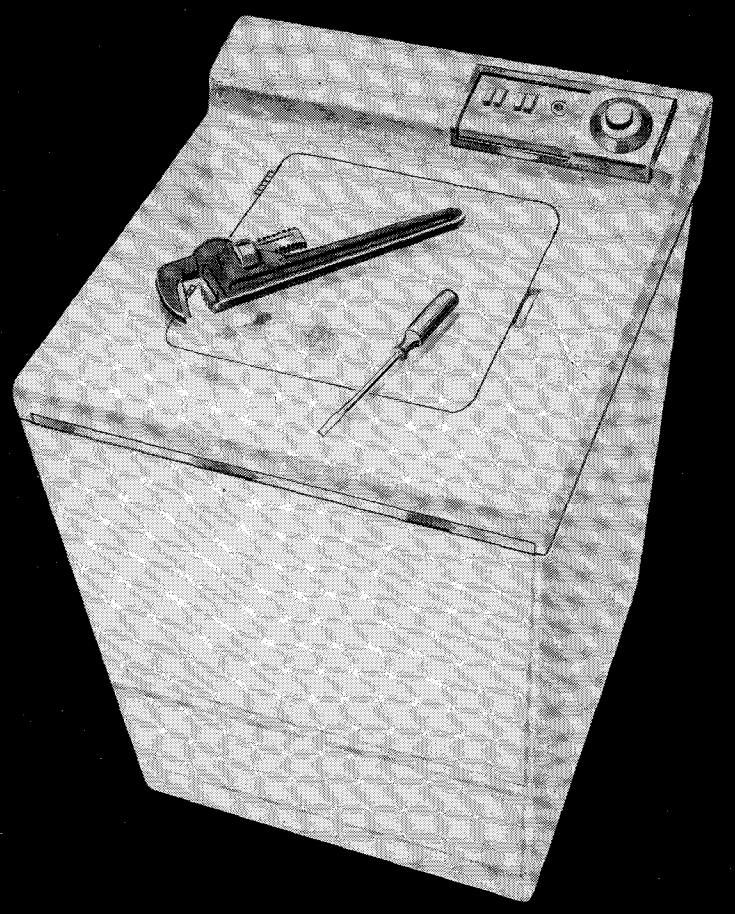

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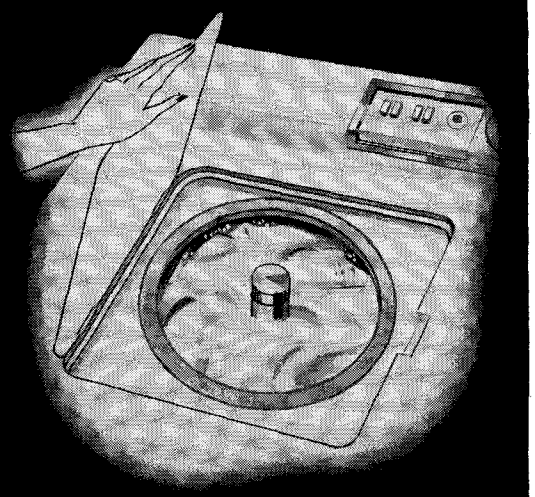

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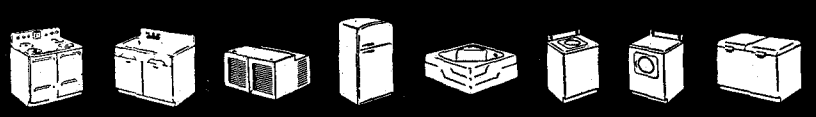

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Guns cocked. All round the mill you could hear the breaking of many guns. You could hear Grandsir Marcy come roaring off the mountain, for he had followed the boy to see the kind of knife it was he set his heart upon. You could hear the silence screaming.

For it did. It seemed the silence was louder than all the noise had been. For the man with the knife hadn't run away. He hadn't even tried to hide. He just reached out a long, grabbing arm and grabbed Tip up close to him. He held him with the knife stove against his throat, just touching the place where the pulse throbbed big. And Tip didn't move at all. He remembered how that knife was ground, and he was just afraid. He stood there quiet, looking at all those quiet men looking at him.

And Frank Fels said, "I swore I'd take a mountain man for every day I spent in jail. And I've come to take my count." He looked round that throng of men, each with his rifle gun or his shotgun or his fence railing that he had snatched up quick, and not one of them could do a thing.

"Not unless you want the boy to die before you." That was what Frank Fels said. "It won't make no difference to me if you want it that way, for he is mountain-born, he'll do; he'll count for a day." And he walked Tip round till the mill wall was safe behind, and no one could creep up unawares. And he said, "I'm not fool-minded enough to think I can take all of you on at once. Drop your guns and go into the mill, all of you but one."

They didn't plan to humor him. They didn't figure to do it. But Frank Fels turned the knife a fraction, and a trickle of blood warmed down Tip's neck. He could feel it, and he whimpered just a little.

And Grandsir Marcy said—and his voice was a terrible sound—"Go into the mill, every one of you. Leave me be the one."

But every tongue said no. What would he do? What had he ever done?

Then the miller said, "I'll be the one."

And every tongue said, "Yes. He's brave. He'll be the one."

But still they didn't go. They just stood there looking at that knife. And they knew there wasn't any chance. Not for the miller, not for any of them, one by one. For what man among them would let the child, Tip, be the first to go? So they stood there, wondering what might be done.

Tip watched them all. He looked from gun to gun. He looked at the miller, he was so big a piece of man, and he had a knife almost as long as Frank Fels' knife. He looked to Grandsir Marcy. He thought of him building a fire for a fox. He thought of him giving sugar to the Indians. He hadn't. That was a lie. But if he had lived as long ago as that, and if he had sugar, so much as that, he would surely have given it to the Indians and gone his way in peace. And thinking on it, Tip smiled. He smiled right at Grandsir Marcy.

And Grandsir Marcy smiled back. For suddenly he knew why he had been given this day. He stopped looking for something big and brave. Instead he looked for some little thing, something so small that only he might see.

And he saw a vine growing in the tree that sheltered the dooryard of the mill. He eyed it down to where it touched the trunk. It wasn't no more than a hand's breadth away. Grandsir Marcy moved as slow as oxen go, so slow it didn't seem he was moving at all, and cupped inside his hand was his barlow knife. He reached and reached, and the knuckles of his hands were so strained and sharp and uneven, they were like the treads of a broken stair. It was a hand that couldn't do much of anything at all. But it cut through that vine, and the vine swung out into the air.

It made no sound. It carried no warning, no danger at all. It was only a vine swinging in the air. But for a fleeting moment Frank Fels looked up to see just what it was. And that was when the miller struck.

He dived across the dooryard, his arm hooked over Frank Fels' arm, his hand reached down between the knife and Tip's throat. It was a dreadful thing to make yourself do. But he did it. And it was his hand the knife got, and his shove that set Tip free. And now it was only a knife, and Frank Fels was only a man, for his hostage was gone.

They fought like panthers screaming in the night, with teeth and hands and knees and feet. It was one man's strength against one man's hate. It was a terrible thing to see men slashing at each other like that. With other men yelling and swearing and dancing around them, as though this was only some kind of fearful game. But by and by it was over and done.

With Frank Fels tied with miller's twine, and the miller's wounds all bandaged in miller's silk, and men crowding round and wanting to pat him on the back and tell him what a wonderful and a brave man he was.

And he was. To go against a knife and a hate like that. And folk still talk of it round their fires at night, of the glory deed the miller did.

And Grandsir Marcy stood there that day all alone. And Tip stood there that day all alone. Just the two smiling on each another. In all that throng and ruckus it was only they they saw, and this wonderful thing they knew. And Tip said, "I have never seen men fight before. I did not know how strong and big a thing it is to do. And now I know I'll never be so strong or brave to do brave things like that. I'll maybe never be a proud and rich man. I don't feel somehow real clever like that. But someday I want a little knife to do the little things that I can do, and help make the big things for other people come true. In a way it will be almost like I am doing them too. Like you."

He stopped and thought of all the things he knew, all the ones that were real and true. Like building only a little fire and keeping twenty dogs and men from killing what was theirs to kill. Like planting corn. Bending and bending in the sun, and when it was done, someone he didn't even know lived a day because his corn made good bread. And maybe that someone on that day had done something fine and great. It just could be. That there were fine things somewhere because his corn had grown so tall and full of milk. Like feeding the birds, and their song was his song too. Or cutting a vine when an army of guns couldn't do nothing more than wait. Such little things, but they were the best that he could do, and they helped make the big things for other folk come true. So, in a way, they were proud things too.

And Tip said it again, "Someday I'm going to have me a knife like that, to do the little things that I can do. For I think that that is just enough for me."

And Grandsir Marcy said, "Why, I reckon someday might as well be now." And he gave Tip his barlow knife.

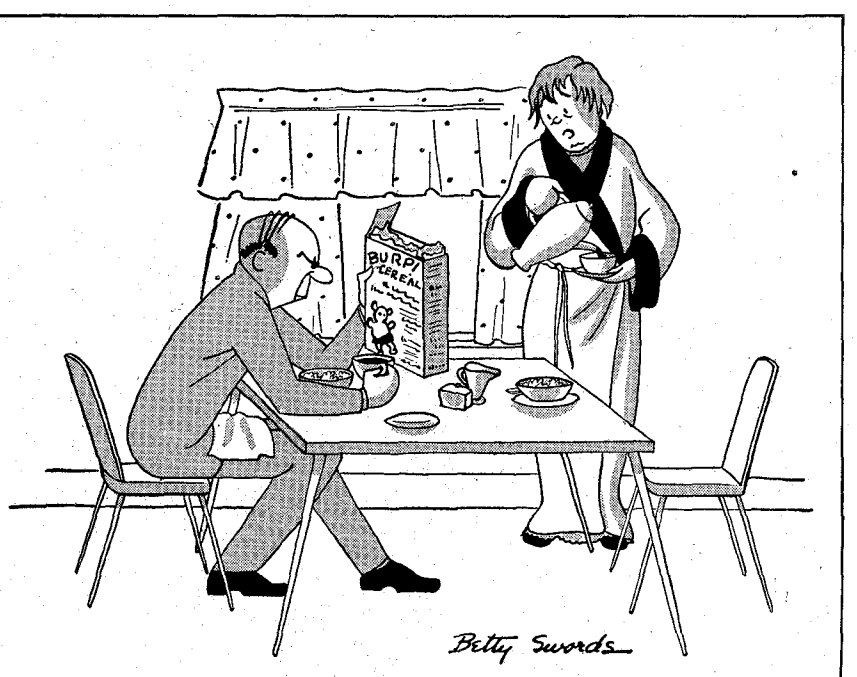
Tip held it as though it might be treasure. And he said, "They'll all be strangers down in the level land. I don't want to go away from here. It would pleasure me to stay with you, if you would like me to."

But Grandsir Marcy shook his head. "There are doctors and their wiseness for you to see. There are lessons for you to learn. And one is that people don't change just all at once, and I've been lying so long I'd relish to do a little lying still, just to myself. Will you let me tell myself that you're my little boy gone off to school? I've never had a little boy to call my very own."

And Tip said that sounded just all right. And he didn't think it would be lying at all. He would like being his little boy just gone away to school, and someday coming home. And they left it like that.

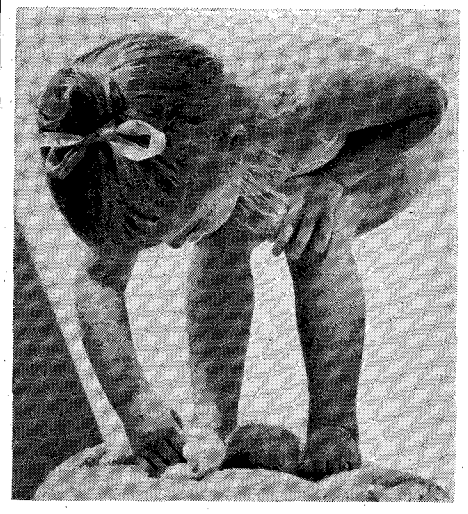
And when he'd got his turn of meal, folk carried Tip and his three bags full down and out of sight. And Grandsir Marcy stood and watched them go, and only knew a part of what that day had meant.

For going down to the level land Tip told about Grandsir Marcy and the little things that made the big things come true. And to this day around their fires at night, when folk talk of the glory deeds and the glory days, they tell of Grandsir Marcy who gave a boy a knife. And they tell it plain to every child how this was one of the glory deeds that wasn't just something that used to be and wouldn't never be again. It could happen to anyone, any time. It could happen to you. THE END



"I'm sure the paper will be here soon."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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Any Man Will Do (Continued from Page 32)

For a moment I looked at her. "I'll tell you the truth if you really want to hear it. It won't be nearly as entertaining."

"Tell me the truth."

I glanced up the street at Wes. He had finished the block on the side her house was on and was coming back down the other side of the street.

"My father is in the drug business," I said. "In my home town he owns four drugstores. Or maybe five. I can never remember. If I went home he and I would argue the entire summer about why I am majoring in art and not in business administration. He has taken it into his head that I am going to take over management of those drugstores, so that he can retire and play golf. I have no such intention. To keep my peace of mind, I stayed here this summer. I have three small jobs, this one included, which bring me a meager income. I have time to paint. I am content."

"Isn't he mad? Your father? About your staying up here?"

"In a word, yes."

"Maybe he'll do something. Maybe he won't pay your tuition next year."

"Fortunately," I said, "I have the GI Bill."

"You've got a lot of nerve," she said.

I basked in the warmth of her innocent admiration.

"Some people," she said, "don't have any nerve at all."

I let this shrewd commentary on human nature pass.

"And he's lots bigger than you," she said. "Bigger and stronger. Maybe not quite as old."

"I take it you have someone specific in mind?"

"What?"

"Who are you talking about who's so much bigger and stronger and younger and not so nervy as me?"

"Oh, I didn't mean anything," she said. "I like small men. They're always good dancers. And they usually have swell senses of humor. And I mean not everybody can be big and husky and——"

I held up my hand. "Apology accepted. I believe you were leading up to telling me the name of this spineless giant."

She drew circles with her fingers in the gritty dirt by the curb. "You wouldn't know him. He doesn't go to college. He's in my class at high school. Jimmy Foley."

"Doesn't he play football? Under the name of Mustang?"

"That's him. That's what they call him."

"I've read of his exploits in the local papers," I said. "He made all-city, didn't he?"

"He would've made all-conference, if Henry Atkins hadn't dropped two perfectly good passes in the West High game."

"I find it hard to believe," I said, "that this stalwart, who, I hear, played three quarters with a cracked rib, is a simpering coward."

"Oh, he's not a coward like that," she said. "He's not afraid in a game or anything like that. But he's afraid of his father."

"Perhaps what you take for fear is merely parental respect," I said.

"Oh, pooh," she said.

While I was trying to think of an answer to that, Wes came across the street.

"I hope I'm not interrupting," he said. Wes is great with the heavy sarcasm. "What seems to be the holdup? This is our first job of the day, y'know. I've already sold three more, and you haven't even started."

"The paint can," I said, and handed it back over my shoulder without looking at him. "I can't get it open."

"You're as handy as a bear cub," he said, and began to dig at it with a key he took from his pocket.

I pulled my beard. "Perhaps you can give me an example," I said.

"All right," she said. "I'll give you one all right. There's this dance out at the pavilion—at the country-club pavilion—tomorrow night."

"Betty Ann," Wes said, "run back to the garage and find a screw driver, will you?"

She gave him a dirty look. "O.K." And she went off.

"We're doing fine," Wes said. "Just splendid. Ten o'clock in the morning and you're not even started yet."

"It's a beautiful day, Wes," I said. "Take note of the birds chirping, the green summer, the balmy breeze. I couldn't get the paint can open."

"When I came over," he said, "you weren't even trying. I suppose it would have been too much to ask that you think of getting the little girl to run for a screw driver."

"She's a charming girl. And she's not so little."

"Listen," he said. "When I was going with her sister, this character used to drive me nuts. She was constantly hanging around, popping her bubble gum and giggling."

"When you were going with her sister," I said, "you were about the age she is now. You live in this town. I merely go to college here. I have no recollections of her sordid past."

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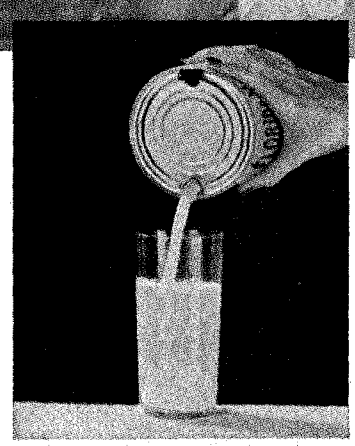

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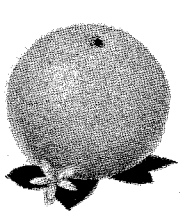

Florida Grapefruit Juice

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"O.K., wise guy," he said. "But I'll bet she pesters you all the way down the street."

Betty Ann came back across the yard with the screw driver. Wes took it from her. "Thanks, Betty Ann," he said, and started to work at the can.

"There's this dance," she said, sitting on the curb, "tomorrow night. It's a very big deal. Once every summer they have it at the country club, just for the kids."

"Here," said Wes, and handed the opened paint can to me. "Do you suppose you could snap it up a little?"

"Go turn your charm on the housewives," I said. He sighed and went off across the street. I dipped the brush in the can and began to paint the curb. "I take it," I said to Betty Ann, "that you would like to attend this dance with Mustang."

"No, I don't want to," she said. "Not now, anyway. I expected to go with him. We've been going steady ever since right after Easter vacation. Or we were. Yesterday I gave him his French Club pin back."

"You had an altercation?"

"We had a fight. You know what he wanted me to do? He wanted to take me on the bus. I've got this perfectly sexy dinner dress—it's a cocktail dress really—and he wanted to take me on the bus. Imagine. That crummy old rattly bus for five miles out to the country club."

"You think he should take you in a taxi?" I asked. The white rectangle was complete. I was dabbing at the places where the paint hadn't quite covered the rough cement.

"Oh, no. A taxi would cost googols of money. I wouldn't expect him to do that."

I put the top back on the paint can, very gently, and stood up, brushing the seat of my pants.

She looked at my handiwork. "Gee, how do you get it so straight?"

"I'm an artist," I told her. "All you need for straight lines is a good eye and a steady hand."

"How about the numbers?" she asked.

"I come back and do those tomorrow," I said. "Have to let the paint dry. Come on. Wes said he sold some more on this block. Bring the brush there."

She picked up the brush and followed me. I walked along in the gutter looking at the curb until I found an *X* chalked on the curb which indicated that Wes had made a sale. We stopped and she sat on the curb and I began again.

"I wouldn't expect him to take me in a taxi," she said, to show me she remembered where we had left the conversation.

"Let's cut through all this red tape and get to the heart of the matter," I said. "How would you expect him to take you? Why did you have the fight?"

"I think he ought to get his father's car," she said. "And I told him so. And he wouldn't even ask his father."

"He have a driver's license?"

"Oh, sure. He drives all the time, if one of his parents is in the car. He just never drives it by himself. He just lives over here on Mulberry Street, but he can't even drive over to my house by himself."

"This seems an odd arrangement."

"It's all because of his brother. His brother Dick. He was really wild and they had lots of trouble with him. He wrecked the other car they had. Three times, I think."

I leaned back to get a better look at my work. "And the sins of Dick are being visited on Mustang?"

"Yeah," she said.

"Whatever happened to Dick?" I asked.

"Oh, he's in the marines now. He got in some kind of trouble and the judge told him he could either join the marines or go to jail."

"I always wondered where the marines got their recruits," I said. "I was in the Army myself. The plain old ordinary Army."

"So Mustang says his father has a big fixation now. He thinks the reason Dick was such a pill was that they were too nice to him. Gave him too many things and stuff. You know."

"And you disagree?"

"Well, I don't know. It may have been true about Dick. But Dick was always wild and running around, and you know Mustang's not like that at all. He doesn't even smoke or swear or anything. And he studies very hard. He's going to be a psychiatrist."

"Ah, this younger generation," I said. "The movies have brought you to this. Even the football players want to be psychiatrists."

"What?" she said.

"Never mind. Go on."

"Well, that's about all. Mustang's father has this fixation, and he's really wild about it. He's even especially wild about the car. So Mustang doesn't think his father will let him have it. He won't even ask him."

"And this is what you quarreled about?"

"Not quarreled. Fought. A real battle. We've been going steady ever since right after Easter vacation, and he's never taken me anywhere in a car. Always the bus. Even to the junior prom. I just got tired of it, that's all. I don't want to go steady with any coward."

What many a boss hopes to catch his employees at is work.

ANTHONY J. PETTITO

I picked up my equipment and started along the gutter again. She carried the brush, following along on the parking.

"What if he asks and his father says no?"

"He shouldn't just ask," she said, kicking a rock. "He should tell him. He should tell him that he's not Dick and isn't anything like Dick, and it's not fair that they should treat him as if he's going to rob a bank or something."

I found the chalk mark and sat down.

"So this leaves you free for tomorrow night?"

"Oh, it's not too important," she said. "It's not going to ruin my life or anything. Of course, I'd love to go. It only happens once a year, and this'll be the next to last one I'll ever go to, I suppose. After the kids get out of school, they don't usually go any more."

"But it's not important."

"Well, no. The trouble is, everybody thinks Mustang and I are going steady, and it's summer. It takes a long time for people to find out things in summer, because they don't see each other every day. I'm not bragging or anything, but if it was during school and everybody knew, then I could have plenty of dates if I wanted to. As it is, I may not have another one until school starts."

I stopped working and looked at her. "A complete communications blackout takes place during the summer? The phones don't work? Nobody talks to anybody?"

"Oh, you know what I mean. A boy hears a rumor that Mustang and I have broken up. So maybe he doesn't believe it. Or if he does believe it, maybe he's a friend of Mustang's, and boys are crazy like that. They think they have to gang up on you and give you a big freeze. Or if he believes it, and isn't a friend of Mustang's, maybe he's already going with someone or maybe he's not interested in me."

"You seem to have given this a lot of thought," I said.

"I have," she said. "I'm the brooding kind."

I finished the rectangle and pulled a rag out of my pocket to wipe my hands. "Suppose I invited you to the country-club dance?"

She looked astonished. "You?"

"Well," I said, "since you put it that way ——"

"No, I didn't mean anything," she said. "But I mean you're in college and all."

"I'll be a senior next year," I said, "as you will be a senior in high school. It gives us something in common."

"I'd love to," she said. "I mean I'd love to. Only you don't live here in town. Your parents don't belong to the country club. I'd have to invite you."

"Well, I invite you to invite me. I might add that while I don't own a car, I will manage one for tomorrow night."

"I accept," she said. She seemed truly excited. It warmed me. "I mean I invite you. Oh, I've got to go and call Lois Miller. This'll drive her wild." She bounced off, and then stopped and came back. "I don't suppose you'd shave off that beard."

"I would not."

"O.K.," she said philosophically. "Maybe it'll start a new fad." And she bounced off again.

I checked up to the corner and found no more chalk marks, so I crossed the street, found one and began to work. Wes' rather plump shadow fell over me.

"I told you," he said. "She'll pester you crazy if you say a kind word to her."

"Have you got any more on this block?" I asked.

"Yeah, one more. Why?"

"I think we ought to go over to Mulberry Street."

"We're working slowly in that direction. We ought to be there by next Monday."

"Let's go over there now. After we finish here."

Wes sat down on the curb with a sigh. "Look," he said patiently, "we're taking the streets systematically. If we start jumping around we'll miss a lot of places. Besides, it's better to work close to where you've been. You get free advertising."

"I don't want to jump around. I just want to go to Mulberry Street after we finish here."

"For crying out loud, why?"

"Call it artistic temperament," I said. "I think I might be inspired by Mulberry Street. Has a nice ring to it. I think my white rectangles might get whiter and more rectangular."

Wes got out a cigarette. "What's going on?"

"And I want to borrow your car tomorrow night," I continued. "I'll fill it up with gas before I return it."

I would be the last to accuse Wes of being intelligent, but a light of some kind lit up his face.

"Are you taking that little girl to the country-club dance?" he asked incredulously.

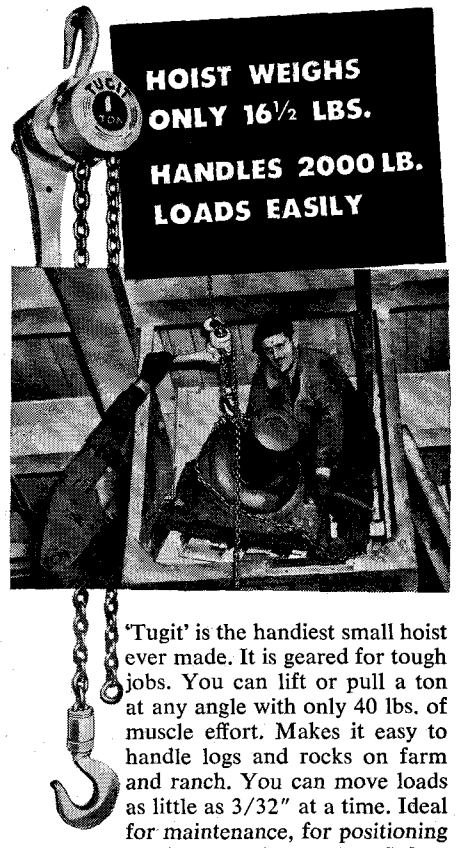
I stood up and gathered up the stuff. "Where's the other sale you made?"

He didn't answer, so I started walking along the curb, looking for the mark.

"That dance is for high-school kids," he said, following me. "Even junior-high-school kids."

"I'm twenty-four, Wes," I said gently. "That doesn't make me the Old Man of the Sea."

"They'll be squirting pop at each other, and playing hide and seek on the dance floor," he persisted. "And not only that, do you know who Betty Ann's boy friend



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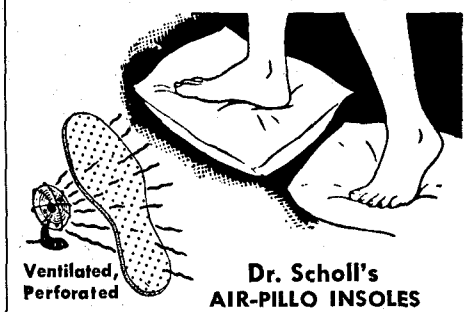

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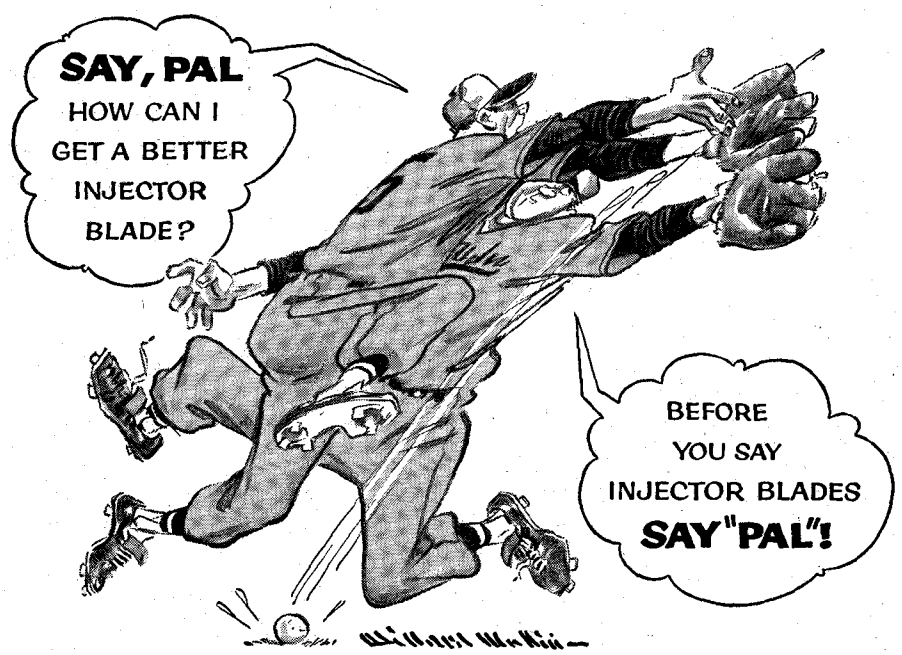

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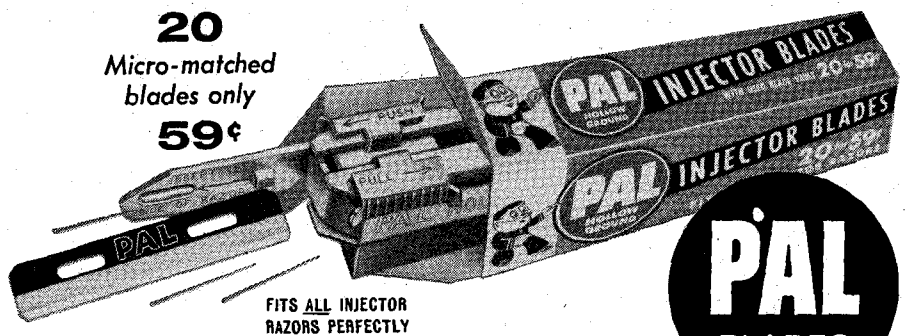

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is? Jimmy Foley. They call him Mustang, because of the way he plays football. He lives right over here on Mulberry ——" He stopped with his mouth still open. He looked very natural.

"Why don't you go and get the car?" I said. "By the time you get back, I'll be finished here, and we can go over to Mulberry Street."

I got a bit of luck. I knew Wes would make the sale. He would have made that sale if he'd had to cut the price. The luck was that Mustang was mowing the front lawn.

He had his shirt off—these muscle men can never underplay anything—and he was going very fast, shooting grass all over the place. When he came to the end of the row, he'd throw that mower around as if he were swinging a croquet mallet.

I carefully ignored him, and by the time I'd finished cleaning the curb and dipped the brush into the paint can, he had slouched over and plunked down beside me. He rubbed at himself with one hand. Marlon Brando's influence was apparent.

"Watcha doin'?"

After all that violence with the lawn mower, he wasn't even breathing hard.

"Painting curbstones," I said. "Today we paint on a white rectangle, and tomorrow we come back and paint on the address numbers."

"You sold one to my mom, huh?"

"The other guy does the selling. I just do the painting."

"How mucha make?"

"Fifty cents apiece."

He considered. "That's not bad."

Now, it has long been a theory of mine that the arts are kindred. That there is really only one art, and that a true artist can accomplish all phases of it. For example, a good composer could write a novel. A ballerina could sculpt a statue. And, of course, a painter could act.

I gave him a lecherous wink. "It's not so much the money," I said. "It's the other compensations. The nice people you meet."

He pondered this awhile. "Housewives, huh?" he asked, brightening. "Love-starved housewives."

It must be the comic books. I don't know where else he'd get anything like that.

"Well, there's that," I said. "But sometimes you can do even better."

I winked at him again and went click-click with my tongue. I was laying it on pretty thick, but I wanted to make sure he didn't miss it.

He scratched himself. He-men are always itchy.

"What better? Like what?"

"Younger ones," I said. "Why, just this morning, over on Ash Street ——" I leered at him. I leered pretty hard because I wanted it to show through my beard. Of course, maybe the beard helped. Svengali, and all that.

He pondered this briefly. Then, carefully not looking at me, he said, "What's her name? I know some girls over on Ash Street."

"I didn't get the name," I said. "The way I figure it, the less you know about 'em, the better. And vice versa."

"Well, what happened?" he asked. "Whudja do?"

"Nothing yet," I said. "I've got a date for tomorrow night. A dance at a country club or something. Seems her regular boy friend couldn't get a car."

He sat for a while not saying anything, rubbing one of his blue-jeaned knees. I finished the rectangle and nudged him. When he looked at me, I stood up, holding all my equipment.

I gave him a final wink. "I got a car," I said, and went off down the street after Wes, who was suffering from a sore neck, trying to watch us and talk to the housewives at the same time. I found another chalk mark and sat down. Mustang sat on the curb a few minutes scratching. Then he got up and ran into the house. Later I saw him leave, wearing slacks and a knit T-shirt. He had knocked his crew-cut down with water or something. Wes came up to where I was working.

"What did you tell him?" he asked.

"After this one, Wes, let's quit for the day."

Wes looked speculatively down the street toward Mustang's broad disappearing back. "I don't know where I'll get another partner," he said. "Maybe I can hold the job open until you get out of the hospital."

That afternoon I worked on the painting which I call Freud Coming Through the Trees. It's very effective. I did it all in triangles. It's still for sale.

On the second day you put the numbers on and collect. You need a smaller brush and a can of black paint. I had had the foresight to bring a nail, so I had no trouble with the paint can.

I was on the second number when she came out, still bouncy and rosy. Wes was off collecting.

"Hi," she said.

"Hi."

She sat down on the curb. "I thought you used a stencil for the numbers."

"Nonartists might. I scorn stencils."

"Ju get the car?"

"Of course."

"Whose is it?"

"It belongs to Wes. Why?"

"I just wondered."

I kept painting. She watched me silently. I got up and stood back to see if the five was straight.

"Want to know something?" she asked.

"Delighted. I'm a constant explorer in the jungle of knowledge."

"That problem we talked about yesterday. It's looking better."

"Good."

"Jimmy talked to his father. A long time. He told him that it wasn't fair that they treated him like he was Dick."

I finished the numbers and started down the street. She followed along.

"I guess it did some good," she continued. "He said they promised to let up on him."

I sat down and dipped the brush. "Even about the car?"

"Oh, yes, about the car too."

I began to paint. "Even tonight?"

She didn't answer for a moment and I looked up at her. She was playing in the dirt by the curb.

"Can he get the car tonight?" I asked.

She still wouldn't look at me. "Well, I suppose he could."

"Come on now," I said. "Don't kid me. You want to break the date?"

She looked at me very sadly. "It wouldn't be much fun for you," she said. "It'd be all high-school kids. You wouldn't know anyone."

I turned back to my painting. "O.K.," I said. "It's broken."

"No," she said. "It's not fair. It would be like I was just using you to fill in, sort of. And that's not true. I really like you and we made the date and I'll go with you."

I didn't need to look at her to tell how much that was costing her. If she went with me, that was just one date. If I guessed right, Mustang had probably given her an ultimatum—if she went with me, they were through. For her, it might mean wallflowerdom until school started. Besides, high-school girls are strange creatures—she might actually be fond of him.

Nevertheless, I let her suffer for thirty seconds or so. It was advance retribution

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for all the suffering she was going to cause many hapless men sometime in the future.

"No," I said. "If he wants to take you, that's fine. As a matter of fact, I was trying to think of some way to get out of it. A friend of mine just flew in from the East Coast. The play she was in closed and she's on her way to Hollywood for a screen test. She stopped by to see me. She likes my beard."

An interesting struggle marked Betty Ann's face. She didn't know whether to believe me because she didn't know whether she wanted to believe me.

"Well, O.K.," she said finally. "If you want to break it."

"I do," I said. "And when you call Mustang, tell him he doesn't need to bother with the corsage. I've already ordered one."

She stood up. "I'll tell him," she said. She edged away. "Well, I'll be seeing you. Sometime, I guess. I do think you're a very interesting person."

"Yeah," I said. "I'm a regular enigma."

But I don't think she heard it. She was already running back toward her house.

When we drove up on Mulberry Street, we could see him sitting in the porch swing. He was reading a comic book.

"He looks mad," Wes said.

"Just contemplative," I said. "He's trying to keep from moving his lips."

"Maybe I better stick around for this one."

"To protect me? Wes, I'm touched."

Wes stopped the car. "We could come back later," he said.

"Wes, boy, I'll handle it. You just go down the street with your collecting. Everything will be all right."

He got out of the car. "I'll be watching," he said. "Maybe both of us could take him." He walked down the street, looking back over his shoulder.

I studiously ignored Mustang again and began to paint. It wasn't long before his Size 11's appeared on the curb.

He watched me paint. "How do you get 'em so straight?"

"Long practice."

"You're pretty good," he said.

I let it pass. I was trying to figure out just what she had told him.

"Listen," he said. "I got something to say to you."

"Shoot."

"Your date for tonight got broken, huh?"

I registered astonishment, playing it big. "Yeah, that's right."

"Well, the reason was that I'm her regular boy friend and she's going with me instead."

"Can you beat that?" I said. "Small world."

He scratched himself in the ribs. "You want to do something about it?"

"I can't think of anything, offhand," I said.

"I know you're kind of small," he said. "But if you and your fat friend want to both have a try at it—well, O.K."

"I think I'll decline," I said. "Us cads are all cowards."

He stared at me. "Well, O.K., then," he said dubiously, and started back up the walk toward his house. Then he stopped and came back.

"I didn't tell her what you said. I mean what we talked about yesterday."

"O.K.," I said.

"You wouldn't have got anywhere anyway," he said. "I've been going with her since right after Easter, and she still only lets me kiss her twice each date."

"It's just as well, then," I said.

I finished and walked on down the street. Wes came down to meet me. He was watching Mustang stomp off into the house. Then he looked at me.

"You talked him out of it?"

"I won't be needing your car tonight after all, Wes."

"Oh, you broke it," Wes said. "You did the smart thing. No sense in being brave about it. He might have busted your arm."

"Suppose I told you, Wes, that you didn't know what you were talking about?"

"I know, all right. He told you to lay off and you laid off."

"You hurt me deeply, Wes. You think I could be frightened by a hundred-and-eighty-pound football player?"

"You're darn right you could," he said. "The only thing I don't understand is why the big smile. What are you so happy about?"

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Wes," I said, "than are dreamt of in your philosophy." THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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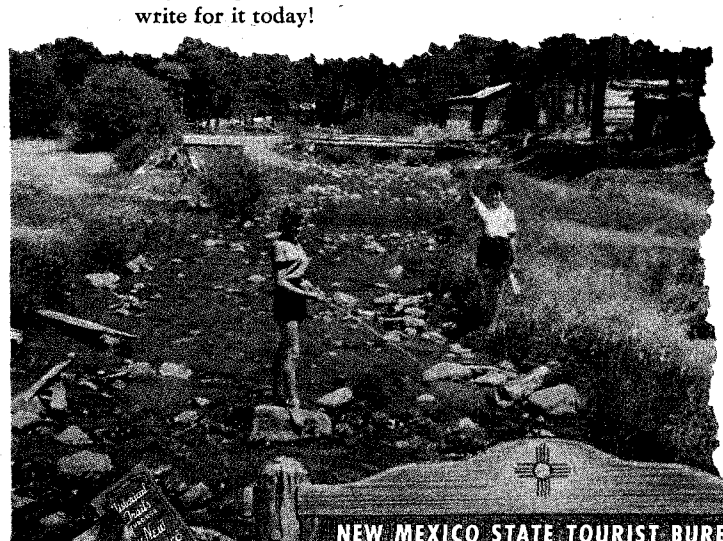

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Fanciest Vittles This Side of Paris

(Continued from Page 35)

was not difficult, and by the time the last luncheon guest had departed, Soulé was able to sit down with Pierre Franey, his chef, and Martin Decre, his first captain, and scribble out the complete menu for l'affaire Hutchinson. The dinner, as presented on the hand-written menus which graced the long Hutchinson table Thursday evening, consisted of:

Caviar de Beluga
Consommé de Volaille des Viveurs
Quenelles de Brochet Nantua
Selle d'agneau Rôtie Persillée
Pommes Macaire
Fonds d'artichauts sautés
Macédoine de Fruits aux Liqueurs
Panier de Friandises
Café Liqueurs

Vodka accompanied the caviar, followed by Corton Charlemagne '52, a white Burgundy; Cheval Blanc '47, a red Bordeaux; and finally, Bolinger '47—an excellent champagne.

It is to be presumed that Mr. Hutchinson's guests enjoyed their meal of caviar, chicken consommé, dumpling of freshwater pike, roast saddle of lamb, molded baked potatoes, sautéed hearts of artichoke, fresh fruits with brandy, petit fours, coffee and liqueurs. Mr. Hutchinson spoke words of praise as he added the tips and initialed the check. Mr. Soulé received the accolade graciously, but without surprise. It is also to be presumed that Mr. Hutchinson—or his company auditor—displayed the same graciousness when he paid the bill for the dinner at the end of the month—with tips, the check came to $550.

"A little unusual," remarks Henri Soulé, "because of the size and the nature of the party and wines. And you must remember that the two hundred other guests who dined at the Pavillon that evening enjoyed the same cooking and service as the Hutchinson party—and many of those paid no more than ten or fifteen dollars for their dinner. The best—it is never cheap."

This view, it should be noted, is deprecated by many of the Pavillon's regular customers—who insist that the best food is the cheapest, at any price. However it is rationalized, this insistence on the finest animates both Henri Soulé and the well-fed, well-dressed, well-heeled and well-mannered clientele which considers Le Pavillon one of the world's half dozen top restaurants. Indeed, many continent-hopping gourmets rank the Pavillon cuisine with that to be found in the four or five native French restaurants which strive to perpetuate the great traditions of that country's cookery—Parisian establishments like Lapérouse, La Cremaillère, Armenonville, La Tour d'Argent, and that inner temple of gastronomy, the late Fernand Point's Pyramide in Vienne.

Henri Soulé shrugs off such comparisons. "We are too big here, with room for a hundred and fifty diners at one time, to fit the pattern of the *grande cuisine*. We are a business—we buy and sell, and we are happy to please our good customers and pay our bills. Here in America, we have many fine products to work with, but we lack the ingredients that go into some of the distinctive French dishes—Dover sole, lake char, red mullet, *langouste*, the force-fed chickens of Bresse and tree-ripened fruits. On the other hand, Europe cannot match our beef or dairy products."

Henri Soulé's best, though it might not have met the standards of Escoffier, is superlative enough to have earned him the Legion d'Honneur, considerable fame and some fortune in his adopted land, and a devoted clientele of thousands of the world's most eclectic diners-out.

He comes by his profession naturally. A Gascon, Soulé was born in the small town of Saubrigues-Landes, not far from Bayonne, in that southwestern corner of France famous for Henry IV, its hams and goose liver, the Three Musketeers and some of the world's finest chefs. Son of a local contractor-carpenter, Henri left school when he was fourteen and worked for two years as a busboy in Biarritz's Hotel Continental. About the time the First World War ended, young Soulé went to Paris to seek his fortune. Starting as a waiter at the Claridge, he became the youngest restaurant captain in Paris when he was promoted to the job at the Mirabeau at the age of twenty-two. After an eighteen-month stretch in the French Army, Soulé returned to Paris and worked at La Cremaillère, Café de Paris, Armenonville, Pré Catalan, Fouquet's—a fair cross-section of the city's best eating places.

When Jean Drouant, president of the French restaurateurs, was appointed to run the French exhibit at the New York World's Fair in 1939, he chose Soulé as the manager of the restaurant in the Pavillon Français. Following the first season at the fair, Soulé and the French staff of the restaurant went home and joined up in what was then known as the phony war. After a winter of parade-ground marching in Bordeaux, the thirty-seven-year-old Soulé and the older members of the Pavillon Français staff were ordered back to New York for the fair's second season. Soulé left France in April, 1940—just a week before the Germans hit the Maginot Line; when he bade his wife good-by, in Paris, it was the last word Soulé was to have from her for four years.

The end of the second fair season found France fallen and Soulé and his twenty-eight "boys" stranded in New York. After a year of frustration, Soulé managed to get working visas for those of his crew who had elected to remain here—all of them have since become American citizens—and to find a suitable location for a new restaurant. With his savings and the help of two silent partners—wealthy, former patrons at the Pavillon Français—Soulé opened Le Pavillon on October 15, 1941. The restaurant was a success from the start and Soulé was able to liquidate his partners' interest several years later. Le Pavillon is now a Soulé-held corporation, grossing close to $1,000,000 a year.

The entrance to Le Pavillon is a revolving door on the side of a seventeen-story building on the corner of Fifth Avenue and 55th Street, in the center of New York's fashionable restaurant, hotel and night-club district. The front of the green marquee bears the name of the restaurant, the side facing Fifth Avenue that of its owner. The double identification is particularly appropriate in the case of Le Pavillon for the restaurant and Henri Soulé are inseparable entities.

At fifty-three, Henri Soulé is approaching the spheroid. When his bathroom scale tops the 210-pound mark, a recurring situation, he trims down the one substantial meal he allows himself each day. An inordinately active man who breakfasts on fruit juice and lunches on a salad or an omelet, Soulé's inflationary tendencies are best explained by the very propinquity of the rich and splendid fare he dispenses.

Soulé's manner as he greets his guests—during the average five-hour evening dining period he will know the names, backgrounds and culinary preferences of 95 per cent of his customers—is gracious but restrained. The smile, the half bow and the murmured greeting suggest that it is only decorum which discourages a warmer welcome. Soulé's brown eyes, deep-set in his round and unlined face, vary the temperature of this greeting; with intimates and regular customers they can be warm and sparkling, for strangers who appear for dinner dressed in sport clothes and without reservations, they can be glacial.

The gastronomic pilgrim's progress beyond Le Pavillon's revolving door can be as varied as the greeting. The restaurant has three dining areas. A wide corridor lined with banquettes and tables and ornamented with the cold buffet lies immediately behind the door; this space is known as the Bar, after the fixture it once contained. To the left of the Bar is the New Room, which now contains the bar and a dozen or so tables. To the rear of the Bar area is the main dining room, called the *Salle*.

The subdued elegance of Le Pavillon's décor—green carpeting, French-gray walls, coral-colored wall sconces, cherry-red banquettes and a profusion of vases filled with long-stemmed red roses—is the same throughout the restaurant, but the three dining areas are separate and distinct provinces to the staff and to Le Pavillon regulars. The main *Salle*, being the farthest from the door and the quietest, is the refuge for those who want to talk over a big deal or swap bits of Social Register gossip. The New Room, facing the Bar and with a prospect of the entrance, is for the more gregarious.

The Bar, being nearest the door and the scene of most traffic, is a choice location. There are Pavillon regulars who would consider it a mortal affront if they were placed anywhere but at one of the Bar's half dozen tables. There are also customers who are placed at Bar tables as a mark of respect for their accomplishments or their social position or in recognition of their seniority among Le Pavillon's 5000 active charge accounts. The Duke and the Duchess of Windsor hold a permanent priority on one of the Bar's corner tables which faces the door. Soulé tells the story of the matron who was so anxious to have that particular table for a small dinner party that she reserved it six weeks in advance.

"I told madame," relates Soulé, "that she could have the table if the Duke and the Duchess didn't want it that evening. As the Windsors had been in Europe for months, this seemed like a fairly certain arrangement. On the day of her reservation the lady called me up, very troubled. She had just seen in the paper that the Windsors had arrived in the States that morning. I told her that I had heard nothing—that my promise still held. Later that day the Duchess called with a reservation and when the other lady and her guests arrived that evening, the Windsors were at their regular table. I gave the lady and her party a table in the opposite corner. She was stricken, but bore up bravely."

Cole Porter, who reportedly refuses to eat anywhere but Le Pavillon, has what amounts to a vested interest in one of the Bar tables, and Madame Ruby Schinasi, sociable widow of a tobacco magnate, has staked out the small table nearest the door. Former ambassador Joseph P. Kennedy and his son, John, the senator, are usually found at a Bar table when they appear at Le Pavillon, as are Gloria Vanderbilt, Salvador Dali, Fleur Cowles, Col. Sosthenes Behn, Marlene Dietrich, Elsa Maxwell, Harvey Firestone, Jr., Henry Ford II, the Duchess of Marlborough, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Miller, Victor Borge, the Marquis of Milford Haven, Hedy Lamarr, Ed Sullivan, Mainbocher and a few dozen other hungry and affluent notables. Elder statesman Bernard Baruch, who doesn't care where he sits—though he does have a predilection for large minute steaks, rare—is usually placed at a Bar table to expedite the movement of friends who want to say hello to him.

Assigning Le Pavillon's fifty-five tables among the 400 to 500 patrons who dine at the restaurant daily—70 per cent of them have reservations—is a strategic exercise which draws upon the lessons and recollections of Henri Soulé's thirty-five years of catering to the international set. Before each luncheon or dinner period Soulé spends thoughtful intervals studying his reservation register, organizing his seating arrangements with great care. Patrons' preferences, the current state of social relations between customers, priorities and prerogatives and the tactical alignment of the waiter teams and the captains demand frequent reshuffling of the seating arrangements as last-minute reservations come in.

By H-hour—12:30 for luncheon and 6:30 for dinner—Soulé has what he considers the best seating order memorized; from then on, he improvises upon the theme of how to say No, Yes and Maybe in two languages.

The small area between Le Pavillon's revolving door and the entrance to the main *Salle* serves as a command post for Henri Soulé. He is in continual, restless movement—greeting and speeding his guests, surveying the three dining areas, watching the traffic to and from the pantry, taking calls on the phone at the end of the Bar, checking details of the service, giving quiet, staccato commands in French to the hovering captains, and occasionally taking over the service of a special dish. To Soulé these hours are the most stimulating of his life.

"I feel I am one with not only our good customers but with the people who staff Le Pavillon; we are all trying to do a single job as well as we can. If it were physically

(*Continued on Page 141*)

Commuter's Sentence

By ANITA RASKIN

A train, an April rain and thou,
Arrived to sit beside me now.
Ah, would, my seat mate, we'd not met
In such a soggy tête-à-tête.
Not soon shall I forget the slosh
Of your proximitous galosh
And wet umbrella cozily
Alean on my reluctant knee,
Nor yet your hat brim's sodden deck
Directing droplets down my neck.

I'll be, before this journey's through,
Adrip like you.

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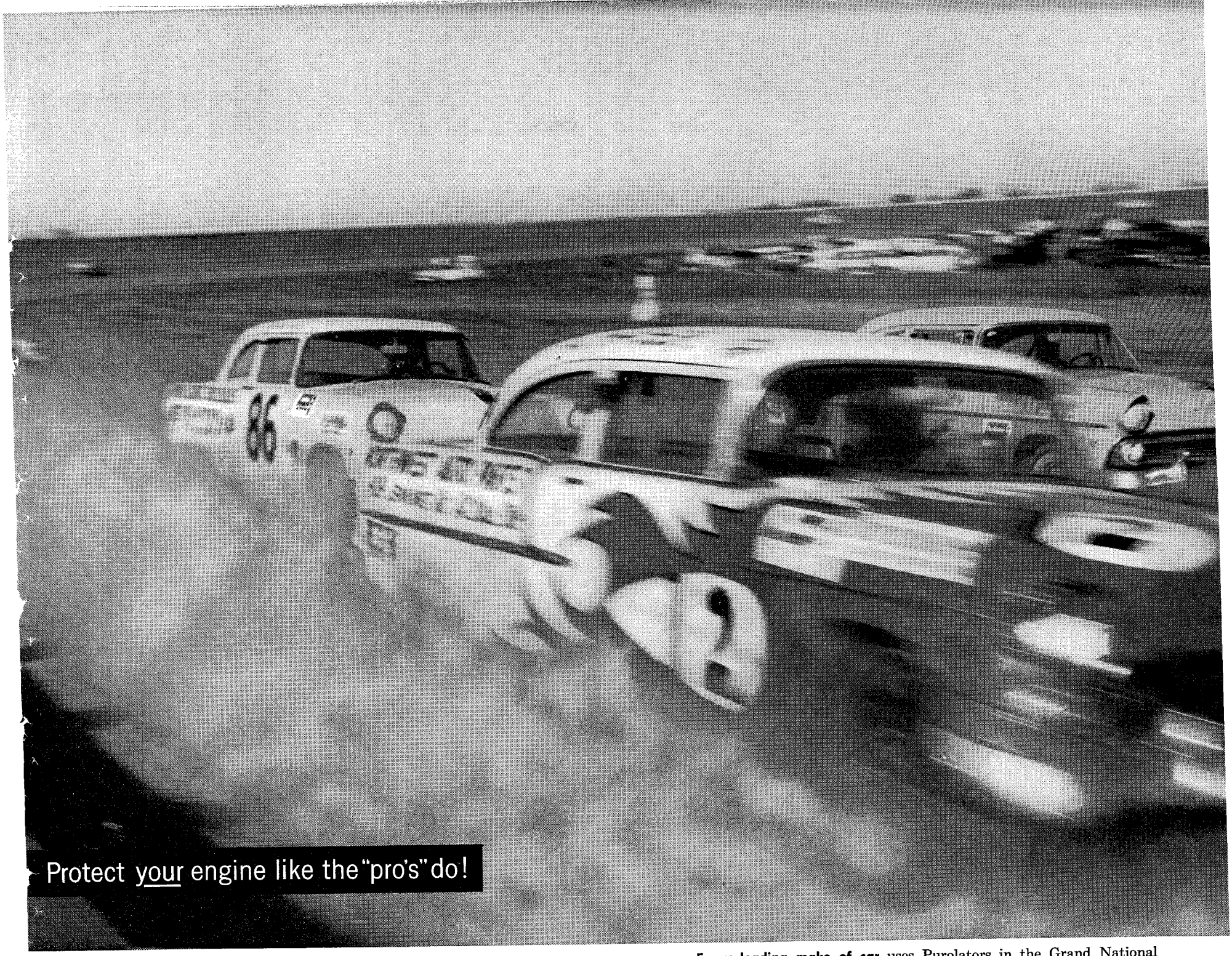

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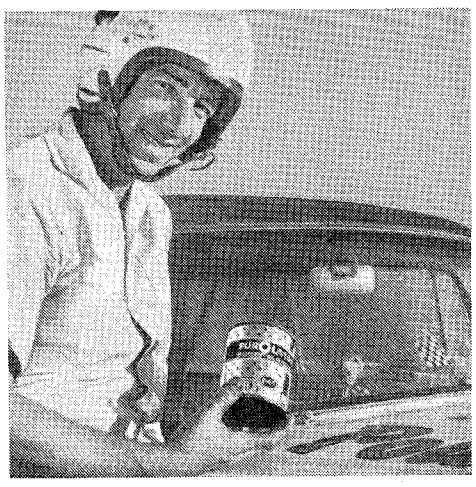

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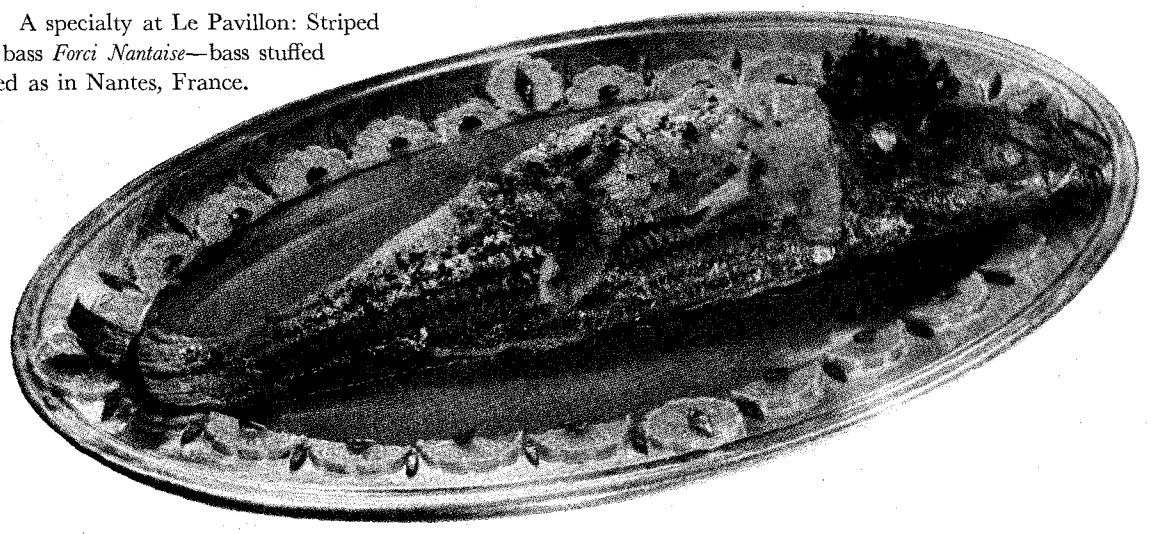


A specialty at Le Pavillon: Striped sea bass *Forci Nantaise*—bass stuffed and served as in Nantes, France.

(*Continued from Page 138*) possible, I would be happy doing that twenty-four hours a day."

Soulé's energy and his implacable standards have welded the restaurant's eighty-five employees into a well-integrated team. The dining-floor contingent consists of Martin Decre, who takes over Soulé's role during the proprietor's rare absences, and six other captains. Ten two-man waiter teams serve under the captains, each team being assigned four to six tables. All captains and waiters at Le Pavillon are at least bilingual—some of them throw in a third or fourth language for good measure.

The kitchen of Le Pavillon lies twenty-one steps below the pantry. This is the domain of a thirty-two-year-old Americanized Frenchman named Pierre Franey, the restaurant's *chef de cuisine*. Pierre was a seventeen-year-old *poissonnier*, or fish cook, at Drouant's in Paris when Soulé brought him to this country as part of the kitchen staff of the restaurant of the French Pavillon. Franey worked himself up through the ranks of Le Pavillon kitchen, becoming successively *rotisseur*, *entremetier*—who prepares soups, vegetables and egg dishes—and finally *saucier*, top man in a French kitchen's hot-stove league. Two years ago Franey became chef, or head cook, and he now commands a staff of forty-two kitchen employees, ranging from the skilled *sauciers* to the dishwashers. Franey hires and fires his own staff and is solely responsible for food preparation at Le Pavillon.

"Sometimes we coast along. At noon there will be just routine jobs and time to have a glass of wine or a can of beer. At twelve-thirty, there may be a hundred and fifty luncheon guests up there—each one wanting something different. At times like that, each man has to know his job and work twice as fast as he can. And we can't make mistakes here—Mr. Soulé, he knows when anything goes wrong."

Pierre, who earns the salary of a junior corporation executive, commands a kitchen which is a large basement room. To the right of the waiter as he descends the stairs from the dining floor is the dishwashing area, then the bakery and finally the door to the air-conditioned wine cellar. Ranged along the left side of the main room is, first, the salad stand, then a long bank of broilers and gas-fired stoves and, finally, the door to the meat room.

Down the center of the main working area runs a long worktable and a steam counter for warming plates; at the rear are the doors of several walk-in refrigerators. Overhead hang rows of tin-lined copper pots—all of them for use and none for decoration.

Though the kitchen area is clean it lacks that immaculate appearance which has come to be associated with operating rooms and many of the commercial kitchens which mass-produce the world's most easily forgotten me[illegible]. There is not a white tile to be seen; but in the meat-room refrigerator, cool and frosty, stand the forty quarts of heavy cream and the fifty pounds of sweet butter which enrich each day's dishes.

The working methods of Franey's white-aproned task force have some of the dramatic quality common to every operation which is primarily a race against time. Though certain basic ingredients can be prepared beforehand—salad dressing can be mixed, potatoes puréed, beans cut and washed, and perhaps a few roast chickens or a saddle of lamb can be started—all Le Pavillon cooking is to individual order. Franey and his staff start this mouth-watering operation when a waiter hands Pierre a small slip—on which a captain or a waiter has scribbled the order. A typical slip may read:

2 Shrimp ckt.
2 lobster

4 Petite Marmite

2 Poularde Mascotte
1 steak grille medium pour 2

2 Haricot vert au beurre
2 Pomme soufflé
Soufflé Grand Marnier 4

On this order Franey ignores the shrimp and lobster cocktails—the waiter will pick those up at the salad counter. Rearing back somewhat like a train announcer, Pierre intones: "*Envoyez le marmite*, four . . . *un volaille Mascotte pour deux on commande . . . gardemanger* (to the butcher) *on passera un steak pour deux a griller . . . deux haricots vert au beurre . . . deux pommes soufflées . . . un soufflé Grand Marnier pour quatre.*"

Such an announcement—usually in French, but sometimes half-French, half-English—is greeted by grunts and calls of acknowledgment from various parts of the kitchen. Meanwhile, Franey has spiked the slip on a large board and has accepted another slip, which he reads off. At times there may be thirty or forty order slips spiked and in process and, to the layman, the kitchen is a confused whirlpool of copper pots, cooks, waiters, kitchen help, ice buckets, bottles and bilingual demands from the range for more of this or more of that.

There is rarely a lost motion at such times—a quick glance into the broiler, the purposeful shaking of a sizzling pot on a red-hot stove lid or the quick, single-fingered dab of the *saucier* as he samples his sauce being the only indications that perfectionists are at work. Through it all, Franey moves calmly up and down before the work counter, reading the orders, watching the action on all fronts, giving a suggestion here and lending a hand there.

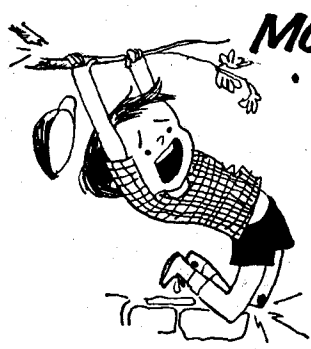
Pierre Franey, undoubtedly one of the best cooks ever to wear an American Army uniform, flunked out of the GI Cooks' and Bakers' School—he insisted on using the wrong grip on a knife steel—and finally found himself a machine gunner with an infantry battalion during the Battle of the Bulge. Franey married a hotelman's daughter shortly after the war and now has two young daughters. His only objection to his work is that the hours—roughly nine to nine—give him little time with his family. When he does get home in the evening, Franey follows the fine old tradition of many French chefs and prepares his favorite dish. The recipe? Cut a generous slice from a loaf of brown bread. Spread liberally with liverwurst—"the kind you get in the chain store." Open a bottle of beer. Take off your shoes. Nothing like it, says M. Franey.

At the farthest end of the Pavillon kitchen is a small door which separates two worlds—on one side the hot and noisy labors of the kitchen and on the other the air-conditioned hush of the restaurant's wine cellar. Aimé Thelin, gray-haired and with a good vintage color in his cheeks, is monarch of this subterranean kingdom; census of his stock would usually reveal some 45,000 bottles of good-to-excellent wine plus the usual supply of hard liquors for the bar.

A trip through the two cavernous rooms which hold the Pavillon cellar is far more profitable to the connoisseur than to the average diner-out, who would probably enjoy a Pouilly Fuisse if he dared to pronounce it. Thelin is particularly proud of the restaurant's 2000-bottle share of the complete bottling of Hospice de Beaune '49. Each bottle of this fine Burgundy is numbered; the total of 3000 bottles was divided among Le Pavillon, the Pyramide in Vienne and the Hôtel de la Côte-d'Or in Saulieu.

Though much of the Pavillon's wine stock comes through the usual commercial channels, Soulé's favorites are frequently wines he has sampled and purchased during his biennial trips to France. A believer of the axiom that the merchant makes his money when he buys and not when he sells, Soulé ferrets out the wines he considers the best for his purposes and buys in quantity lots. Madame Soulé, who divides her time between the couple's Park Avenue apartment and her mother's home in Paris, usually accompanies her husband on these pleasantly bibulous junkets. During his most recent journey back to the old country—a two months' trip last spring—Soulé bought a total of 1100 cases.

Most of Soulé's provisioning is done with an eye for quality rather than price. He is convinced that his "good patrons" are the world's most knowledgeable



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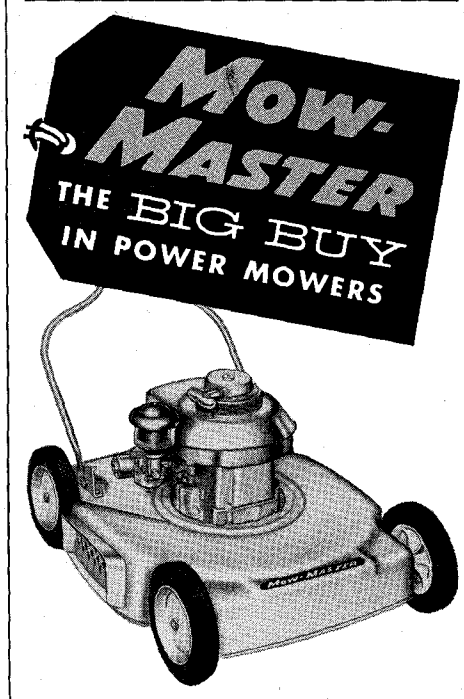

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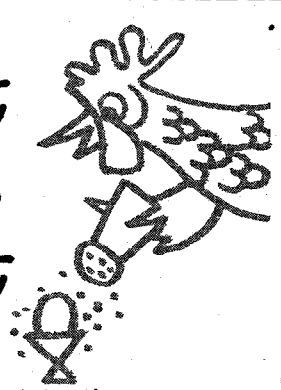

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diners-out and he knows that no fine restaurant can survive many disappointing meals.

The economics of the Pavillon supply system are particularly revealing when they are applied to a single familiar item. Let us take a steak. Soulé, for some years, has bought all his beef and lamb and much of his veal from a century-old meat purveyor, Ottman & Company, in lower Manhattan. Ottman, which specializes in supplying clubs, steamship lines and fine restaurants, chooses what it considers the finest meats on the market. After it is butchered into wholesale cuts, the meat is hung in refrigerator rooms, where it is divided according to its quality. Significantly, shortly after the last war all beef was upgraded one notch so that much of what the experts formerly considered choice is now called prime. Most of the trade, the Ottman staff among them, now classify three grades of prime beef—A, AA and AAA.

Soulé visits the Ottman plant about once every ten days. He usually pauses for a little trade talk with the two Ottman sons and the company's general manager, Jim Smith. The group then struggle into overcoats and long white jackets, and move into the polar atmosphere of the meat rooms. Soulé walks slowly down a long rack holding, perhaps, 100 short loins or shells of beef. Each short loin, which comes from the middle back just behind the ribs, weighs from forty to sixty pounds and contains what are commonly known as porterhouse, T-bone and club steaks. Restaurateurs group these as sirloin and refer to the filet mignon, which lies within the inside curve of the shell, as the tenderloin.

Soulé does everything but taste these short loins as he passes them in review. The texture marbleization, the fat cover and its color, the color of the meat, the smell and the configuration of the shell are all assessed. From a dozen AAA loins, one or two may pass this test. A metal tag with the initials H.S. is attached to the selected shells and Soulé moves on to, perhaps, the rib roasts.

Each of the short loins is delivered at a cost, to Soulé, of $1.55 a pound. In the restaurant's meat room the bone, the fat, the flank meat and one or two of the short end steaks are knifed out. The end steaks can be used for braised beef, but the rest is waste. What is left of the loin is cut into approximately six double or twelve single, one-and-a-quarter-pound, boneless steaks. Soulé figures that each one of these single steaks costs him about $3.50 before his staff begins to cook it. Le Pavillon lists such steaks at $7.50. Soulé is glad that steaks are a relatively minor part of a French restaurant's cuisine, because he finds he can't make any money on them.

The shopping tours at Ottman & Company are duplicated, with variations, at Tingaud's, a mid-Manhattan food outlet where Soulé buys his chickens, the visceral dainties such as sweetbreads and tripe, and some of his veal; and at Lucien Prince Company, who face the formidable task of satisfying Soulé with the fruits of the sea. Le Pavillon's vegetables are supplied by two retailers—and at retail prices. Flowers represent another sizable item on the shopping list—Le Pavillon buys $20,000 worth of long-stemmed red roses every year.

"Le Pavillon," says Soulé stanchly, "is AAA—absolutely legitimate. I am there to control everybody and everybody controls me. The lawyer, the outside auditor, controller John Trump, Soulé, the captain, the waiter—everyone answers to someone else. We balance our books once a month, and if there is a penny missing, an orange that can't be accounted for, we must discover where it is before we close the books. Is it any wonder that I often wake at five in the morning thinking about Le Pavillon?"

If this is a wonder, a greater one is Soulé's new enterprise—a country version of Le Pavillon which operates during the several summer months the Manhattan restaurant is closed. For some years the Soulés have vacationed at a home they own at Montauk, on the end of Long Island. Two years ago this enforced inactivity palled, and Soulé bought an eighteen-room inn at East Hampton, one of the fashionable villages strung along the South Shore.

... ...

Spring Sounds

By SYLVIA AUXIER

Earth is a taut primordial
drum;
Spring with practiced finger
and thumb
Sounds the shape of things to
come:

Peepers in the swamp's
morass
Shrill prophecies that come
to pass
In green persistent spears of
grass;

Birds reclaim their ancient
fief
With utterances bright
and brief,
Shaped to the petal and the
leaf;

And brooks that scurry,
seaward bound,
Purr the devious slope and
sound
Of curled roots stirring
underground.

And if I had no eyes to see
The shape of all things that
will be,
Spring sounds would
sculpture them for me.

... ...

The Hedges serves 100 guests inside and 120 on its terraces, and has rooms for a few Pavillon regulars who want to be close to the source of supply. Food, wines, menus and cooking are the same as Le Pavillon offers—half the city staff accompanies Soulé to The Hedges—though the atmosphere is less formal.

Soulé has all sorts of reasons for acquiring The Hedges and making an already taxing schedule a year-round program. The Hedges gives some of his staff summer employment in pleasant surroundings, it rescues a large slice of Le Pavillon's vacationing clientele, who, presumably, would otherwise have starved amidst the estates and villas of the South Shore; it was a means of preserving intact the 100-year-old inn and its furnishings. Soulé, in ticking off the reasons for his purchase of The Hedges, is apt to flounder a bit at this point; actually, as his staff and his patrons know, Henri Soulé just couldn't face the prospect of two long and empty months without a restaurant to run. THE END

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I Love You, Mama Girl (Continued from Page 53)

"Sure he did, because he knew that if you weren't, I couldn't be either. He did it for me."

"He wrote the music for the play."

"He did that for me too. I feel absolutely disgraced. I'm afraid to face anybody. Well, I guess I'm just not cut out to be an actress, that's all. I guess I'm just not somebody who can be famous, that's all. God knows, I tried. I worked. I worked very hard, night and day. For weeks and weeks I've lived nothing but this play and my part. For what? To make a public fool of myself, that's all."

There was a very soft knock on the door. Mama Girl looked at herself in the mirror, and then something happened to her face. She stopped looking mad. She opened the door, and it was Gladys Dubarry, holding a big bunch of red roses.

"I knocked as softly as I could," Gladys said. "Can I come in?"

"Oh, Gladys," Mama Girl said. "I had no idea you were in Philadelphia. Please come in."

Gladys stepped into the small room. She held the roses out to Mama Girl. They embraced quickly, and then Gladys gave me a hug, and the three of us just stood there. We didn't say anything, and then at last Gladys said, "I don't know what to say."

"Don't say anything," Mama Girl said. "Would you like a drink? I would."

Mama Girl got the bottle and poured one for Gladys and another for herself. Mama Girl was about to gulp hers down when Gladys held hers out. They touched glasses, and Gladys said, "To my best friend."

"Some friend!" Mama Girl said. "I've been treating you like a dog. I only hope your marriage is O.K., because that's the only thing that counts."

"It *really* is, isn't it?" Gladys said.

There was another knock on the door, and it was Mr. Mungo.

"We're having a meeting on stage in five minutes," he said.

"O.K.," Mama Girl said.

We took off our make-up and our costumes, and put on our street clothes.

Gladys said, "We're at the Penn Central. Please call us when you get home."

"We're there too," I said.

"I know," Gladys said. "That's why we went there."

She and Mama Girl embraced quickly once more, and then Gladys went off.

"She's a real friend," Mama Girl said. "A real friend."

We went on stage. The curtain was up, the auditorium was empty, only a little light was on the stage, and everybody was there. We knew how everybody felt too. We stood with the other members of the cast and waited. At last Mike McClatchey stepped forward.

"Thank you very much, ladies and gentlemen," he said. "We have opened on schedule, and we have given our first performance. As professionals, that is all we have been *obliged* to do. Tomorrow evening we give our second performance. No matter what the critics say of the play or of the performances, I know each of you will perform your part to the best of your ability. If the auditorium is half empty, if there are only three people out there, we will give the best performance we know how. That is the reason we have a rehearsal onstage at one o'clock tomorrow afternoon. Thank you again, and good night."

Mama Girl and I walked away with the other members of the cast. Going down the backstage stairs, Mama Girl stumbled, but she didn't fall.

We walked for two blocks. I held onto her real tight. I waved at a taxi and the driver drew up and opened the door. I helped Mama Girl in, and I helped her out and up to our room. We got undressed and then we got into our beds.

"I'd like to go to sleep and never wake up," Mama Girl said.

I listened to her in the dark until I knew she was asleep. Then I went to the phone and called Gladys.

"We've gone to sleep," I said. "We're both very tired."

I asked the hotel operator not to ring our phone until ten in the morning. I got back in bed and went to sleep.

At ten in the morning the telephone rang and Mama Girl sat up in bed as if she had been struck by lightning. She shook her head, and then she got out of bed and answered the phone. Then she just stood there, trying to remember, or maybe not to.

At last she telephoned Room Service and asked for coffee for her, and boiled eggs and chocolate and toast for me, and the newspapers.

When the waiter came up with the table, she poured coffee into a cup and began to drink. She opened one of the papers and read the review, and then she opened the other one and read the review in that one too.

She fixed the boiled eggs with salt and butter for me, and then she said, "They don't like the play."

"What do they know about anything?" I said.

At one o'clock we were onstage. Emerson Tully said, "I know we've all read the reviews and don't feel very much like working, but suppose we get to work just the same? Act One, then."

We began to work, and this time—for the *first* time—we *really* worked. We did little things over and over, because now Emerson and Mike and Miss Cranshaw knew where we had made mistakes.

When it was curtain time and I was onstage, I could tell there weren't many people in the theater. When the curtain went up I saw that the orchestra was less than half full, but the balcony was packed. Those are the seats that don't cost so much. The people in the orchestra didn't like the play, but the people in the balcony did. Everybody in the play worked well—much better than the night before—and we had at least as much applause at the end of the play as we'd had from a packed house the night before. Mr. Mungo and Mrs. Cole and Mama Girl and I took our special bow again.

The third night there were even fewer people in the orchestra, but again the balcony was packed, and the performance was the best yet. I did things on purpose in a way that seemed to be the right way, and so did everybody else, especially Mama Girl. The applause at the end of the play was the best so far, and the four of us took two bows instead of one. On the bulletin board was a message that said rehearsal would be at ten the next morning. Everybody was still *trying*, anyhow.

On Saturday at the matinee the orchestra was packed with women, and it was packed again at the evening performance, with men and women. There was a meeting onstage afterward, and Mike McClatchey said, "We have come through the first week safely. The play gets better with every performance, but we are still far from home. Considering the reviews, the attendance has been quite good."

Mama Girl and I walked home. At the hotel we bought the Sunday papers because Mama Girl said there might be

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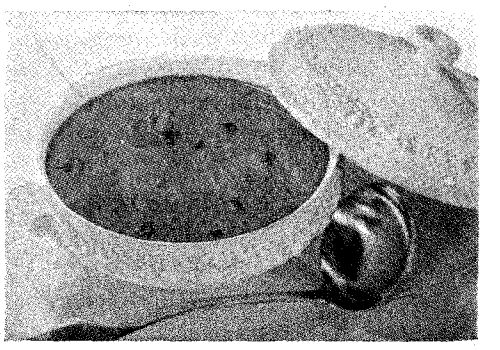

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PREAM

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second reviews of the play, but there weren't.

Monday evening the orchestra was less than half full, and for the first time so was the balcony. After the performance Mike McClatchey came to our dressing room, and after a few minutes he said, "I'm afraid we're going to have to close."

"I'm sorry, Mike," Mama Girl said. "I'm terribly sorry."

"I had counted on second reviews in the Sunday papers," he said, "and better attendance this week, but there it is—no money at the box office and no money anywhere else."

"What about the backers?"

"They saw the first performance, they read the reviews, and they went back to New York. I've been on the phone every day with a lot of them, but they just don't see it."

"Mike," Mama Girl said, "please don't misunderstand my saying this. I think if you were to get a name actress to play my part, matters would be a lot different."

"I could have had a name actress from the beginning," Mike said. "I wanted you."

"I haven't done the play any good. I've tried, and I'm going to go on trying, but let's face it, Mike, I'm not much of an actress."

"I've heard the same words from great actresses when they've been in a play the critics haven't liked," Mike said.

"If we don't close," Mama Girl said, "if we work hard, if we go to Boston for two weeks, will the play have a chance?"

"Ordinarily, under similar circumstances," Mike said, "I would say no, but with this play and this cast, I must say yes. On the stage, even now, the play is a good play, but a play happens to an audience. We know we've failed with our audiences, but we haven't failed with everybody in every audience. We've all learned a lot, and we keep learning. The fact is that all we really need now is more money."

"How much do we need?"

"Oh, about twenty-five thousand, I'm afraid."

"That's a lot of money."

"Only when you need it and haven't got it," Mike said. "I'm still trying, of course. I haven't told anybody else we're closing, but I think they know anyway. Good night, both of you."

We took a taxi home, and there in the lobby were Gladys and Hobart.

"We've been waiting for you," Gladys said. "Let's go have a lot of ice cream. I'm on an ice-cream kick now. Last week it was caviar."

We went to the dining room of the hotel, and each of us had a banana split. Gladys wanted to know how the play was going, and Mama Girl told her the truth.

"We've both seen it three times," Hobart said, "and we've liked it better each time."

"Excuse me a minute," Gladys said suddenly.

She got up and left the dining room. She was gone about five minutes. Then, a few minutes later, Mike McClatchey came to the table and sat down.

"I want to invest in the play," Gladys said.

"That's very kind of you," Mike said, "but I'm afraid nobody else does, and the play needs about twenty-five thousand dollars."

"I'd like to invest that much," Gladys said.

Mike McClatchey seemed confused. He had just met Gladys for the first time, and he didn't know what to make of her.

"I don't believe you," Mike laughed.

"I'll phone my lawyer tonight," Gladys said. "He'll be here tomorrow morning, and you and he can work out the details."

"They call backers of plays angels," Mike said, "but you're the first one I've ever met who looks like one, and, what's more, acts like one."

"I didn't used to," Gladys laughed. "It's just lately, since my marriage."

"Of course, if the play's a hit, as I expect it to be," Mike said, "you stand to earn a fortune from your investment."

"I've always *had* a fortune," Gladys laughed, "but never before the kind I have now."

"Oh?" Mike said.

"Yes," Gladys said. "I'm going to become a mother."

"I might add," Hobart said, "that when *she* becomes a mother, I become a father."

We all laughed and ate ice cream and talked and talked, and then Mama Girl said, "We've got to get to bed."

The next evening we gave the best performance of all. Gladys and Hobart came backstage after the performance, and then there was a meeting onstage.

Mike McClatchey introduced Gladys and Hobart, and then he said, "The play goes to Boston for two weeks on schedule. It opens in New York at the Belasco on schedule."

On Saturday night after our last performance in Philadelphia, we all went straight from the theater to the train, and on Sunday we were in Boston.

Miss Cranshaw, Mama Girl, and I went to church in Boston on Sunday morning. We went back to the hotel after church, and there in the lobby was Gladys.

"Hobart had to stay in New York," she said, "but he's flying up soon."

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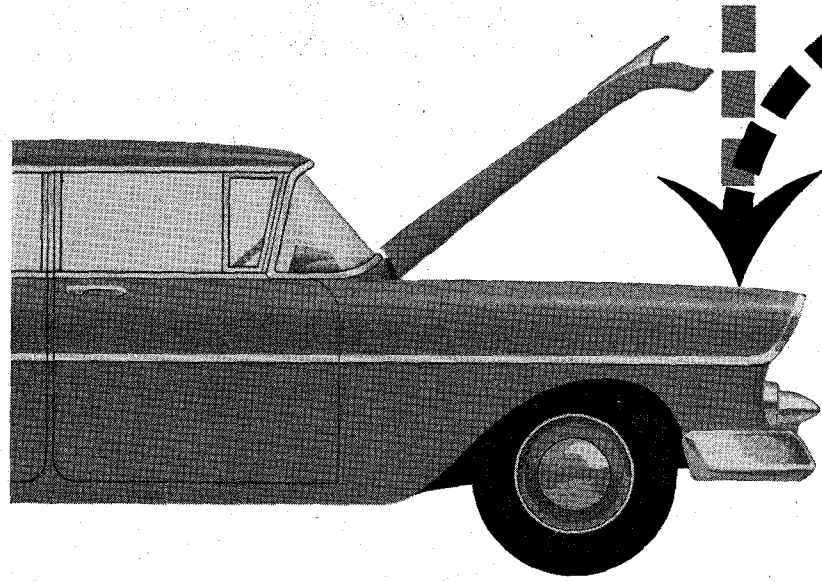

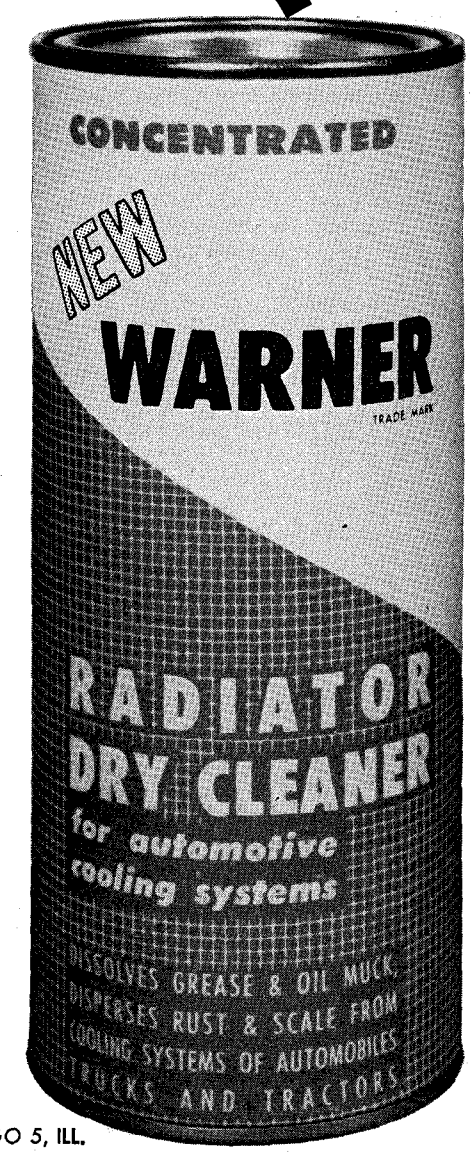

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We had lunch, and then walked to the Globe for rehearsal at two o'clock. Gladys sat out front with a pad and a pencil, to make notes. Mike walked up and down the center aisle, watching and thinking. Emerson Tully was all over the place. Sometimes he was onstage, sometimes in the orchestra, sometimes in the balcony. We never knew where he was going to be. All of a sudden we would hear his voice from far away.

"Hold it," he would say. "I can't hear you up here. Everybody please remember that this is a large theater, and so is the Belasco in New York. Our best friends are up here, so let's be sure they hear us."

We took a break at five for half an hour, and Gladys read her notes about the play to Emerson, Mike, Miss Cranshaw, Oscar, Joe Trapp, Mama Girl and me. Her notes were very sensible. Emerson himself said so.

"If this play fails now," Mama Girl said, "I'll never forgive myself, because you've got a fortune in it."

"It's not going to fail," Gladys said. "Neither is my marriage—*now*."

"Of course not," Mama Girl said. "Why should it?"

"It shouldn't," Gladys said, "but it was *about* to—until I got a lot of help. Everybody *needs* a lot of help, and nobody ought to be unwilling to accept it."

"Well, I didn't help you any," Mama Girl said. "Who did?"

"Oh, yes, you did," Gladys said. "I didn't *know* you did at first, but later I did."

"Well, all right if you say so," Mama Girl said. "Who else?"

"Well, Frog."

"Who else?"

"Kate."

"How did Kate help you?"

"First, she let me talk," Gladys said. "Then she took over. She told me I was acting, which she said was the right idea, only I was acting badly, and that was the reason I was having so much trouble. She told me how to act intelligently, and I've been doing it ever since. She told me to go home and be a wife to my husband, so I did. Hobart looked at me as if he were seeing me for the first time, and there wasn't anything silly about it, either. My marriage isn't going to fail because I've decided I don't *want* it to."

"Well," Mama Girl said, "you certainly have grown up awful quickly."

"Haven't *you?*" Gladys said.

"I'm afraid not. I'm working at it, though. And to be perfectly honest, I hate it. It bores me to death."

Gladys looked at Mama Girl, and then they both began to laugh.

"Ah, you're crazy, both of you," I said.

Gladys and Mama Girl laughed happily, and Gladys said, "You'll find out for yourself, Frog. Wait and see."

"I don't need to wait," I said. "I'm grownup right now, and I *like* it."

"Really?" Mama Girl said. "Right now? And you like it?"

"Yes. Right now," I said. "And I like it."

We went onstage and Gladys went back to her seat in the theater. Emerson Tully examined the notes Gladys had made, and we began to rehearse again.

We went through the rest of the play, and then, on Monday morning, we began to go through the whole thing all over again. The Monday rehearsal ended at four o'clock in the afternoon. Everybody was excited and happy and confident.

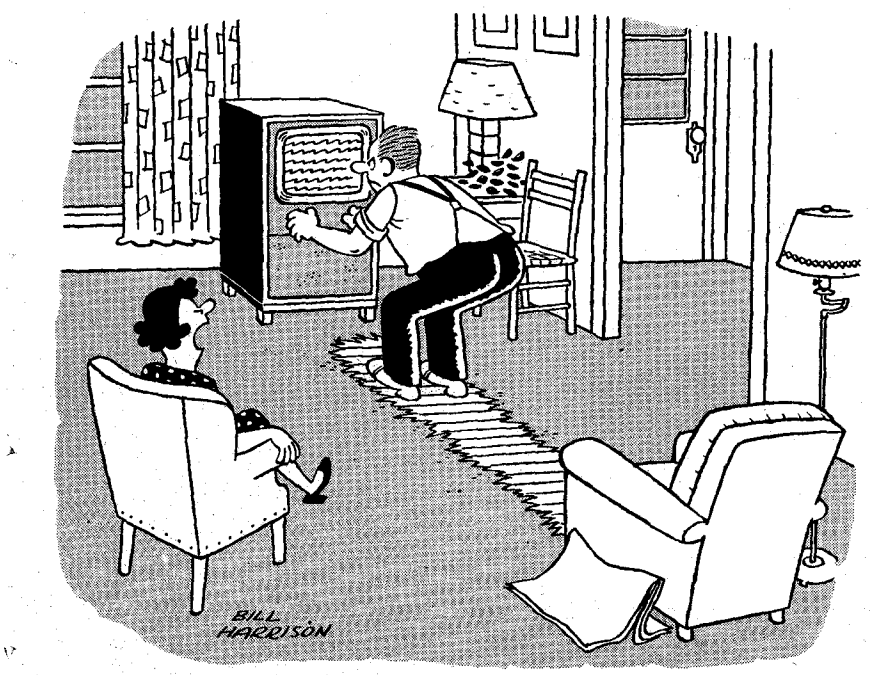
The theater was packed on Monday night, and we did the play. Nobody forgot his lines, nobody did things badly, and the audience was very encouraging. There were a lot of curtain calls, and for the first time Mama Girl and I took separate calls—three of them. After the performance a lot of people from the audience came backstage, and everybody said the play was beautiful. It was like a big family.

Mike McClatchey came to our dressing room, and then Emerson Tully, and Kate Cranshaw, and Oscar Bailey, and Joe Trapp, and Mr. Mungo, and Mrs. Cole. Everybody said Mama Girl and I had really come through. They said that was the reason the audience had liked the play.

The next day Mama Girl read the reviews in the Boston papers. Every review was good. Every review said Mama Girl was great. They said I had a long and difficult part, and did it well, but they said Mama Girl was on her way to being a star, and maybe even a great actress.

After that it was easy for me to play my part every night, and in the afternoons on Wednesdays and Saturdays. It was nothing at all. Even if I said something another way, instead of the way I had *been* saying it, it was all right. It seemed as if I couldn't make a mistake.

Mr. Mungo said to me one night as we were taking (*Continued on Page 147*)



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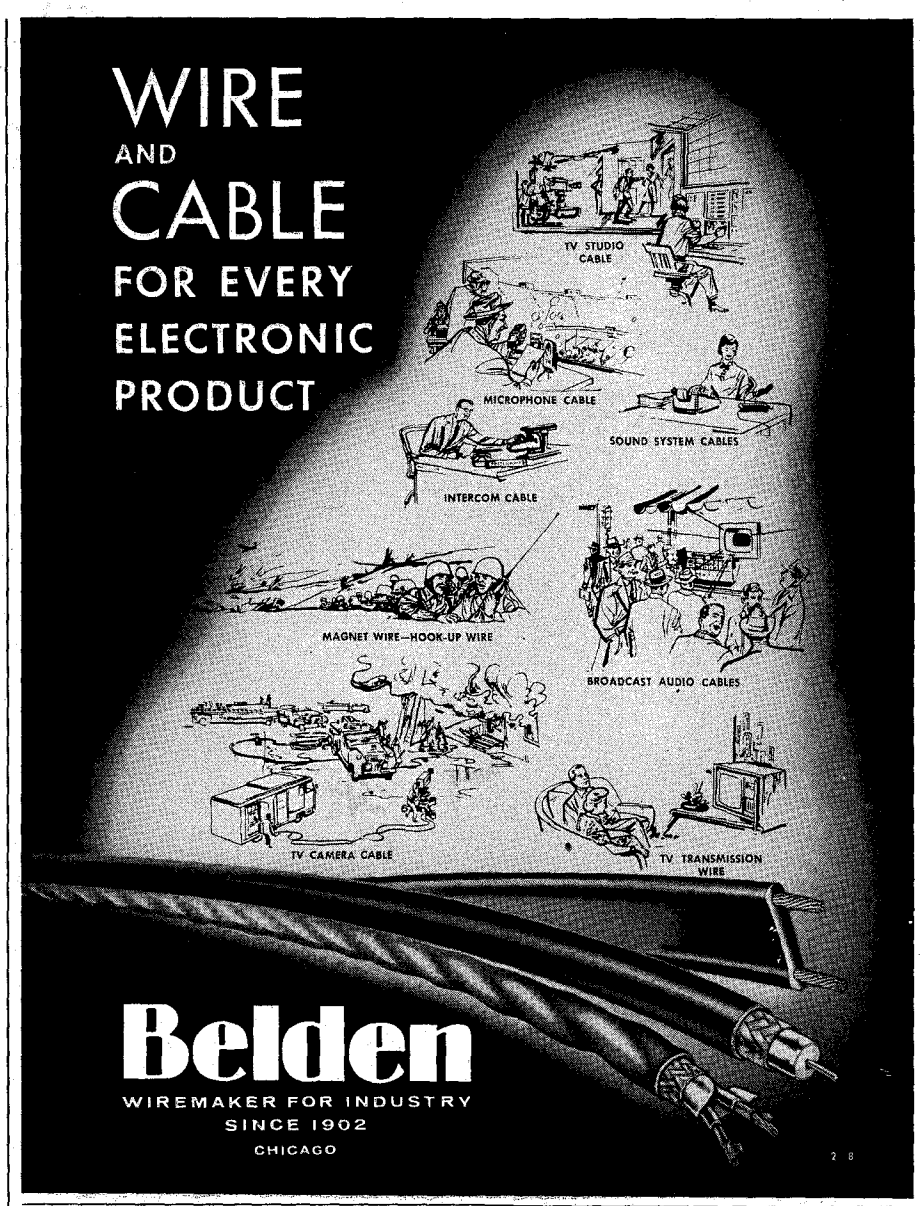

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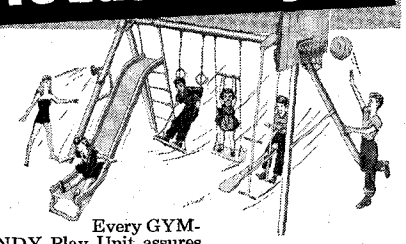

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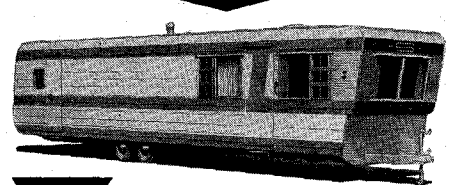

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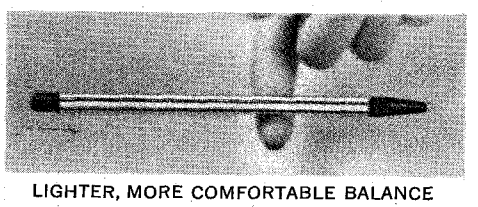

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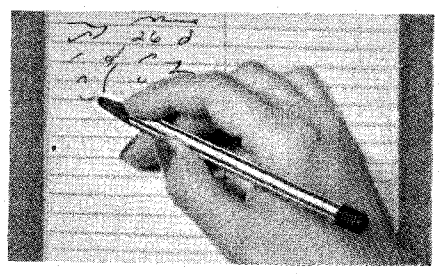

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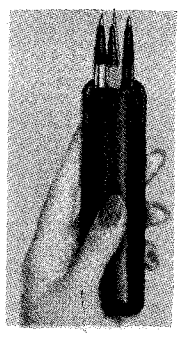

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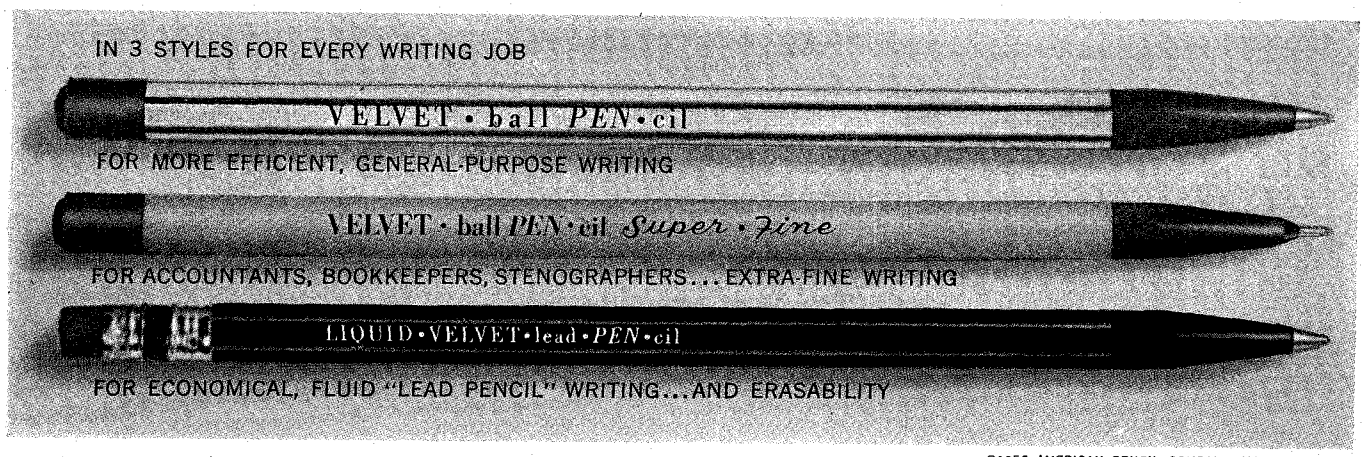
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(*Continued from Page 145*) curtain calls—while the curtain was down—"I could learn a lesson or two from you in the art of acting, Twink."

The next time the curtain was down he said, "You act as if you weren't in a play at all, and I'm going to try to learn to do that too."

The run in Boston was a success. Mama Girl and I were interviewed by a lot of newspaper reporters, and we were asked to go on different radio and television programs—to talk about the play and ourselves and the others connected with the play.

We had only four more performances to give in Boston: Thursday night, Friday night, Saturday matinee and evening, and then it was back to New York for all of us.

Emerson Tully worked all day Friday, from ten in the morning to six in the evening. We ran through the whole play.

"It's our last chance," he said to all of us at ten in the morning. "We'll take it from the beginning, and we'll take our time. The play is getting stronger with every performance, and its values are beginning to be a lot more clearly defined, as they should be."

On Saturday morning Emerson and Mike returned to New York, and that night after the last performance we all went straight from the theater to the train. On Sunday morning we were back in New York.

Mama Girl and I went back to the Julien, but instead of going back to 2109, we took a much bigger room, with two beds in it.

On the train Mama Girl spoke to Miss Cranshaw about that, and Miss Cranshaw said, "The little room has served its purpose, but now you must have a larger room. If the play is a hit, it might be a good idea to move into an apartment somewhere and make a real home."

"If?" Mama Girl said. "Isn't it *going* to be a hit?"

"It has an excellent chance," Miss Cranshaw said, "but, of course, no play is a hit in New York until it opens and has been reviewed. The first New York performance will tell the story. If we give a good performance—if the first-night audience *permits* us to give a good performance, if it *encourages* us to do so—I think the play *will* be a hit. I don't see how it could be anything else. The play has turned out much better than I believed it would. Emerson has done a fine job of creative directing."

"Is there anything more I ought to think about or try to improve?" Mama Girl said.

"Absolutely not," Miss Cranshaw said. "Even if there were, I wouldn't have you trying any more. Of course you will always try, and of course, you *must*, but what I have tried to teach you is to conceal the trying, and you've managed to do that very effectively."

All day Sunday we just loafed in our new room at the Julien, No. 3132. Mama Girl talked on the telephone almost all day. She even called Clara Coolbaw in California. Clara said my goldfish were just fine. She and Mama Girl talked about everything under the sun. Mama Girl told Clara she just had to take an airplane and come to New York. Clara asked Mama Girl to hold the line, and she asked her husband if she could do that, and he said she couldn't, but late in the day Mama Girl received a telegram from her: "Arrive New York one o'clock Monday afternoon. See you at the Julien at two or three. Love." Mama Girl was thrilled, because now her two best friends would be out front to see her on opening night: Gladys Dubarry Tuppence and Clara McGuire Coolbaw. McGuire was Clara's name before she married Sam Coolbaw, who is a real-estate-and-insurance agent.

"You've called everybody in the world," I said. "How about letting me call a few people?"

"Who would you *like* to call?" Mama Girl said.

"You know who."

"Who?"

"My father, that's who."

"Well, all right, Frog," Mama Girl said. "Call your father."

I took the phone and gave the hotel operator my father's number in Paris, and after about half an hour she called back and said there was no answer, should she try again in twenty minutes? I said yes, but there was no answer twenty minutes later, either. She kept trying for a long time, and then Mama Girl said, "Well, I guess they've taken a weekend trip somewhere."

Late on Sunday afternoon Mama Girl and I went out and hired a horse and carriage, with an old man in uniform driving. We drove all around Central Park. It was very expensive, but we didn't care.

"We're entitled to a little luxury," Mama Girl said. "We've worked hard, and tomorrow night we have got to give the best performance of all."

Banquet Bore

By Stephen Schlitzer

The speaker who upsets me as
I wait my turn to talk,
And for whom I feel no
sympathy or love,
Is the fellow who's reminded of
the same delightful story
I was later going to be
reminded of.

The driver of the carriage took us back to the door of the Julien on Fifth Avenue. We got out, Mama Girl paid him, and then she gave him a very big tip—three dollars—he thanked her and we went inside.

There were a lot of phone messages for Mama Girl in the box for 3132, but they weren't important. We went upstairs, and I tried to get my father on the phone in Paris again, but again there was no answer. We had supper in our room, we looked at TV and then I went to bed, but Mama Girl just sat there in the dark, still looking at TV.

I'll never forget the New York opening. The curtain was supposed to go up at eight sharp, but it didn't, because a lot of important people hadn't reached the theater yet, especially two big critics.

Mike McClatchey kept looking through a little hole in the curtain at the audience. He knew where the critics were supposed to sit, but their seats were still empty at a quarter after eight.

"It would be just my bad luck if they'd both been killed in taxi accidents," he said.

Emerson Tully kept walking up and down all alone.

"The expectant father," Kate Cranshaw said, and then Emerson stopped and looked at her as if he hadn't ever seen her before.

Mr. Mungo danced and sang one of his songs from vaudeville long ago.

Mrs. Cole said, "Thank God for one more New York opening night. I haven't felt so young in twenty years. Young and *shattered*."

Mama Girl turned the pages of the program, which is something like a magazine, full of advertisements, and read the notes about the cast.

"We should go up," Mike said, "but we can't. We've got to wait for those two critics."

Emerson went to Mike, and took a peek through the hole in the curtain at the audience.

"They're awfully jittery," he said. "They're jumping around. They look like a bad audience to me."

"Not at all," Mike said. "They're the best audience we could ever hope for."

"They're not interested in the play," Emerson said. "They're interested in themselves."

"Now, stop worrying," Mike said. "I've seen a lot of opening-night audiences, and the time to worry is when you've got a glum, silent one. This audience is just fine."

"They're not interested in the play."

"They haven't seen it yet."

"Well, if we don't go up soon," Emerson said, "they never will. So this is New York. I should have stayed in Toledo."

"Here they are," Mike said.

He waved at the electrician, who pressed a button, and the overture began. Then Mike put his arm around Emerson, and they came to where the rest of us were.

"All right," Mike said. "This is it, ladies and gentlemen. The audience is healthy. The critics are in their seats. I know they are going to love you, just as I do. I know you are going to give the performance we have all been working for—the first New York performance. Good luck."

I went on stage, and Mr. Mungo waited in the wings. Mike turned to the stagehand who took care of the curtain. He lifted his arm, and then, after a moment, the overture ended. Mike waited a moment, and then he brought his arm down, and the stagehand took the curtain up, and there I was alone on the stage.

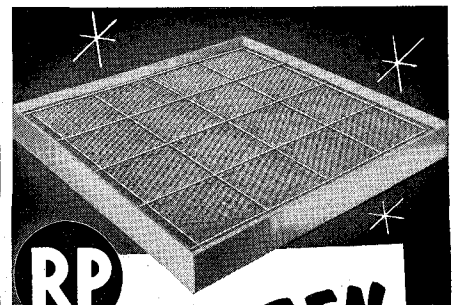
There wasn't an empty seat in the whole theater. I couldn't *see* that there wasn't—I could *feel* it. I knew Gladys and Hobart were in the first row, and that Clara Coolbaw was across the aisle from them, with her husband—she'd made him come to New York too. I didn't know anybody else in the audience, but whoever they were, they quieted down very quickly.

When the curtain first went up there was a kind of rush from out there to the stage—a rush of people, or heat, or excitement. And sound, too. It wasn't a sound of talking. It was a sound of breathing, the sound of a lot of people being packed together out there side by side from the bottom of the place to the top. It was a sound of silence of some sort, of people quickly not talking any more. There were sounds of seats, too—of people moving a little in them, and there were little flashes of light as ushers moved down the aisles, silently getting the last arrivals to their places.

For a whole minute or two I had nothing to say or do on the stage, except look out a window, turned away from the audience. And then, whenever I thought it was time to do so, I was supposed to hum and sing a little—I could take my choice—hum, or sing, or just half-sing, because Emerson said he wanted me to do it any way I wanted to.

"The softer the better," he said in Boston.

And then I was supposed to turn away from the window and look around the whole room, which was a poor one, in a poor house, early in the evening, and nobody else home. I had a red-and-white rubber ball about twice as big as an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orange that was a little punctured, so it didn't bounce very good. I was supposed to pick it up and look at it. And then I was supposed to bounce it—but of course it didn't really bounce—it *couldn't*, on account of the little puncture. All it did was make a soft sound, and hardly bounce at all.

But immediately afterward things happened to that place. The walls moved away, and beyond them was a whole different place, full of light. My imaginary friends began to be there, only they couldn't be seen, but their voices could be heard. We talked and heard music and danced and sang. Then I heard footsteps, and I knew it was my grandfather, Mr. Mungo.

Well, in order to get the place back the way it really was, I had to bounce the ball again, only I couldn't find it. Mr. Mungo came in and looked around, and he wanted to know what had happened to everything. I said everything was the same as ever, wasn't it? I found the ball, bounced it, and then very quickly everything *was* the same as ever. Mr. Mungo put his hand on his forehead. He thought something was the matter with him. We had a talk, and after a moment Mr. Mungo said the older he got, the nearer he got to his own childhood—was I sure things hadn't been different when he had first come in? He promised not to tell anybody, to keep it a secret, so I told him the truth. He examined the ball, which he had given me for a birthday present long ago. He bounced it, but nothing happened, so he asked me to bounce it. I said I didn't know if it would work when I wasn't alone, but I'd try.

I took the ball and thought about my friends, and then I bounced it, and everything changed. Mr. Mungo brought his big watch out of his vest pocket and looked at it. He said we had half an hour before my mother would get home from work. So we were together in that different place, with my friends.

And then one of Mr. Mungo's friends came in—only she came *walking* in. She was a girl he had known when he was seventeen and she was fifteen—and she had died, but here she was, just as pretty as she had ever been, and Mr. Mungo an old man now. I liked her very much, but I wanted to know why *my* friends couldn't come walking in, too. Mr. Mungo said they needed time. Her name was Rose, and she could dance and sing better than anybody in the whole world, and just to hear her speak made you feel happy to be alive. *Still* alive, Mr. Mungo said. When it was time for her to go, we both felt sad, and Mr. Mungo blew his nose and dried his eyes.

Everything went very nicely straight through the whole first act. Mama Girl came home in her tired clothes, but of course we had already bounced the ball, and so the place was the same as ever. We talked while Mama Girl tidied up the place, because she always kept busy. We talked about the weather and the neighbors and what we'd have for supper and Mr. Mungo's son, who was Mama Girl's husband and my father—but he had gone away years ago. Nobody knew where he was. And then Mama Girl picked up a little green handkerchief that Rose had dropped, and she wanted to know whose it was. Mr. Mungo and I looked at each other, and then he said it was his friend's—Mrs. Cole's. Mama Girl handed it to him and laughed, and a lot of other things happened, and then it was the end of the first act.

The applause almost scared me, it was so loud. We had never heard applause like that before, not even at the end of the play. We went to our dressing room, and Mike and Emerson and Kate and Helen Gomez came there, and they said the play was going great, better than ever, and then Mike asked Helen to please go out among the intermission people and listen carefully to what they were saying.

Just before it was time for the curtain to go up again, Helen came back and said, "They love it, that's all. They just love it."

In the second act Mama Girl dropped the ball accidentally, and it worked for her too. After a while Mr. Mungo's son came there, and Mr. Mungo began to cry silently, like a small boy who is ashamed to cry. At first I didn't know why, but after a while I knew it was because Mr. Mungo's son was dead, and then I almost cried, too. I wouldn't let myself do it, though, because he was my father, and he and I were too proud to cry.

He looked at me, and I looked at him, and then, instead of running to him, I went and stood beside him, and he took my hand. He said he had to go now, so I said I wanted to go with him. This made Mama Girl almost go crazy. She grabbed me away from him, and she hollered at him and bounced the ball, but it didn't work. The rest of act two I refused to bounce the ball to make him go away, so then he knelt down and looked at me, and he spoke to me very softly, and then he got up and took the ball and bounced it himself, and everything changed back to what it had been—and he was gone, and he took the ball with him. The applause this time was even louder than the first time, and everybody backstage was thrilled.

In the last act Mr. Mungo and I tried to find some other way to get my friends and Rose to come back, but no matter what we tried, it didn't work. Mr. Mungo got sick and had to lie down. Mrs. Cole came by to keep him company, and ask him to get better and be her husband, like a sensible man of seventy-seven, but Mr. Mungo said things she couldn't even understand. After a while, Mrs. Cole went home. Mr. Mungo and I tried some more, but again it didn't work. He gave me half a dollar to go and buy a ball like the one my father had taken away.

While I was gone a man visited Mr. Mungo, but he *really* visited him—knocked at the door, and came in like anybody else, only he *wasn't* like anybody else. *Ever*. He was a nice man, and he said to Mr. Mungo that it was time Mr. Mungo turned over and went to sleep, but Mr. Mungo said he wanted just a little more time, because his granddaughter had gone out to fetch something for him, something very important, and so the man said all right, and he went away. When I got back with the new ball that was something like the old one, Mr. Mungo took it and looked at it, and thought about it, and then he handed it to me. He asked me to please bounce it, so I did, but nothing happened, and we both felt very bad. The man knocked on the door again. Mr. Mungo turned and looked at the door, and then he called to the man to come in, and the man came in very slowly. He smiled at me, then at Mr. Mungo, and he took the ball, and he began to bounce it. At last he looked at Mr. Mungo and he said it was time, but Mr. Mungo said he was afraid. He needed somebody out of his life to be with him—his childhood sweetheart.

"All right, then," the man said. He bounced the ball, and this time it worked. Everything changed, and there was Rose again. Mr. Mungo sat up. She went to him and took him by the hand.

"Shall we go?" the man said. Mr. Mungo got up, and he and Rose and the man went away.

From far away the man tossed the ball back into the room, like an infield fly, and on the first bounce everything began to change back. I got the ball and began to bounce it, to keep everything the way it was, but it didn't work. Everything got dark, and then, after a minute, everything was the same as ever, and there in the corner of the room was Mr. Mungo lying on the couch with his face to the wall. I went to him, but he didn't turn around. I shook him and tried to turn him around, but I couldn't. Mama Girl came in. She looked at me, and then she looked at Mr. Mungo, and then she just sat down.

"Your grandfather's dead," she said. We didn't cry or anything. We just sat at the little table and just looked at each other. Then Mama Girl really came to her big chance to act. She sent me to get Mrs. Cole, and while I was gone she took the ball and bounced it, and this time nothing changed, but all the same Mr. Mungo came back, and then his son, and the three of them talked. They wanted Mama Girl to go with them, but Mama Girl said she wouldn't go. She began to count the money she had in her purse, and in a teapot, and in a piggy bank that she broke, and she got all of it counted. Then she began to put things in a suitcase for her and me. When she was ready, she went to them, and turned them both around and pushed them gently out the door, and they went away.

When Mrs. Cole and I went back, the place was very dark, so Mrs. Cole switched on a light, and then she went to Mr. Mungo on the couch and she took his hand and held it. Mama Girl said she and I were going away now. She said she would attend to everything, and she thanked Mrs. Cole for being such a nice neighbor and such a good friend to Mr. Mungo. She asked Mrs. Cole to take good care of herself.

So Mama Girl and I went away, and then it was just Mr. Mungo and Mrs. Cole. She saw the ball on the floor. She picked it up and ran after us, to give it to me, but we were gone. She went back and just dropped the ball, from being old and tired, and then everything began to change again, all beautiful light and color and music again and the curtain came down and the play was over.

Somebody said we took eighteen curtain calls. (*Continued on Page 151*)

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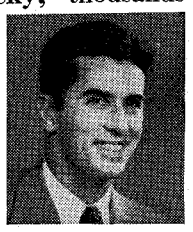

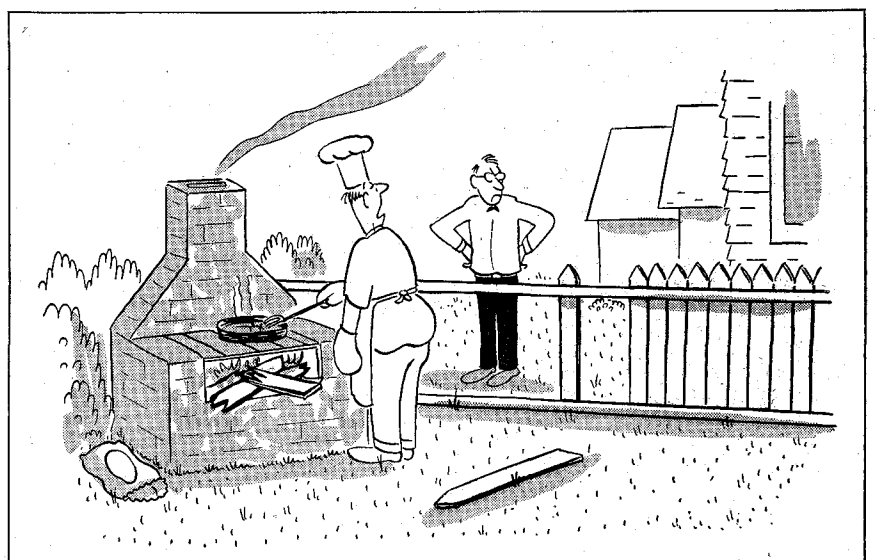

"I can't seem to get the fire going."

SCOTT TABER THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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(*Continued from Page 148*) Three were for Mama Girl and me alone, and then three more were for Mama Girl alone, and then some people began to shout "Author," so Mike McClatchey made Emerson Tully go out and take a bow. The minute he was out there, everybody stopped applauding, to find out what he was going to say.

Emerson said, "This is my first play. I feel very fortunate in the people who have performed it and in the people who have seen it. Thank you very much." He ran off then, and the audience applauded louder than ever. Mike and Kate Cranshaw sent Emerson back with the whole cast, and we took a few more bows, and that was the opening night.

I didn't *see* the play of course, so I don't know what it was like out front. I liked the way Oscar Bailey played the music, though, and the way Mr. Mungo and Mrs. Cole talked, and the way Agnes Hogan, who played Rose, danced and sang, and the way Mama Girl did her whole part.

Backstage at the Belasco was a wild place for a long time. It seems as if everybody in the theater came backstage. There were all kinds of telegrams waiting for Mama Girl when we got to our dressing room, and the room was full of flowers, too, but she was too excited to open the envelopes and read the telegrams or to find out who had sent the flowers, or anything.

"What do you think?" she said.

"Where do they go?"

"Who?"

"The mother and the daughter, when they leave there."

"Somewhere else."

"Is that all?"

"Well, the point is that in spite of everything—in spite of the terrible unattractiveness of the world they live in—they go on. They keep trying."

But then everybody began to pile into the dressing room: Mr. Mungo and Mrs. Cole and Agnes Hogan, and then Mike McClatchey and Emerson Tully and Oscar Bailey and Joe Trapp and Helen Gomez, and then Gladys and Hobart, and Clara and Sam—and it was a madhouse.

At last we got out of there, though, and we took a taxi to Gladys' house. There was everything there to eat and drink, but mainly champagne and big buckets of caviar.

At midnight I got tired of the noise and excitement, so I asked Mama Girl to take me to my bed for the night. We went up to the penthouse. I got in bed, and Mama Girl sat beside me, and held my hands, and she said, "Frog, you are my friend—my very, very *best* friend. Don't think I don't know what you've done for me."

"I haven't done anything, Mama Girl."

"Not much you haven't," she said. "Just everything. I don't know what you really think of the play, and I don't know how you really feel about being in it, but I know you've given me my big chance."

"I like the play all right," I said. "At first I liked it very much. I thought it was the most beautiful play I had ever heard about, but now I think I'm a little tired of it. The same thing over and over again—not like baseball at all. I want to pitch."

"I know," Mama Girl said.

"But you don't think I ever will, do you?"

"I didn't say that."

"It's what you think, though."

"No, it isn't."

"Well, I *am* going to pitch. I *know* I am. Plays are about people, and people are always in trouble—people trouble. Baseball games are about baseball and baseball players, and somebody's always in trouble, but at the same time somebody else isn't, and it's a game, and the next day there's a new game. I just want to pitch until I lose my arm, and then I just want to get married and have my children."

"Of course, Frog. You go to sleep now, and dream your beautiful dreams."

"Don't forget to wake me up a little and say yes if it's a hit."

"All right."

"Because if it is, I want to leave the play as soon as I can, and I want to go to Paris."

"All right, Frog—and thank you very much again."

Mama Girl shut the light and I thought about pitching for the Giants in ten or eleven years, and I pitched real great. I was fast asleep when somebody kissed me on the cheek and said, "Yes." Well, it *was* a hit, then. The play *was* a hit, and so I could leave it and go to Paris, but that wasn't Mama Girl. Who was it? Or was I dreaming? I sat up and opened my eyes.

And there was my father, so I *knew* I was dreaming, and then I woke up, I was wide awake, but it was *still* my father.

We hugged and kissed, and I said, "Where's Peter Bolivia Agriculture?"

"It's almost four o'clock in the morning," he said. "He's fast asleep."

"When did you get here?"

"Just in time to see the play. Mike McClatchey held the curtain for us."

"Did you like the play?"

"I liked *you* in it, Twink."

"Did you like Mama Girl?"

"Yes, I liked Mama Girl too."

"*Is* it a hit?"

"Well, so far, it looks as if it's a *big* hit."

I jumped out of bed and began to jump up and down and holler, "Yay!"

"And it looks as if you're going to be very famous and very rich too."

"Very famous and very rich?" I said. "Didn't Mama Girl tell you?"

"Tell me what?"

"I'm not staying in the play."

"You're not?"

"Oh, no. Mama Girl's staying. I'm going to Paris with you and Peter Bolivia."

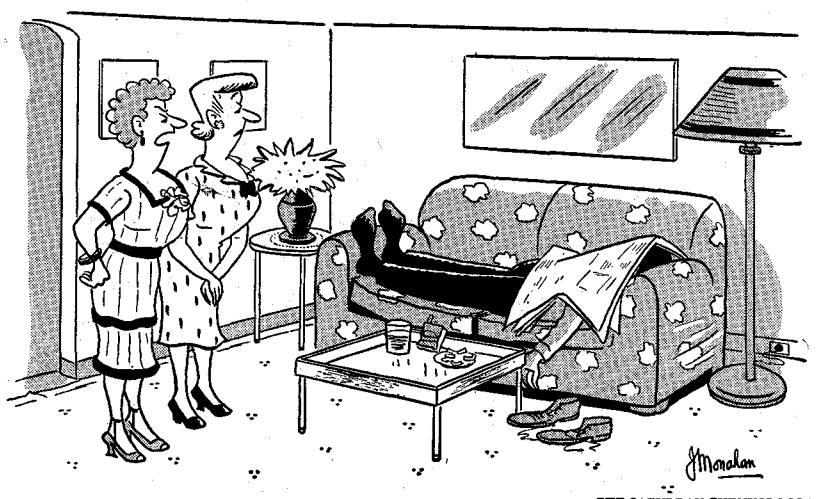
"No fooling?"

"No fooling. Because I'm a pitcher. I'm not an actress."

"O.K., Twink. Now, go back to sleep."

I got back in bed, and my father sat there beside me, and we talked very softly, and then I fell asleep again.

I went out on the old mound. The catcher threw me the ball. I took a tight hold on it, I wound up, and then I let it go—it was a fast ball that was so fast the batter didn't even *see* it. I pitched three strikes each to three batters and retired the side. THE END



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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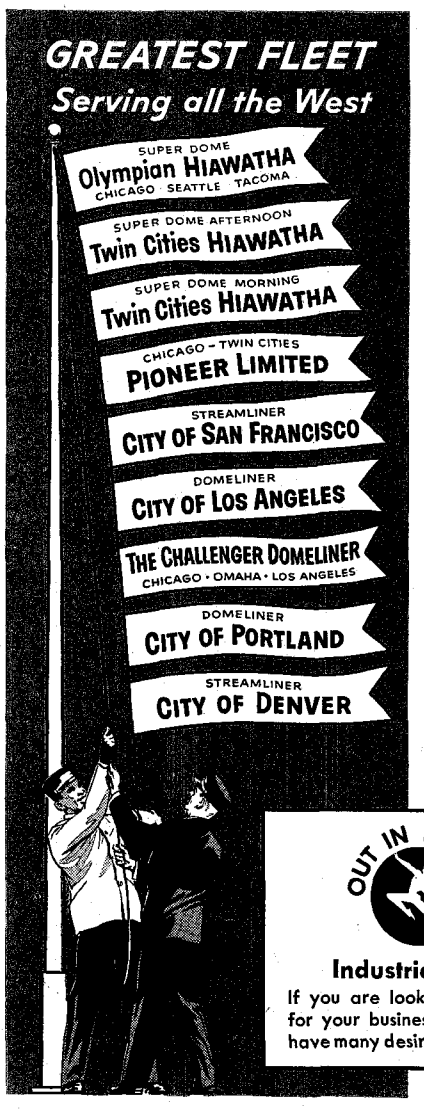

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My Tangle With the President's Bears

(Continued from Page 37)

"The bears come from the mountains near the Eastern Sea," the president explained. "The mother was shot by one of our soldiers, but he caught the two cubs. I am sorry about the bite."

Doctor Pyun, massaging his ankle, politely said it was nothing, and we resumed our consideration of the armistice negotiations taking place at Panmunjom, thirty miles north of Seoul. The bumblebees settled back into the purple and white wisteria blossoms and the president declared, with vigor, that he wanted no part in the peace talks, which would end by leaving his country permanently divided.

Later that day I wired Washington, and here the bears entered into official correspondence: "Met for two hours with President Rhee," I telegraphed. "Foreign minister present, plus two bears, one of which nipped foreign minister. President Rhee opposes truce negotiations, but will send observer to Panmunjom. President Rhee strongly urges us free Korean POW's."

I included the bears with the idea that Washington probably needed cheering up, what with the venerable president's opposition to the armistice obviously making the task of negotiating that agreement no easier at Panmunjom, and also because I was repeating the message to Tokyo for Gen. Mark Wayne Clark, Commander in Chief of United Nations forces, who had just had an altercation with the foreign minister and flown back to Pershing Heights in his four-star plane. Sure enough, early the next morning the general called me from Japan on my red-light Army phone, an impressive experience that involved clearing the wires while the commanding general talked. Wayne Clark referred genially to the bears and then demanded how come I got on the subject of prisoners of war with the President of Korea, since POW's were definitely his bailiwick.

I saw President Rhee's bears often thereafter, for the spring weather in Korea held fine and we met in the president's garden at Kyung MuDai, against the shoulder of North Mountain, while the jet planes from Kimpo screamed overhead and things moved slowly among the armistice negotiators. The two cubs had collars now, and Captain Kwak used to lead them around the garden, each on a ten-foot chain, while they scuffled and batted each other across the lawn.

I don't remember when President Rhee decided to give the bears to President Eisenhower, but I do recall when he told me about it, because it was at the end of an acrimonious session having to do with those same Korean prisoners of war, 25,000 of whom President Rhee suddenly liberated, with spectacular results.

Since the Korean POW's were guarded by Republic of Korea troops, letting them out of their stockades was no difficult operation. The president called in his provost marshal, whose name was Gen. Won Yung Duk, and instructed him to open the gates and invite the prisoners to come out, whereupon the ex-prisoners immediately merged with the rest of the Korean population. It was as simple as that, but it was also in contravention of the orders of the high command, which took a very dim view of the arrangement.

The communists also took a dim view of it, having other schemes in mind for war prisoners, and the communists loudly charged bad faith, and they accused us of collusion between the high command and President Rhee. They threatened to terminate the armistice negotiations then and there, and we gathered that General Harrison, representing General Clark at Panmunjom, had an abrasive morning listening to the diatribes of Gen. Nam Il and his *kimchi*-eating Chinese communist colleagues.

Washington immediately ran a high fever, and General Clark and I were directed, in messages labeled NIACT (night action), to rally around and admonish President Rhee, whom we found in his Kyung Mu-Dai garden, cheerfully unrepentant.

"What you do with the Chinese prisoners is no concern of mine," he told General Clark. "Also I am not concerned with the procommunist Koreans. But the others are anticommunist Koreans, and they should have been released months ago. Now it is done."

As not infrequently happened, that stalwart patriot had the last word—since there was no possible way of rounding up the 25,000 ex-prisoners of war—and presently Wayne Clark stalked out, six feet four inches of frustrated general. The two bears were present, on leash, and General Clark returned Captain Kwak's salute.

"About the bears," said the president amiably, as though the bears had been the subject of all our previous discussion; "I should like to give the bears to President Eisenhower. For the Rock Creek Zoo. They will amuse the Washington children. Can you arrange to get them to Washington for me?"

I said I didn't know, but I'd be glad to find out, and I added that the last presidential animals I had to do with were a pair of pygmy hippos from Liberia, that Harvey Firestone wanted to give to President Coolidge.

"Is that so?" said President Rhee affably. "Well, anyway, the bears probably aren't as big as even pygmy hippos, but they are certainly growing." And we had tea together in the June sunshine of his garden.

By that time the two bears weighed forty and fifty pounds, and they were, in fact, growing fast. I suspected that they were eating the Rhees out of house and home, for the president of Korea lived very frugally in his war-torn capital, and the upkeep of two hungry cubs must have been a substantial item in his budget. The bears continued to grow, and getting them to the Potomac turned out to be one of the most protracted chores in diplomatic endeavor.

First I telegraphed Washington, citing my earlier message about the foreign minister having been nipped, because bureaucrats always like to have something previous, tidily of record, before they start thinking why a project is impractical. The State Department in due course replied, informing me that the President would be pleased to accept the bears and that the National Zoological Park was prepared to receive them. What kind of bears, the State Department inquired on behalf of the National Zoological Park, (*Continued on Page 154*)

Marilyn Monroe

Despite all the prodigious publicity she has received, the public really knows almost nothing about the unique blond orphan called Marilyn Monroe. But Pete Martin is about to change that! In a three-part biography, the result of many hours he spent with Marilyn, he gives you the girl's own answers to scores of such oft-asked questions as—

why did she walk out on a movie career that was making her rich? ("If you can't do what they want you to do, the thing is to leave.")

what was her remark about sweater girls that wowed the marines in Camp Pendleton? ("I just told them, 'If you take away their sweaters, what have you got?'")

are she and Joe DiMaggio still friends? ("Yes, but I still don't know anything about baseball.")

does she really intend to do Dostoevski's high-browed The Brothers Karamazov on Broadway? ("Not the Brothers. I want to play Grushenka—she's a girl.")

how does she feel now about the celebrated nude calendar pose? ("I'm saving a copy for my grandchildren.")

This lively life story, one of the most amusing ever written by today's foremost biographer of show people, begins . . .

in next week's Post

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WARNING !

Today's high-powered engines need frequent spark plug checks to prevent dilution of oil

Don't change to summer oil without a spark plug check!

If you haven't checked your plugs in the last 5000 miles, they may be misfiring—and will dilute your new oil with gasoline!

It's a fact that every time a spark plug misses, raw gasoline remains in the cylinder and drains into your crankcase!

Naturally this thins the oil so it can't properly protect costly engine parts . . . and may lead to a big repair bill.

So replace your winter-worn plugs with new 5-rib Champions *before you change to summer-grade oil!* No matter what make or model car you drive, new full-firing Champions will protect your oil from dilution. What's more – they'll give you quicker starts, greater horsepower – and more miles per gallon of gasoline.

Ask your serviceman to check your spark plugs *today*. If you need new ones, insist on 5-rib Champions – the finest money can buy.

CHAMPION

LOOK FOR THE 5 RIBS

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(*Continued from Page 152*) were they? I replied that they were Korean bears, captured the previous March on the east coast, over near the Sea of Japan, and that they were black with white V's on their chests. (Turned out that the zoo identified them later as Himalayan bears, and was inclined to be churlish about my natural history. How Himalayan bears got to Korea is possibly another story.)

Having established the bears as *personae gratae* to Washington, I tackled the 5th Air Force, whose commanding general was a favorite of Mrs. Rhee.

"Sam," I said, "the president wants to give his bear cubs to President Eisenhower for the Rock Creek Park Zoo. That's right—the bears that nipped the foreign minister. The zoo says it's O.K. So how's for some Air Force pressurized transportation from K-16 airport to the Potomac?"

Although for the foot soldiers the armistice negotiations had slowed down events along Porkchop Ridge and the Punch Bowl, the 5th Air Force and the 1st Marine Air Wing were still plenty busy bombing bridges south of the Yalu, disrupting communist communications and chasing MIG's with their jets. Sam said so. He also recalled that President Roosevelt's son's dog Blaze had attracted unfavorable attention from the press during World War II days, when the dog came home by Air Force plane, allegedly displacing three servicemen.

I said I remembered President Roosevelt's son's dog, but I pointed out that the 5th Air Force was moving 1000 American soldiers a day from Korea to Japan on R and R (rest and recreation), to say nothing of cargo planes coming to Seoul, one of which I hoped might be returning to the States with enough spare space for two now-not-so-small bear cubs.

"I'll see what I can do," promised Sam.

There matters rested for several days, while the communists at Panmunjom continued to heckle the United Nations Command over the liberated Korean war prisoners. And every time I saw the president he asked me how things—meaning the bears—were coming on. "How long," he asked, "did it take to get Mr. Firestone's pygmy hippos to Washington from Liberia?" I said the hippos came by ship.

Finally Sam phoned. "It's all set," he reported. "And I've lined up a couple of carpenters to make the crates. The plane leaves K-16 day after tomorrow."

I relayed the news to Kyung MuDai, and President Rhee was pleased. "Kindly express my thanks to General Anderson," said the president. "I'll tell Captain Kwak to get ready."

"Captain Kwak," I said. "What about Captain Kwak, Mr. President?"

"He has looked after them ever since they came to Kyung MuDai. He knows what they eat. It's a long trip to Washington. The bears would be lonely without him."

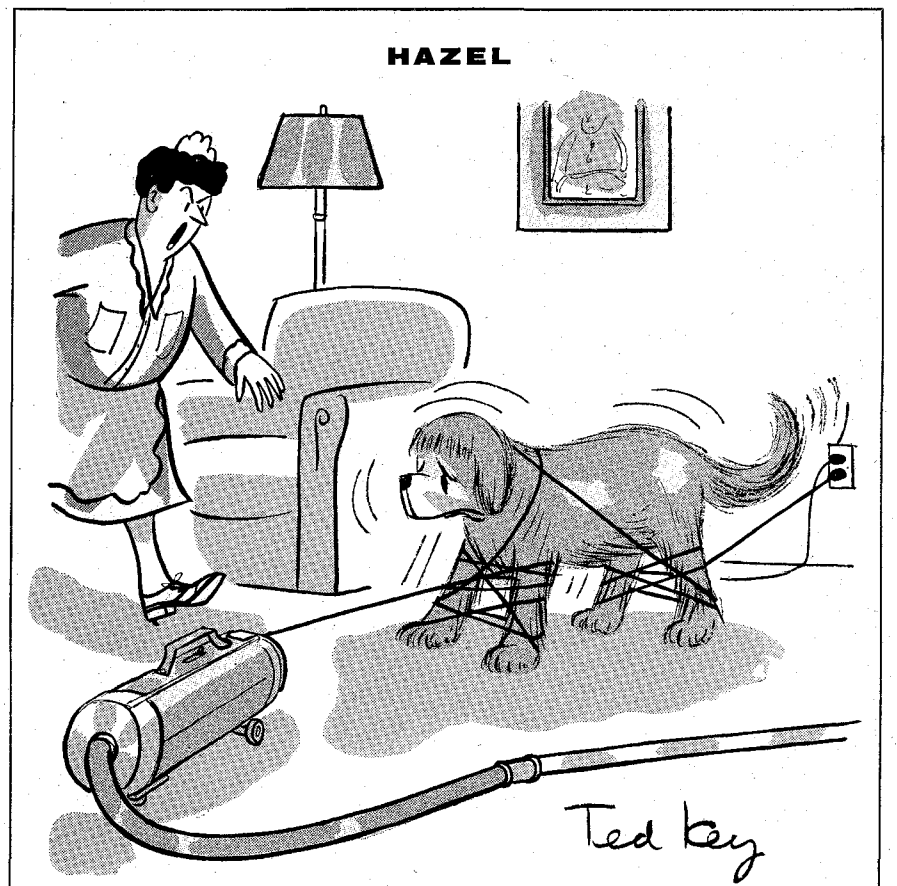
And that was that. Captain Kwak went with the bear cubs. No Captain Kwak, and the deal was off—which meant I still had the bears.

The 5th Air Force was sympathetic, but equally firm. The 5th Air Force would take the bear cubs, properly crated, and it would undertake to feed and water them en route, and to deliver them to National Airport in Washington. But it was sorry the Pentagon wouldn't approve transportation for a Korean policeman, and then be responsible for bringing him all the way back to Korea. Bears, yes, but Captain Kwak, no. The Air Force was sorry.

So Sam's plane took off without the bears, and I still had them. President Rhee was disappointed, and he said so.

Meanwhile the bears continued to grow. On July twenty-seventh, the day the Korean armistice was finally signed, the bears celebrated the event by climbing the camouflage nets on the south side of the president's house. Furthermore the president didn't like the armistice any better as an accomplished fact than he had liked the armistice in prospect, and he threatened to resume fighting the communists with the ROK army.

It was at that point that the Secretary of State of the United States decided to come from Washington to Korea. He duly reached K-16, and on the way from the airport through the hot Korean night, I warned Mr. Dulles that if he didn't want two bear cubs for fellow passengers on the way back, plus one Korean policeman, the Secretary of State had better be thinking of plausible reasons why he couldn't accommodate them.



"Now what!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The reply of the Secretary of State indicated that he would be delighted to facilitate the gift of the cubs to President Eisenhower, but if the bears got aboard his homebound Constellation, one American ambassador would soon be out of a job.

Sure enough, during defense-pact negotiations the following day, the president turned to Mr. Dulles and said, "Mr. Secretary, I have two bear cubs that I'd like to give to President Eisenhower for the Rock Creek Zoo."

"That's fine," said the secretary genially. "I'm sure the President will be delighted." And Mr. Dulles shot a hard look at his ambassador to Korea.

"I've checked on that, Mr. President," said I. "Unfortunately, the luggage compartment of the secretary's plane isn't pressurized, and they fly at over twenty thousand feet. I'm afraid the bears would find it pretty tough at that altitude."

So presently Secretary Dulles went away from Korea, defense pact approved, and I still had the two bears, not to forget Captain Kwak.

My next gambit was to tackle Northwest Airlines, which is the only American flag line serving Korea. Northwest was then engaged with the Ministry of Transportation, negotiating a transfer of its operations from Pusan, where they landed from Tokyo all during the Korean war, back to Seoul, the capital. I remembered that the president of Northwest, years ago when I was a vice-consul in Peru, ran a cotton-dusting operation in the Cañete Valley. Later he ran Panagra, and during the war he saw distinguished service as a general in the Air Transport Command.

So I wrote to the president of Northwest Airlines, praising the bears and recalling old times, and not forgetting Captain Kwak. I said the bears were bright as buttons and thoroughly photogenic, and that I was sure President Rhee would be glad to pose for photographs with the bears, and that the pilot could be photographed with the bears, and that doubtless Doctor Yang, the Korean ambassador to the United States, would be happy to be photographed at National Airport on the arrival of the bears and Captain Kwak in Washington. All to the prestige, I wrote, of Northwest Airlines.

I had a prompt and gratifying reply. Harold Harris said he'd be delighted to carry the bears, provided the Civil Aeronautics Board approved, and likewise to provide courtesy transportation for Captain Kwak—with or without photographs—and he was glad to know what diplomats in Korea did with their spare time when they weren't chasing pheasants or off duck shooting. As to official permission, the matter would have to be cleared with the Civil Aeronautics Board because common carriers were not allowed to provide gratis transportation, except with the board's prior approval. A formality, no doubt, but would I please handle that matter with Washington?

My bear file was assuming substantial proportions, but I got off another cable to the State Department, summarizing developments and asking the State Department to obtain clearance from the Civil Aeronautics Board, which clearance I assumed would automatically be forthcoming.

Clearance was not automatically forthcoming. A week later I had a message to the effect that the CAB viewed with disfavor free transportation in general, including bear cubs and Korean policemen. The State Department had endorsed my recommendation, but the board said no. The State Department said it was sorry; it suggested that perhaps the Air Force could provide transportation. . . .

It was now September, and I had been associated with President Rhee's bears, in circumstances of increasing congestion, since the previous April.

Most of the time, when he is sitting at the far end of a cable circuit—in Zamboanga or Helsinki or Asunción or Seoul—a Foreign Service officer addresses himself with anonymous optimism to the Secretary of State. Secstate, Washington, is the telegraphic symbol. So you dictate: "Secstate, Washington." And then you lay it on the line as articulately as you can, hoping that the problem as described 11,000 miles from Foggy Bottom, D.C., is going to make sense, if not to your titular chief, who is wrestling with high policy and world problems, at least to some diligent desk officer in his cubicle. That tired slave of the taxpayers holds your welfare in the hollow of his hand, and you hope he will earnestly get going on the solution of your problem before you perish on your distant desiccated vine or start meeting little mauve men with triangular heads, oozing around the corner.

Another remedy is a crock of square-shouldered Tennessee sour mash, but it is hard to come by where the pavement ends, and with the 7th Fleet moved down to Formosa, the American Embassy in Seoul was facing a Jack Daniel crisis.

"Secstate, Washington," I dictated. And then I had a vision of the foreign minister of Korea and me, with Captain Kwak on a leash, romping with President Rhee's two bears—now adult and full of teeth—all the way from Pusan to Munsan-ni, as long as I remained in Korea. "Secstate, Washington," I repeated. And then I added that the message was personal, for a distinguished public servant, who accompanied the Secretary of State when Mr. Dulles came to Seoul with our mutual-defense pact. I named that public servant.

"Re President Rhee's bears," I dictated. "CAB says Northwest Airlines, which represents important American interest in Korea, and has offered transport bears Washington as goodwill gesture, cannot, repeat not provide gratis transportation from Seoul. Paragraph. When President Rhee four months ago asked me arrange send bears Washington as gift to President U.S. bears weighed thirty pounds each. They now weigh 150 pounds each. Paragraph. Bears are still growing."

Two days later the Northwest Airlines manager in Tokyo phoned me to say the deal was approved in Washington. An official telegram confirmed it. We picked a fine September afternoon for the departure of the bears from Seoul, and the pictures in the garden at Kyung MuDai constitute a permanent record. There were brown pods on the wisteria vine and the bumblebees had disappeared, along with the foreign minister. The two bears looked very handsome posing with President Rhee and Captain Kwak, who wore a fine new black serge uniform with the insigne and gold buttons of the Korean police.

Captain Kwak returned to Seoul two weeks later, with pictures of Ambassador Yang and the bears at the Washington airport. And always thereafter, when I called at Kyung MuDai in the shadow of North Mountain, Captain Kwak opened the presidential door for me, and he invariably saluted. THE END

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New Color for Spring

...and all year 'round!

Here are five of the lovely new telephones that have blossomed into full color. They now give you the opportunity to make Bell telephone service a decorative part of your home or office. Besides these bright hues you can choose ivory, brown or gray.

Western Electric makes this colorful array of telephones; but we also make the other new telephone conveniences so many people are now enjoying such as the illuminated dial and volume control telephones.

However, telephones themselves are only a small part of the Western Electric story. It's also our job to produce the thousands of other items which make telephones work... such as the wire and cables, the central office switching equipment... making or buying and supplying to your Bell telephone company just about everything it may need to give you the kind of telephone service you want.

Western Electric

MANUFACTURING AND SUPPLY UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM

Western Electric girls assembling color telephones. For information on availability and moderate charges, call or visit your local Bell telephone business office.

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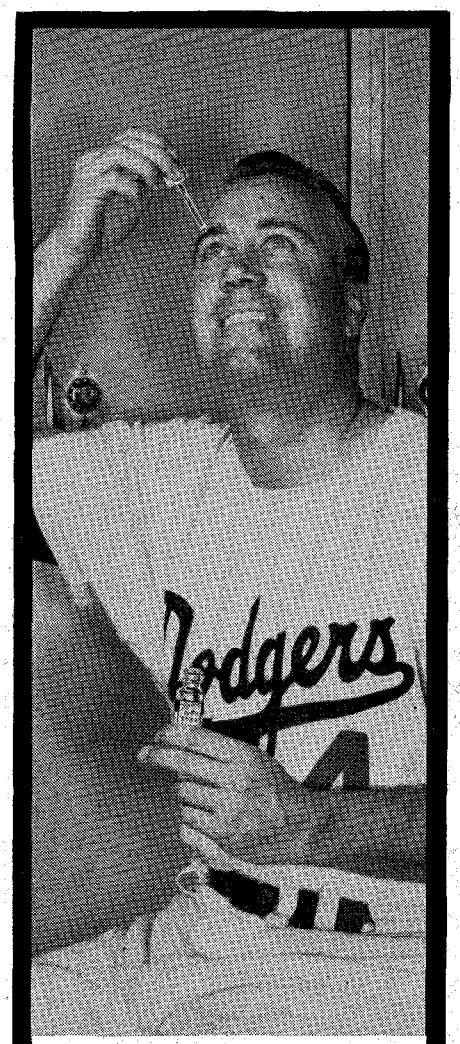

"How I use Murine for tired eyes"

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

DUKE SNIDER

Center Fielder for the World Champion Brooklyn Dodgers

"By the time we head for the shower after a game or practice, my eyes feel sort of dusty and tired. A couple of drops of Murine feel mighty soothing then," says the Duke of the Dodgers. Why don't *you* soothe and cleanse *your* eyes with gentle Murine whenever they feel tired or gritty? It's such a pleasant way to feel refreshed, quick as a wink!

MURINE *for your eyes**

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Keeping Posted

The Story of Al and Mary

In 1950 the two young folks in the picture were living a few blocks from each other in Sioux City, Iowa, unaware of each other's existence. Mary Duncan was attending a girls' college, Briar Cliff, and Al Wright, having graduated from the Army Signal Corps, was a senior at Morningside College in the same city. Our plot now gets moving.

Mary, an amateur actress, was cast for the feminine lead in her annual class play, and Al, a stage-struck fellow who had trod the amateur boards himself, was invited by Mary's drama instructor to play the male lead—"she being hard up for men," says he. The play was staged, and one week afterward Al announced to Mary that he had also fallen in love with her in real life, and he proposed a wedding. If you must know the private details, the heroine seemed favorable to the project, but strung matters out for three months before saying yes.

Two years later, when the aging newlyweds were working at jobs, the wife happened to be reading the Ladies' Home Journal one evening, an admirable occupation for a wife. She came upon a questionnaire on Making Marriage Work and, moved by one of those odd impulses that make the fair sex so fascinating, she mailed in the quiz with all the right responses on it, but explaining them with completely wrong psychological comments. This made something of a shambles of the quiz, but it was so entertaining to a member of the Journal staff that they exchanged several letters, and presently Mary was apprised of a job opening in the Journal's Reader Mail Department. Which, you bet, she took.

Moving from Iowa to near the Curtis Publishing Company was just fine with husband Al. He was trying to become a professional writer, and he got a job near Philadelphia in a helicopter plant, of which he says, "It being an unwritten law that writers must have held jobs that had nothing to do with writing, I've done my best, including painting addresses on curbstones." So a while ago Al sold his first story to the Post, page 32, and a shorter while ago he landed right in Curtis, in the Post's promotion department. My, doesn't it seem more than three paragraphs ago that Al and Mary were just struggling young actors?

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"The New Marilyn Monroe"

Beginning a candid report that should allure you, all about the girl with the horizontal walk. Popular Pete Martin discloses things about the well-regarded blonde which even Marilyn herself does not know.

Dignified College Grad Had His Flaming Youth

Did Andy Hamilton ever have spells of raising the devil in college, like the young moderns whom he psychologically dissects on page 26? Hamilton, a learned product of the University of California in Los Angeles and now head of its public-relations office, replies with dignity, "I am a responsible, sobersided, taxpaying citizen with a wife, two children and a parakeet. I never swallowed a goldfish in my life." That's credible, but wouldn't an imaginative man think of something livelier than that to do?

Well, he does remember a massive celebration bonfire that once was created on the UCLA campus from timbers somebody borrowed from the Paramount Studio lot. And vaguely he remembers an automobile that mysteriously appeared at a high point on a campus building, though this probably was caused by Halloween beings which are not of this world. And he dimly recalls that paper bags of water sometimes fell from the office windows of the university publication, the daily Bruin, and landed on the patio of Kerckhoff Hall or the pate of somebody walking thereon.

Aha! Now we seem to be getting someplace. Could that be the office where young Hamilton got his start as a writer?

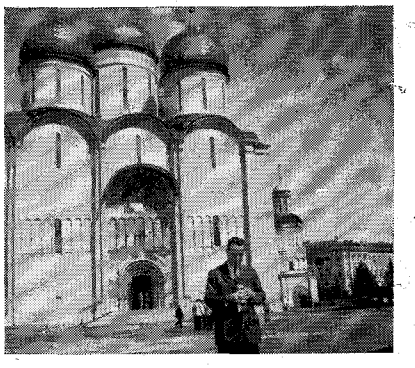
He Even Has Affection for Umpires

At regular intervals since he was four years old, Arnold Hano, above, has gone to the Polo Grounds to observe the New York Giants play baseball. Recently he moved to California and became czar of a minor league of the Laguna Beach Little League. On page 43 he writes amiably about an umpire. The impression is growing that he is a baseball fan.

Author Shoots His Villain

Verne Athanas' current novelette brings up a postscript about his Post serial of last fall, A KILLER CAME TO TOWN, a story in which the hero used an ancient Colt revolver to dispatch the villain. Before writing the dispatch scene, Athanas borrowed a Navy-model Colt from a neighbor, Larkin Grubb, procured percussion caps and black powder, made some shells of wadded paper, went into the back room of the cottage where he writes, and proceeded to blaze away at an imaginary bad fellow. His third shot misfired (as it later did in the story), but those before and after it effectively filled the place with great noise, smoke and smell. Then he returned the weapon and forgot about it. And after his story came out he was astonished to read about his gunplay in his local paper, the Ashland, Oregon, Daily Tidings, and to discover that the Colt was on display in a sports-store window, placarded, "The gun that killed the villain in Verne's latest Post story." Beginning to love the gun by then, he bought it "after some amicable haggling," and ensconced it in his home, but does not fire it there. On page 28, nobody gets shot.

An Alsop in Moscow



This would be Stewart Alsop, half of the Alsop brothers who are on page 25; he was in Russia a few months ago, and you see him near one of the Kremlin churches. Recently Joseph Alsop took off for the jittery Middle East, while Stewart remained in Washington to keep part of their eyes on what goes on over thisaway.

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